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Guth na Bliadhna

LEABHAR IV.] AN GEAMHRADH, 1907. [AIREAMH 1

SINN FEIN

ANN ar n-àireamh so chaidh, ghabh sinn mir de chùis nan Gàidheal fo ar beachd; agus, am paipeir d'an d'thug sinn *The Gael and the English Party System* mar ainm, chuir sinn an céill na smuaintean a bh'againn mu'n ghnòthach. Thubhairt sinn nach robh e ni math no freagarrach do na Gàidheil a bhi daonnan a' sealltuinn air na Sasunnaich mar an luchd-gleidhidh; agus a bhi daonnan a' leantuinn gairm airson seasamh cùisean nan Sasunnach ceart mar gu'm b'e fuaim na drum a bh'ann. Bha e air fhoillseachadh aig an àm, mar an ceudna, an dochann is an call a tha an dùthaich againn a' fulang an lorg a' chleachdaidh mhi-fhortanaich, neo-urramaich, ud. Thug sinn brath, cuideachd, gu'm bheil ar cùisean féin a' dol air dhith agus air dhearmad, mar is mò a tha "gnothaichean na h-Iompaireachd"—is e sin ri ràdh cùisean Sasunnach—a' faighinn a staigh do'n Phàrlamaid Shasunnaich, agus gur h-ann is motha a tha iad a' meudachadh sa daingneachadh nan gad. Aig deireadh ar paipeir, thubhairt sinn gu

soilleir nach robh, an ar beachd, rathad sam bith as a' chruaidh-chàs anns an d'fhuair sinn gnòthaichean ar dùthcha, saor o chur as do'n Aonadh a chaidh a dheanamh eadar Albainn is Sasunn anns a' bhliadhna 1707.

Thàinig (taing do Dhia!) dùsgadh mòr air a' Ghàidhealtachd; agus ma thàinig, is e ar beachd-ne gu'm bheil sinn dol a dh'fhaicinn àth-bheothachadh mòr an Albainn air fad, chan ann a mhàin a thaobh ar càinnt is ar cleachdainnean fhéin ach a thaobh nan nithe sinn uile a tha gar comharrachadh a mach mar mhuinntir air leth. Gu fìor, is maith an nì gu'm biodh a' Ghàidhlig aig a h-uile fear; ach, a thuilleadh air sin gu'm biodh làn fhios aig gach duine cia mar a chaidh gnòthaichean Stàideil ar dùthcha a stiùireadh anns na làithean a dh'aom. Thug sinn fios air sin a cheana; agus tha sinn a' cur romhainn a' chùis a mheudachadh sa leasachadh cho tric sa bhitheas ùine is cothrom freagarrach againn. Am fear aig nach 'eil làn fhios air eachdraidh a dhùthcha, is duine leth-chiallach esan, air cho mòr is gu'm bheil a ghreim air cànan nan gleann.

Is maith an comharradh leinn gu'm bheil a' Gàidhlig a nis ga h-ionnsachadh, chan e a mhàin an sgoilean na dùthcha, ach anns gach cearn de'n t-saoghal air fad far am bheil clann nan Gàidheal air an cruinneachadh ri chèile; agus, a bharrachd air sin, tha "Ath-bheothachadh" eile ann, ris an abrar *Sinn Féin*, is a sin ri ràdh, éiridh-suas is eiridinn ar cùisean is ar cleachdainnean féin air fad. Chaidh Brosnachadh ùr a chur a mach o chionn seachduin no dhá, a chaidh a chur r'a chèile le Morair Mhàirr, agus

a chaidh fhoillseachadh anns gach paipeir-naigheachd air feadh a' chuid a's mò de'n dùthaich. Chaidh a sgriobhadh an Gàidhlig; agus, a los gu'm bi làn fhios aig ar luchd-leughaidh a tha thar a' chuain m'a thiom-chuill, tha sinn a nis ga chur a sios an so.

BROSNACHADH

A Mhuinntir ar cridhe is ar gràidh !

Tha sinn am beachd nach cuir sinn tuille dälach ann a bhi 'cur an céill ar smuaintean mu chùisean cudthromach àraidh ar dùthcha.

A nis, tha fios aig na h-uile neach gu'm bheil Ath-bheòthachadh mòr ann a thaobh na Gàidhlig, is nithean Gàidhealach. Faodaidh sinn a ràdh, mata, nach biodh e aona chuid iomchuidh no freagarrach a bhi ni's fhàide nar tosd, gu h-àraidh nuair a tha muinntir na h-Eirinn agus na h-Odhailt a' togail an guth, agus a' deanamh stri mòire gu riaghladh an cùisean fhaotainn 'nan làmhan féin.

Chaidh, uime sin, Buidheann Ur—Buidheann tur Albannach—a chur air bonn; agus is iad so na cuspairean a th'againn san amharc.

1. Riaghladh nar gnothaichean fhaotainn nar làmhan féin.

2. An ceum-toisich a thoirt do'n Ghàidhlig, agus do shàr-bheachdan nan Gàidheal an Albainn.

3. Cho fad a's urrainn an t-seann Riaghailt Gàidhealach a chuir air chois as ùr; agus leasachadh ar dùthcha a chur air adhart, is chan ann idir a réir dòigh nan Sasunnach, ach mar bu mhath leinn féin—Sluagh na h-Alba.

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4. Gu'm biodh e fiachaichte a' Ghàidhlig a' bhi air a teagasg anns gach sgoile sna h-uile sgìreachd air feadh na Gàidhealtachd.

5. Ceart 's mar a tha a' chànain Odhailteach fiachaichte air gach duine aig am bheil dreuchd no oifig Stàideil air bith anns an Odhailt, gu'm biodh a' Ghàidhlig mar fhiachaibh, air gach duine aig am bheil, no aig am bi, dreuchd no oifig Stàideil air bith air feadh dùthaich nan Gàidheal. Foghnaidh sin airson ar ciad dol-a-mach aig an àm.

6. Càirdeas blath-chridheach a chur air adhart agus a sgaoileadh eadar muinntir na h-Alba, luchd-aiteachaidh na h-Eirinn, agus na h-Odhailt, le sùil ri cuspairean àraidh is crìochan cumanta a chur an gnìomh le chèile.

A Mhuinntir ar gràidh ! Is iad so na cuspairean a th'againn mar Bhuidhinn fa leth. Tha sinn a' gairm air gach fìor Ghàidheal gu bhi dhuinn 'na chùl-taice, agus e fhéin a chur an ordugh gu dol air aghaidh maille ruinn a bhogadh nan gad.

A chlanna nan Gàidheal, an guailibh a chèile !

Fo-sgrìobhta airson Comunn Chàirdean nan Gàidheal.

IAIN, MORAIR MHÀIRR.

BRAIGH MHÀIRR,

15 la an Fhaoilich, 1907.

Tha na stéidhean a tha aig bonn a' Bhrosnachaidh so furasda ri'm faicinn, agus a tha iad air-leth aithnichte am measg gnothach a chaidh fhoillseachadh anns na làithean a dh'aom. Anns a' chiad àite, tha'm Morair Mhàirr an inbhe os ceann uaislean na h-Alba uile : tha aigesan an tìodal Gàidhealach a's sine a

th'air nachdar an t-saoghail an diugh. Dh'fhalbh na cinn-chinnidh : is dh'atharraich cùisean is aimsirean, agus tha cuid gan sloinneadh féin orra ged nach robh iad riamh air an gineamhuinn leo airson chloinne ris nach buinn iad idir air thus. Ach, air an làimhe eile, tha Morair Mhàirr a' tighinn a nuas gun stad no bhristeadh air bith 'na ghinealach, o'n Dòmhnall ud a fhuair bàs air blàr iomraideach Chluain Tairbh anns a' bhliadhna 1014, agus a chaidh a mharbhadh a' cogadh gu treun air taobh nan Eireannach an aghaidh feachd nan Lochlannach. Ged nach bitheadh reuson sam bith eile ann, bu choir meas mòr a bhi againn, agus aig gach fìor Ghàidheal, airson na tha'm Morair so— an t-aon mu dhéireadh de na Morairean Gàidhealach uile—ag ràdh an dòigh cho soilleir is drùigheach “mu chùisean cudthromach ar dùthcha”.

Ach, a thuilleadh air so, agus saor o sin a chaidh innseadh a cheana, tha e soilleir gu'm bheil am Brosnachadh so làn de dh'fhìor sheagh is mòr-bhrìgh. Gu dearbh, bu choir gu'm biodh sinn uile a' togail ar guth agus a' deanamh stri le sùil ri “riaghladh ar cùisean fhaotainn nar làmhnan féin”. A dh'aon fhocal, tha e toirt oirnn dol a chur ar seul ris na tha'm Morair ag ràdh, agus sin gu cridheil, gun chleith, gun teagamh, air bith. Tha sinn làn chòrdadh ris-san anns a h-uile rathad ; agus chan 'eil lideadh ann (a réir ar beachd) nach bu choir a bhi ann. Is e so a' chiad Bhrosnachadh a chaidh fhoillseachadh an Albainn riamh mu'm bheil e, chan e a mhàin comasach, ach freagarrach a ràdh : “chaidh am Brosnachadh so a chur a mach *air ar son féin a mhàin!*” Buaidh is piseach air, mata, agus orrasan a chuir e

r'a chéile, agus a rinn e follaiseach air feadh dùthaich nan Gàidheal.

An Eirinn air an làtha an diugh, tha na stéidhean sin a tha aig bonn a' Bhrosnachaidh so measail gu leòr aig an t-sluagh. Tha a' chuid a's mò de'n mhuinntir a chaidh a staigh do'n Chomunn Ghàidhealach gan cumail a suas, ged nach 'eil an Comunn sin a' gabhail gu follaiseach agus gu dreuchdail riu. Is e cuspair a' ghluasaid sin ris an canar *Sinn Fein*, stiùireadh no riaghladh air an cùisean fhaotainn 'nan làmhnan féin; agus gach ni eile a tha'm Brosnachadh so ga comharrachadh a mach dhuinn féin, tha iad sin uile a cheana mar chuspair coirichean aig a' chuid a's mò de Ghàidheil na h-Eirinn. Tha na daoine so creidsinn, nach ann ri Sasunn no ri dùthaich no sluagh air bith eile a bheireadh iad sùil airson sochair is leasachadh na h-Eirinn, ach ri'm muinntir féin a mhàin; agus a los a' chuis a shoilleireachadh (mu'n bheil is dòcha tha mòran d'ar luchd-leughaidh làn thogarrach gu bhi foghlum) tha sinn a' cur romhainn a mineachadh anns an dòigh a's giorra agus a's soilleire a dh'fhaodas sinn a chleachdadh.

An toiseach, mata, thàinig an gluasad so gu h-Eirinn à Ungaraidh; agus is ann an sin a chaidh 'àrach, o chionn mòran bhliadhnaichean air ais a nis. B'e duine d'am b'ainm Deak a thug an ceum-toisich anns an dùthaich ud, agus a thug an gluasad so gu coimhliontachd mar inneal airson math na dùthcha. Shaoil leis nach bu choir d'a dhùthaich fhéin a bhi fo chis agus fo smachd nan Austrach ni's mò, gu h-àraidh nuair a bha iad a' reubadh agus a' creachadh na dùthcha air fad an dòigh air nach d'thugadh

riamh bàrr eadhon an eachdraidh fhuillich, thrioblaidich an t-sluaigh ud. Mar so, chuir e a dhà chos air Còrdadh a chaidh a dheanamh eadar Austria is Ungaraidh anns a' bhliadhna 1848, agus sheas e a mach gu duineil mar fhear-saoraidh a dhùthcha à sin suas. Bu ghràin leis gu'n robh na h-Austraich a' mi-riaghladh na dùthcha air fad, agus a' deanamh calg-dhireach mar nach d'rachadh an Còrdadh sin a dheanamh riamh. Thubhairt e gu foilleasach nach robh e comasach do neach air bith an Còrdadh sin a chur gu taobh agus a chleachdadh mar ni ris nach ruigeadh iad a leas a gabhail, gun chead uathasan leis an deachaidh a shuidheachadh—is e sin ri radh, muinntir na h-Iompaireachd gu léir. Gun an ceadsan, thubhairt e gu'n robh gach lagh a chaidh a dheanamh leis na h-Austraich airson muinntir Ungaraidh, buileach mi-laghail; agus nach robh e aona chuid comasach no ceart meas no speis air bith a thoirt dhoibh. Mar so, chuir e 'shluagh fhéin gu tur 'nan aghaidh, agus chuir e air am bonn fein iad mar “luchd-stri neo-stritheil”.¹ Thug e ordugh seachad, cuideachd, nach cuireadh iad luchd-deanaimh laghanna thun Pàrlamaid na h-Iompaireachd an Vienne, agus dh'aslaich e gu treun orra nach pàigeadh iad an cisean, gun chead o Phàrlamaid Ungaraidh. A thuilleadh air sin, chuir e fhéin air bonn am measg an t-sluaigh, innealan is cleachdannan matha airson laghanna, foghlum, is nithean crabhach a chur air adhart 'nam measg, agus sin gun chumhachd sam bith aig na h-Austraich gus a bhacadh. Chum an sluagh taice ris anns gach cruaidh-chas anns an robh

¹ Is e sin sa Bheurla, *Passive-Resisters*.

e, agus bhrosnaich iad e gu seasamh a mach anns gach rathad is gach dòigh a b'urrainn iad a chleachdadh. Shoirbhich iad gu mòr na dà chogadh aig an àm thar crìochan na dùthcha aca, agus thug iad, lion beag is beag, riaghailt nan Austrach an Ungaraidh gu neo-ni, ionnus, mu dheireadh, nach robh anns an Iompaireachd ud air fad ach seòrsa de mhi-riaghailt shìobhalta. An ceann ni's lugha na fichead bliadhna an déigh sin, chaidh crìoch a chur air a' chogadh ud; agus, *mirabile dictu*, bha a' bhuaidh leis na h-Ungaraich!

A nis, 'is e an gluasad a chaidh a dheanamh le Deak is a chuid chàirdean sa bhliadhna 1848, a thug na h-Eirionnaich a staigh do'n dùthaich aca aig an àm so. Tha iad ag ràdh, a réir leabhar a th'againn, agus a chaidh a chraobh-sgaoileadh air feadh ceithir roinn na h-Eirinn, agus d'an d'thug iad *The Resurrection of Hungary* mar ainm, gu'm bheil suidheachadh na h-Eirinn agus Ungaraidh cho cosmhuil a chéile ri dà sgadan. Their iad, gu'm bheil iad a' sochrachadh na cùis aca air Reachd ris an abrar *The Renunciation Act*, a chaidh a dheanamh sa bhliadhna 1783. A réir an Reachd so, "the said right claimed by Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by His Majesty and the Parliament of Ireland is hereby declared to be established and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable". Tha so toirt seachad do na h-Eirionnaich, a réir an leabhair so, a h-uile ni a tha iad ag iarraidh a los dol air an aghaidh chum bogadh nan gad. Tha e ceadaichte dhoibh, a réir so, éifeachd an Aonaidh a chaidh a dhean-

amh sa bhliadhna 1801 àicheadh. "The members of the Irish Parliament (tha iad ag ràdh) had no legal power to terminate the existence of that Parliament. They were in law simply trustees for the time being of a power proceeding from the people."

Is ann airson so a tha mòran sluaigh an Eirinn an diugh anabarrach dian gu gabhail a staigh a' ghlusaid ud a chaidh a chur air bonn le Deak. An toiseach, tha iad ag ràdh nach 'eil e freagarrach do dh'Eirionnach air bith suidheachan anns a' Phàrlamaid Shasunnaich iarraidh no fhaotainn, a chionn is gu'm bheil i dol glan an aghaidh toil is rùn mhaith is nàduir muinntir na h-Eirinn. "In what (their iad) has Ireland benefited by her representatives at Westminster? Catholic Emancipation was passed without parliamentary agitation. It was the tithe war in Ireland, not speeches or tactics at Westminster, that led to the abolition of tithes. Fenianism disestablished the Church and forced the Land Act of 1871; and the Land League procured the Act of ten years later. Agitation in Ireland, resistance in Ireland, have done everything. Agitation at Westminster has done nothing. The only Act which stands to the credit of the Irish party is the Land Act of 1903, which has admittedly broken down; which has added 33 per cent. to the price of land in Ireland, undone much of the work of the Land League, and has created peasant proprietors only to make them bankrupts. Let us have done with this noisy and futile waste of energy. Let Ireland be true to herself, concentrate her thoughts and energies on the work that lies to hand, and stop

sending these impotent and expensive rhetoricians to the English Parliament."

A nis, ged nach 'eil sinn dol a chur ar seul ris a h-uile ni a tha na daoine so ag innseadh dhuinn, gidheadh chan urrainn sinn a ràdh nach 'eil smior na firinn anns a' chùis. Gun teagamh, tha e ni car diblidh, is tur neo-fhreagarrach dhuinn, Gàidheil na h-Alba, a bhi daonnan a' ruith thun na Pàrlamaide Sasunnaich airson deirce, mar gu'm b'eadh; agus a bhi a' gearain sa talach nuair nach d'fhuair sinn i. Anns an t-seadh so, agus air a' phuinc so, tha sinn a' cur làn aonta ris a h-uile smid a chaidh innseadh anns an leabhar againn. Gu fìor, is bochd nach robh sinn ni's féin-speiseil is ni's neo-eisimolaich anns na làithean a dh'aom, oir a nis bhiodh sinn mòran ni's socraiche agus ni's sealbhaiche ann ar staid na tha sinn. Is maith a thubhairt na daoine so, gu'm bheil féin-chuideachadh, mar an ceudna, moran ni's feumaile agus ni's cumhachdaiche chum bogadh nan gad na bhi leigeadh ar taice gu tur air coigrich air bheag durachd a tha nar dùthaich. Tha e soilleir, mur deachaidh luasgadh anabarrach mòr leis na Croit-earan anns na bliadhnaichean a chaidh seachad, agus air mòran nithe eile a dh'fhaodas sinn innseadh, nach d'thigeadh leasachadh no feabhas air choir sam bith orra. Bhiodh iad eadhon aig an àm so ceart mar a bha; agus sin gun taing dhoibhsan a bha air an taghadh mar bhuill Phàrlamaid Shasuinn chum cùisean a leasachadh agus gnothaichean a thoirt air adhart. Ach, ged is e ar barail gu'm bheil smior na firinn anns a' chuis, chan 'eil sinn dol a chur ar seul ris na h-uile ni a chaidh innseadh mu'n ghnothach so le

cuid de mhuinntir na h-Eirinn. An toiseach, chaidh aonadh a dheanamh eadar Albainn is Sasunn, co dhiù tha sin maith no olc air ar son ; gideadh, is cinnteach gu'm bi e air a chur air chùl an Westminster anns na laithean a tha ri teachd. Anns an dàra àite, tha sinn a' cur a steach do'n Iompaireachd suim anabarrach mòr mar chis no chàin gach bliadhna, agus o'n is ann mar so a tha, nach biodh e còir is ceart gu'n tughadh seachad dhuinn luach freagarrach airson ar cuid airgid ? Nam biodh sinn cho beag-tuigse is ar cul a chur ri Westminster gu buileach, ciod a b'urrainn tighinn oirnn ? Bhiodh sinn, fad mòran bhliadhnaichean, ceart mar a bha an t-Amadan Mòr anns an t-seann sgealachd. Bithidh cuimhne aig ar luchd-leughaidh gu'n robh e air a bhuaireadh leis na daoine-sithe gus a dhachaidh fhàgail ; agus ged nach robh sin ach bochd, an-shocrach, is beag a bha iad an geall lùchairt ghasda ghrinn a thoirt seachad dha, air dha an taigh aige fhéin fhàgail ! Chan 'eil sinn ag ràdh gu'm bheil a' chùis gun seadh no brìgh air bith, d'ar taobh féin ; ach tha sinn ag ràdh so, gu'm bheil làn chòir againn air a h-uile ni a tha sin ag iarraidh o'n Phàrlamaid Shasunnaich, do bhrìgh is gur h-ann a mhàin airson so a tha sinn a' pàidheadh. Tha làn choir againn air deadh fhoghlum fhaotainn air feadh na Gàidhealtachd, air leasachadh fearainn, agus air gach ni eile a tha sinn ag iarraidh aig an àm. Is e dleasnas na Stàide na cùisean so a chumail suas, agus a thoirt air adhart, mar is maith a dh'fhaodas i ; agus ge b'e air bith Stàid nach dean mar sin, tha i 'na seirbhiseach gun stà air bith, agus feumar cuir as di buileach glan cho tràth is urrainn duinn.

Is ann mar so, mata, a tha sinn a' sparradh air gach fìor Ghàidheal "gu bhi dhuinn 'na chul-taic, agus e fhéin a chur an ordugh gu dol air aghaidh maille ruinn a bhogadh nan gad". Tha iomadh ni anns a' ghluasad sin a thòisich Deak, agus a tha cuid de mhuinntir na h-Eirinn a' cumail suas aig an àm ris am bheil sinn a' cur ar n-aonta. Is e ar beachd-ne gu'm faod sinn uile ràdh le làn fhirinn gu'n d'fhàg sinn gun deanamh mòran nithe a bu chòir dhuinn a dheanamh ; agus rinn sinn mòran nithe nach bu chòir dhuinn a dheanamh ; agus chan 'eil ach a bheag de slàinte annainn. Gu h-àraidh, bu chòir dhuinn "ar guth a thogail, agus stri mhòr a dheanamh gu riaghladh ar cùisean fhaotainn 'nar lamhan féin". Ach nuair a tha sin a' deanamh mar sin, agus a' dol air ar n-aghaidh gus an ceum-toisich a thoirt "do'n Ghàidhlig agus do shàr-bheachdan Gàidhealach"; agus nuair a tha sinn a' deanamh nan nithe sin a's còir dhuinn a dheanamh a réir a' Brosnaichaidh so, na leigeamaid air di-chuimhne air choir air bith aona chuid Pàrlamaid Shasuinn, no iadsan a chaidh a thaghadh airson ar cùisean féin a chur am feabhas agus a thoirt air adhart an Westminster. Is e ar dleasnas solaimte, cruaidh is eigineach, chan e a mhàin ar gnothaichean féin a thoirt air adhart an Albainn mar a's feàrr a dh'fhaodas sinn—agus dleasnas ni's solaimte na sin chan urrainn duinn a chur an céill—ach a' sparradh gu teann air a h-uile neach a chaidh a chur gu Pàrlamaid nan Sasunnach sin, mar an ceudna, a dheanamh san dòigh a's feàrr a dh'fhaodas e. Air do'n Aonadh a bhi air a chuir as, thig gun teagamh, làtha bristeadh nan gad ; ach mu'n d'thig

an làtha ud, feumaidh nithe mòra a bhi air an dean-
amh as ar leth leosan a chaidh a chur a dh'ionnsuidh
na Pàrlamaide gu bogadh nan gad.

A chlanna nan Gàidheal, an guailibh a chéile !

FORMER GAELIC MOVEMENTS

“HISTORY,” says Lord Bolingbroke somewhere, “is philosophy, teaching by examples”; and if to this weighty consideration we add the consciousness of inherited tendency, it will be apparent that the combined forces of example and inclination convey a lesson to which the most thoughtless and indifferent of us should lend their ears. It has been well said by Sully that the connecting link between past and present traverses the heart of man, by which expression he doubtless intended us to understand that, historically, the child is but father to the man; and though history never commits the fatal mistake of absolutely repeating itself, yet, on consideration, it will be found that important events and epochs certainly have a marked tendency to recur in accordance with certain more or less stereotyped historical *formulae*, just as amongst individuals we can observe an undoubted tendency on the part of families to perpetuate the type with which they have become historically associated in the public mind.

It is but natural, after all, that a people or nation should exhibit this inclination in the direction of repeating itself, in thought and in action. There are many familiar sayings in the Scots language which enjoin fidelity to principle, and steadfastness in pursuit of national ideals which are almost as venerable as the mountains around us. And in other languages, especially in those belonging to peoples whose historical situation has encouraged the growth of proverbs and maxims calculated to foster love of country and fidelity to national principles under the most adverse circumstances, a similar tendency is easily observable. Amongst peoples and races whose national record consists for the most part of a simple struggle for national existence, the importance attached to "historical continuity" is necessarily a vastly more potent force for good or evil than it is with those whose national lot has been cast in more pleasant places and amongst circumstances infinitely more easy, though not necessarily more edifying. With such as these, "historical continuity" assumes an almost academic aspect: its interest is strictly limited. Politicians, historians and theologians may debate and dispute about it; but it hardly enters, at least at all seriously, into the hearts and lives of the people themselves. Ease and success have, as it were, detached them from their natural surroundings: they have followed their natural bent and tended to make cosmopolitans, not patriots, of them. They have "risen superior" to their primitive surroundings and circumstances, and exhibit a marked tendency, not so much to repeat themselves, as to drift onward

absolutely untrammelled by historical convention and precedent, and growing more and more indifferent as regards "historical continuity" as time goes on.

Some nations and peoples, however, cannot afford to lose sight and touch of the past in this careless haphazard fashion, nor, as a matter of fact, will their circumstances permit of their doing so. The hereditary tendency to repeat themselves, in respect of type as well as of ideal, has been bred into them, as it were, by reason of a long concatenation of events, harsh and disagreeable it may be, but essentially strengthening and invigorating nevertheless. The bare recollection of their adversities, joined to the briefest consideration of their "might-have-beens," keep them to the groove dug out for them by the hard fate visited upon their ancestors. They begin, too, if not actually to relish, at all events to take an appreciable pride in their misfortunes, which, unlike success, which generally ends by enervating a people, edifies and strengthens them. Fidelity to principle and steadfastness in face of national ideal amongst such a people, easily pass from virtue to necessity. They may have lapses, it is true; but in their case the link to the past supplied by adversity is too strong, too apparent and too compelling to admit of much backsliding, or backsliding prolonged to the verge of national forgetfulness. Sooner or later, the race or nation awakes again to a consciousness of its real self. The old recollections are revived. The ancient ties that bind the nation to a romantic if storm-swept past are readjusted, the old proverbs and maxims enjoining perseverance and deathless opposition to the foe pass

once more from lip to lip, and so the cry for freedom goes up again: the struggle for deliverance is renewed.

The history of the Scottish Gael is just such a record as I have, all too briefly perhaps, considering the interest and importance of the subject, been postulating: from first to last it has been a struggle, not so much, indeed, for actual existence, as for the preservation of things—of ideals and principles—held by us both supremely near and infinitely dear. The dead past has a habit of getting rid of the traces of its existence without superfluous effort on the part of humanity to secure the rites of decent sepulchre for its faded and departed glories; but in view of the present national movement, I hold it as supremely important that every one of us should be well and truly fully informed as to our country's history, and more particularly in respect of those events which not only constitute the link between past and present, but which alone render possible the Gaelic movement of these our days. To past times we owe a debt of gratitude not small: to the men from whom we are descended, we rest under the greatest obligations. It is but just and right, therefore, that in all our undertakings we should turn to them for guidance and support, eschewing that which experience teaches us it would be impolitic to attempt again, and cleaving to and improving that which the lessons of history, no less than our own intuition, plainly affirms to be worth the having.

Generally speaking, up to the actual outbreak of the fatal rivalry between the Houses of Moray and

Atholl, ancient Scotland presented the uncommon spectacle of a Gaelic State not profoundly divided against itself. The Scottish Charlemagne, Malcolm II.—perhaps the greatest Gaelic prince that has ever sat on a Gaelic throne, with the possible exception of the immortal Brian Borumha—left, at his death, a practically united country, though when dying he does not seem to have shrunk from the prospect of exposing his country to all the horrors and barbarities of a disputed succession. Into the question of that contest and all its attendant cruelties, however, it is not necessary, considering our present purpose, here to enter. Suffice it to say that, at that time, there was at least no question of a struggle between Gael and Gall. The princes of the House of Atholl were as good Gaels as were the kings of Moray. Anglicisation, in fine, had not yet crossed the Border; and Gael slew Gael, not because a Saxon or Norman master willed it, but in prosecution of the nation's quarrel. MacBeth and Duncan—reputed assassin and youthful victim—were both as Gaelic as the peats. No “English Party,” in the sense too soon to become familiar throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, yet existed. No feudal nobility, owing a divided allegiance, and prepared to run for shelter to a foreign court whenever their manifold treasons rendered the country of their adoption too hot to hold them, at all events for a time, was yet in being. These were later inventions of the troop of Anglicising adventurers that crossed the Border in the train of the needy Saxon and Norman refugees who, manifestly for our sins, first began to come to Scotland in

any numbers towards the close of the reign of Malcolm III. Even the tendency of that prince to extend his kingdom southwards—a tendency which inevitably led to the neglect of Scotland proper—did not alienate, however much it may have alarmed and disgusted his people, who, according to every recognised authority, remained devoted to him down to the very hour of his untimely death. The political influence of his saintly consort, Queen Margaret, has been vastly exaggerated by a school of historians who, in the so-called “Saxon queen,”¹ pretend to discover the foundation-stone, as it were, of English influence in Scotland. It is significant that the Saint’s reforms were entirely confined to religious and social affairs: nowhere do we find her exercising, or even attempting to exercise, an influence which in the eyes of the most critical of her critics can be considered as undue, or as unbecoming to her sex, and contrary to the precepts of the Catholic religion whose views upon such a point are well known. Even in those concerns in which she did interfere, owing to scandals, abuses and anomalies to which her outstanding piety could not be blind, we find her influence exerting itself, not counter to, but parallel with, the national sentiment of her day. Thus we see her actively protecting and encouraging the Culdees—a religious order of men for whom she always manifested the liveliest regard, and stimulating her husband to rival her in generous benefactions to this typically Gaelic community.

¹ Saint Margaret was by blood but half a Saxon. The best part of her life, too, when she married Malcolm had been spent out of England.

“There is perhaps no more beautiful character recorded in history than that of Margaret,” says the historian of Celtic Scotland. “For purity of motives, for an earnest desire to benefit the people amongst whom her lot was cast, for a deep sense of religion and great personal piety, for the unselfish performance of whatever duty lay before her, and for entire self-abnegation she is unsurpassed; and the chroniclers of the time all bear witness to her exalted character.” It is obvious that a person of so pious a disposition and so mild and benevolent a temper could not have played the irritating and ungracious part ascribed to her by biassed historians of a much later date; and the best possible proof that Saint Margaret in all her religious reforms¹ carried with her the approval and conviction of the vast majority of her people, as well lay as clerical, amongst whom her lot was cast, is abundantly proved by the fact of her immense popularity during her lifetime, and by the veneration in which she continued to be held after her death—a veneration which endures, particularly amongst Scottish Catholics, even to this day.

Upon the demise of Malcolm, which was shortly followed by that of Saint Margaret herself, Scottish dissatisfaction with the southward policy of the late king and—a necessary corollary to that policy—his

¹ These were the observance of Lent from Ash Wednesday, instead of from Quadragesima Sunday to Easter Sunday, reluctance to communicate on Easter Sunday, labour on Sundays, marriage with the widow of a father or brother and the celebration of Mass with *barbarous rites*. These last were certainly pagan survivals of earlier heathen days. All these, of course, were mere matters of Church *discipline*, and did not affect the essentials of creed.

tendency to surround himself with persons of foreign birth, broke out into open discontent. The election of Donald Bane, says the historian of early Scotland, "was the natural consequence of this widespread jealousy"; and "the immediate expulsion of the detested Saxons followed upon the triumph of the national party". The friends of the House of Moray were naturally not slow to endeavour to profit by the confusion into which the country was thrown in consequence of the unexpected deaths of Malcolm and his consort. The North, in addition to nursing the dynastic quarrel, now considered itself as aggrieved and slighted by reason of the policy which tempted Malcolm to reduce the northern counties of England to submission, rather than to seek to extend his dominions by conquests in the west of Scotland and the neighbouring isles. Still, the question at issue was mainly a dynastic one—the old trouble, in fact, between the rival Houses of Moray and Atholl. The sons of Malcolm by Saint Margaret, if not as Gaelic as the pretensions of their rivals announced the supporters of the opposing claims to be, were yet native princes, to whose support soon rallied no small part of the flower of Gaelic chivalry. It is obvious, indeed, that the later sovereigns of the House of Atholl could not have held their ground an instant, much less have gained the allegiance and have established themselves in the affections of the vast majority of their subjects, had their rule and presence upon the throne of Scotland been at all disagreeable to the kingdom at large. The dynastic question still remained, and was destined to prove an ever-fruitful

source of discord and contention to the descendants of that king¹ who first broke through the Gaelic rule of alternate succession, and who sought to secure undisputed possession of the throne in the interests of his own house by the murder of his rival's son and heir; but it was fate or accident, rather than superior merit, or a purer patriotism on the part of Moray, which, after the death of the third Malcolm, threw that House and its supporters into the arms of the pioneers of that "National Party" which we can now dimly discern rising from the mists of early Scottish history; and which, in after years, and led and championed by yet another House, was destined to wage so fierce and unremitting warfare against the Scottish throne. Throughout the long and sanguinary contest with Moray, renewed at the death of Malcolm III., and not to be completed until almost the end of the reign of the last of our native Gaelic princes,² Scotland, in spite of certain important innovations introduced by the children of Saint Margaret, remained a Gaelic State. It was not until the third Alexander had mounted the throne that Gaelic ceased to be the predominant language of the Court. Even at the coronation of the youthful King in 1249, the royal pedigree was recited in the ancient language of the country, in token, as Mr. Robertson justly remarks, "that the child of Alexander, son of William, the descendant and representative of the line of Alban's kings, ruled over the realm of Scotland by the right of long descent".

On the other hand, whilst due justice should be

¹ Malcolm II.

² Alexander III.

done to the dynastic question as a source of trouble to the kingdom throughout the thirteenth century, it would be a mistake of the first magnitude not to recognise the fact that the feudal innovations introduced by the House of Atholl rendered the rule of some of our native sovereigns highly unpopular with vast numbers of their subjects. The number and importance of the frequent Gaelic risings whose object was, stripped of their dynastic signification, the expulsion of the House of Atholl from the throne and kingdom, admittedly on the ground of that family's being innovators and too partial to foreigners, are far too considerable to be overlooked. Even after the Battle of Strathcaro (1130), at which it may be said that the Moray cause received its death-blow, owing to the death upon that stricken field of the last male heir of which history can take serious cognisance, we find the Moray cause attracting thousands of enthusiastic hearts and willing blades to its banners whenever the Scottish King went furth of Scotland, or some one innovation, seemingly more drastic and anti-national than its predecessor, stirred up the popular fury, and so gave life and endurance to a cause which, but for such adventitious assistances, must long before have died of sheer inanition. David I., says Mr. Robertson, "was the first of his family to unite the character of an English baron to that of a Scottish king";¹ and however personally popular this able prince may have been, there can be no doubt but that his foreign upbringing and Norman sympathies definitely alienated the affections of numbers of his sub-

¹ P. 188, vol. i.

jects, for whom the Moray grievance *per se* meant little or nothing. To the very end of his long and prosperous reign, and years after the King had succeeded in establishing himself upon the throne beyond all fear of serious opposition, many of his Gaelic nobles and thousands of the native commonalty could not lay aside all recollection of the dubious means by which the King had fought his way to the Scottish throne, or extinguish their jealousy and resentment in view of his declared and freely exercised partiality for Norman and Saxon adventurers into his dominions. It is in the light of this enduring feeling of dissatisfaction, this repugnance to Norman innovations, this hatred and detestation of a race which, rightly or wrongly, the Gaelic nobles and people regarded as infinitely inferior to themselves in all that counts for address and civilisation, that we must seek to dispel the mystery surrounding and enshrouding such shadowy incidents as the conspiracy at Perth in the reign of Malcolm the Maiden, in which several of the leading Gaelic nobles were concerned; the various attempts made to alter the succession to the throne; the fierce and bitter opposition to Norman so-called "reforms," and lastly, and by no means least, the large measure of support accorded to the Moray cause long after its responsible leaders had disappeared, and when, as history plainly shows us, all personal affection for that great House had been dissipated by time, and the dissolving force of adverse circumstances and events. With the majority of their subjects, however, as well native Scots as Norman and Saxon settlers, the sovereigns of the House of Atholl were immensely

popular. Their high personal characters, their bravery and address, their magnanimity, the wealth and splendour of their courts, the fact that their rule brought unexampled prosperity and greatness to Scotland, and, above all, the *claim of blood*, rendered these brave and skilful princes in the main thoroughly acceptable to at least the greatest number of their Gaelic subjects. Upon no other grounds, as has been justly pointed out, can we account for their abiding success, for their very presence upon a Gaelic throne ; for the comparative ease with which they introduced their many innovations, and with which they carried them, though sometimes, at the sword's point, to a head ; for their successful, and on the whole, merciful solution of the Moray problem, and for the pæans of praise that went up from *bàrd* and *seannachaidh*, from Norman scribe and from monastic chronicler, whenever one of these great princes paid the debt of nature, and his honoured remains were royally and reverentially laid at rest amongst the ashes of his valiant ancestors at Dunfermline.

I append a list of the principal Gaelic risings, which, on the principle of *ab Jove principium*, I begin with the insurrection of King Donald Bane, and close with the death of Alexander III., the last of the royal Gaels, in 1285.

Death of Malcolm (*Calum a'chinn mhòir*), and insurrection of Donald Bane, 1093-1094.

Deposition of Donald, 1097.

Rising of the men of Moray and the Mearns against Alexander I., 1107-1124.

Rising in Moray and Battle of Strathcaro, 1130.

Rising in Moray and insurrection of Somerled of the Isles, 1153.

Somerled rises again against Malcolm IV., 1164.

Gaelic rising in Galloway, 1174, *temp.* William the Lion. This was not a dynastic rising. "The king's officers or maors were either massacred or driven out of the country almost without resistance, and fourteen years after the conquest of the Principality, the royal authority was eradicated from Galloway in fewer weeks than it had taken years to establish."¹

Mac William rising, 1181. Mac William's real name was Donald. He was a son of William Fitz Duncan. "The old spirit of disaffection still lingered in the north and west, where the enemies of the King flocked to the standard of his hostile kinsman, as readily as they had once gathered round the banner of the heir of Moray."² Whilst Mac William was in the north, the men of Galloway under Gilbert invaded the Lothians, plundering the country and massacring the inhabitants. The Galloway Gaels seem to have been a stubborn lot. They fought, however, for David at the Battle of the Standard where they charged home against the Saxon and Norman ranks with loud cries of *Albainn ! Albainn !* Would that their descendants were equally high-spirited and patriotic !

For six years Mac William established himself in the north. "The majority of the barons and thanes (Gaels of course) of Ross and other portions of Moray had ranged themselves beneath his banner. The

¹ Robertson, p. 379, vol. i. ² *Ibid.*, p. 384, vol. i.

connexion, too, of the Lords of Argyll and the Isles with the family of the Pretender Wymund rendered the West generally disaffected from the royal point of view, though the royal policy in the West was to support the Gael against the Norseman."¹

Mac William's rising suppressed and the leader slain near Inverness, 1187. On this occasion, however, the royal army seems to have little relished the task they were set to execute. These constant fights between "the men of Alba" (*vide* Irish Annals) do not seem to have been latterly at all popular.

Rising of Harald, Earl of Orkney, 1196. Mac Madach married, secondly, a daughter of "Mac Heth," who stirred him up to seize that ancient province. This rising was inspired by dynastic rather than by racial feelings. It succeeded, however, in attracting to its banners all opposed to feudal innovations and Anglicisation.

Rising of Godfrey, son of Donald Bane or Mac William, 1211. "The feudalised upper classes of *Scotia* and the Lowlands of Moray were at this time looked upon as 'Normans,' the mountaineers who clung to 'ancient custom' as the real Scots, this position being reversed a few generations later, when the former claimed to be 'Scots,' regarding the latter as 'Erse' or Irish."²

Rising in the north again under Donald Bane (a brother of the last Mac William) and "Kenneth

¹ Thus there was no change in the "baronage" of Argyll after Alexander's progress through that country at the beginning of his reign.

² Robertson, *note*, p. 428, vol. i.

Mac Heth," the last of that name to figure in history. 1214. This rising was opposed and suppressed by Fearchar Mac an t-Sagairt, Earl of Ross. It seems to have been rather dynastic than racial.

Rising of Gilleasbuig, a member of the Mac William family, 1224. This Mac William was executed at Forfar, and was the last of his race. "Not even his infant daughter, a child just born, escaping the axe."

Rising by another Gilleasbuig whose parentage is not known, 1228. He is supposed to have been a Badenoch chief. He burnt several forts (wooden) and the greatest part of the town of Inverness. The rising was suppressed by Comyn, Earl of Buchan, who may have so acquired the family possessions in Badenoch.

The coming racial struggle was also foreshadowed by the contests between the Regents during the minority of Alexander III., when there was (for the first time) a national and an English party in Scotland, just (curiously enough) as there is now. During these contests, we find the Norman barons plotting against the liberties of the country which foolishly entertained them, and running for shelter to the Court of Henry whenever Scotland became too hot to hold them. So whatever may be said as to the conduct of the "Scots" nobles, who in after years seem to have mainly passed their time between the Border and the English Court, it cannot justly be charged against them that they acted without precedence; and precedence, as we all know, is from a nobleman's

point of view the cloak that covereth a multitude of sins.

R. E.

(*To be continued.*)¹

SUIDHEACHADH GAIDHEALACH AN HESSE

Tha baile mòr an ceàrn aoin de na Diùcachd a tha mu bhruachan na Reidh-abhainn anns am bu chòir do fhear-turuis air bith o Ghàidhealtachd na h-Alba mòr thlachd a ghabhail. Se an t-ainm a th'air a' bhaile bheag so Schotten. Sa chainnt Ghearmailtich tha'm focal *Schotte* ciallachadh "Gaidheil"; agus chaidh am baile beag so a shuidheachadh o chionn mòran bhliadhnaichean air ais an ceàrn anabarrach aonaranach de'n dùthaich thaitnich ud ris an canar Hesse. Tha slighe-iaruinn ann a tha tòiseachadh aig Nidda, aon de na h-àiteachan air an t-slighe-iaruinn a tha gar treòrachadh o Fhrankfort gu Giessen, agus a tha comh-cheangail Schotten ris an dùthaich a tha'n taobh thall de'n roinn so. Ach, am bitheantas, cha toir luchd-turuis aire air bith do'n dùthaich bhoidhich so. Gabhaidh iad air an n-adhart gun suim no beachd a ghabhail do ni air bith ach faotainn a mach as an sin cho luath agus a's urrainn doibh.

¹ The second of these papers will embrace the period from the death of Alexander III. to the so-called Reformation.

Air do'n fhear-thurais a chul a chur ri Frankfort, tha e cur a chuill, mar an ceudna, ri Gearmailt an làtha an diugh—a' Ghearmailt oidhirpeach, aghartach, agus nan *veltpolitik*—agus tha e dol gu Gearmailt nan sgeul agus nan ròlaistean, far am bheil spiorad na h-aimsire a dh'aom fathast beò, agus far am bheil ri fhaicinn seanna bhailtean eadar bheag is mhòr, agus frithean buidseachais, agus caisteil bhinneineach air an suidheachadh air mullach nam beann àrda. Is iad so uile cuimhneachain nan làithean ud anns an deachaidh a' chreach a thogail leis a' chreachdair uasal agus a luchd-leanmhuinn de na mhaoin a thàinig o'n àird-an-ear a dh'ionnsuidh nam bailtean beartach an Almayne.

Bho Nidda, tha slighe-iaruinn shingilte ann, agus i toinneadh suas gu bonn nam beann ris an abrar Vogelsburg. Tha'n t-slighe-iaruinn so a'dol troimh theis-meadhon mòran bhailtean beaga, gasda; agus a los sanas a thoirt seachad do luchd-aiteachaidh nam bailtean sin, tha e mar chleachdadh aca clag a bhualadh am feadh sa tha'n carbad-iaruinn a tighinn am fradharc. Gabhaidh an carbad-iaruinn seachad air na taighean a tha cho dlùth dhuinn is gur beag nach b'urrainn duinn ar làmhan a shineadh a mach troimh na h-uinneagan agus buntainn ri ballachan fiodha nan taighean am feadh sa tha sinn dol seachad. Mu dheireadh, thig sinn air Schotten, baile beag, anns am bheil dhà no trì cheudan luchd-aiteachaidh, sa tha air a chuairteachadh le beanntaibh air am bheil coilltean gasda.

Gu fìor, is beag a's aithne dhuinn de roimh-eachdraidh a' bhaile bhig so. Se *Zu den Schotten* an t-ainm

a's traithe a tha ri fhaotainn air, agus, mar sin, is dòcha gu'n robh e air a shuidheachadh le buidhinn de dh'allabanach Ghaidhealaich, a thàinig an so thar a' chuain, agus a thog baile is eaglais far an d'fhuair iad fasgadh.

A réir an seann sgeoil (agus gun reuson againn cur 'na aghaidh carson nach creidseadh sinn e?) thàinig an so dà Bhana-phrionnsa Ghàidhealaich sa bhliadhna 1015, le sùil ris a' Chreideamh Chriosdail a chur air bonn, sa chraobh-sgaoileadh am measg an luchd-muinntir mhi-chreidmheach; agus thòisich iad air baile beag is eaglais a thogail airson an luchd-iompachaidh.

Tha'n eaglais an Schotten 'na h-aitreabh mhòr is ghasda; agus chaidh a togail san ceathramh linn deug. Os cionn doruis air taobh siar na h-eaglaise tha gràbhaladh neònach ann a chaidh a shnaidheadh sa mheadhon-aois, agus a tha nochdadh ridire air muin eich. An taobh a staigh na h-eaglaise, tha dà charragh òrach nam Bana-phrionnsa so ri fhaicinn. Tha ciabhagan buidhe am pailteas air ceann gach té, agus air a h-aon dhiubh so tha crùn òir; agus, mu cheann na té eile, fleasg de'n mhiotailt cheudna. Tha àrsaidhean am beach gu'n deachaidh an dhà charragh so a dhealbhadh anns an aon linn deug; agus mar dhearbhadh air sin, fhuaradh o chionn beagan bhliadhnaichean air ais seann sgriobhadh am balla tùr na h-eaglaise, a tha ag innseadh gu'n robh a' chùis ceart mar a bha luchd-aiteachaidh Schotten ga creidsinn o sheann. Ach, o'n a tha'n seann sgriobhadh so labhairt mu Schotten eadhon aig an àm thrath ud mar *civitas*, tha mòran am beachd nach deach an

sgriobhadh a chur ri chéile roimh a' cheathramh linn deug, agus mar sin nach 'eil e gu bhi air a bheachd-smuaineachadh ach mar dhearbhadh an t-seann sgeoil a chaidh a chur air chois mu chiad suidheachadh na h-Eaglaise. So an seann sgrìobhadh a thug mi fainear a cheana.

“Anno milesimo decimo quinto post nativitatem Dom. nostri J. Christi sup. imperio regis dicti claudi civitatem hanc et templum nostrum Schottense primum ædificare cœperunt duæ sorores ec Scotia oriundæ, una Rosamunda, altera Dicmudis vocata.”

Se sin ri ràdh, “Anns a' bhliadhna 1015, agus an làithean an rìgh sin d'am b'ainm Iomhair Bacach (an dàra Iompaire Iomhair 1002-1024) thòisich dà Bhana-phrionnsa Gàidhealach, ris an canar Rosamunda is Dicmudis, am baile so agus ar ciad eaglais an Schotten a thogail”.

Tha ainmeannan a dhà mhnaoi-ualas a bha beò aig an àm ud ri'm faicinn sgrìobhta an leabhar na Manachainne an Wetter a tha faisg air Schotten. Is iad Dicmudis is Almudis na h-ainmeannan a th'aca san leabhar ud. Co dhiù is ann a chionn gu'n robh Almudis 'na piuthar eile aca, no gu'n deachaidh na h-ainmeannan so troimh a chéile leis na seanna sgrìobhadairean, chan fhaod mi ràdh.

Chaidh càirdeas blath-chreidheach a chur air bonn eadhon roimh so eadar muinntir na Gearmailte is luchd-aiteachaidh na h-Alba is na h-Eirinn; oir chaidh *Schotten Kirchen* air an togail an Mayence agus an Hesse Uachdrach aig àm glé thràthail. Thàinig Florens, aonarach Gàidhealach, gus an dùthaich so, agus sa bhliadhna 679, chaidh a thaghadh mar Easbuig

air Strassburg. Mar sin, nuair a thàinig an dà Bhana-phrionnsa Ghàidhealach gu tir-mòr na Roinn Eòrpa, cha b'ann idir mar choigrich a thog iad Schotten orra.

Thubhairt mi cheana gu'n robh luchd-suidheachaidh Schotten 'nan Gàidheil; ach tha e ro dhuilich a ràdh co dhìu is ann o Albainn no à Eireann a thàinig iad gu Schotten; a chionn is gu'n robh luchd-muinntir na h-Alba is na h-Eirinn an dà chuid 'nan Gàidheil. Gu ruig an dàra linn deug, se an t-ainm cumanta a bh'aig muinntir na h-Alba is na h-Eirinn "*Scoti*"¹; agus is ann mu mheadhon na dàra linn deug a chaidh am focal so—*Scoti*—a bhuileachadh air luchd-muinntir na h-Alba a mhàin. Chi sinn mar so, bhò na nithean a thachair an Ratisbon. Chaidh a'Mhanachainn iomraideach aig an àite ud air bonn le Marianus Scotus (Eireannach a réir coltais), anns an aon linn deug; ach bhuineadh i do dh'Albainn gu ruig an t-ochdamh linn deug.

Tha cuid am beachd gu'n robh an dà Bhana-phrionnsa so, mu'm bheil e air a ràdh gu'n d'thàinig iad *ex Scotia*, 'nan nighean do Bhrian Bhorumha (Ard-rìgh na h-Eirinn), a thug buaidh air feachd nan Lochlunnach aig Cluaintairbh sa bhliadhna 1014, agus a fhuair bàs air a' bhlar ainmeil sin. Ach, saor o so gu'm bheil àm tighinn an dà Bhana-phrionnsa gu Schotten a' cordadh anabarrach math ri àm fuadachaidh nan Lochlunnach à Eireann le Brian Borumha, chan 'eil mi faicinn ni air bith eile a dhaingnicheas am beachd so, gu'm b'iad nighean an Rìgh.

Tha mar a's lugha aon chlann Ghearmealtach ann a tha deònach a bhi air am meas mar ghineal luchd-

¹ Se sin ri ràdh "Gàidheil".

leanmhuinn nam ban-ualas Gàidhealach so. Tha'n t-agartas so air a chur an céill anns na sgriobhaidhean a bhuineas do chlann àraidh ris an canar "Schott à Braunfels"; agus ged nach eil ni m'an timchioll a tha dol a dhearbhadh am briathran, gideadh faodaidh e bhi mar a tha iad a' creidsinn. Tha iad ag ràdh gu'n d'fhàinig a'chiad bhall de'n teaghlach so a tha air ainmeachadh an eachdraidh o Schotten gu Nassau mu dheireadh an dàra linn deug; agus, ma tha so fìor, is dòcha gu'n robh a' chuid a's mò de luchd-aiteachaidh a'bhàile so aig an àm ud air am buain o luchd-aiteachaidh Gàidhealach na linne roimh sin.

T. G.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND THE EARL OF HUNTLY IN 1562

IN the summers of 1562 and 1564, Mary Queen of Scots made expeditions to the North, travelling as far as Inverness. We know but little of what she did during her second tour, but the first ended in a catastrophe, which all those who love the Queen or the Highlands must deeply regret. The defeat and death of George Gordon, fourth Earl of Huntly, was a calamity both for Mary and for the country. It confirmed the ascendancy of the Protestant and Anglicising nobles, which was to be her ruin, and it

allowed a great forward movement of the Reformation from the Lowland towns up to the gates of the Highland fastnesses. In after years the Jesuit missionaries reported that it was only after Corrichie that "heresy began to make considerable inroads into the North".

These facts, which are generally admitted, need not be further discussed here. A problem, however, of no slight interest and importance arises out of Queen Mary's conduct in supporting the Lord James, her bastard brother, against Huntly, and confirming him immediately afterwards in the earldom of Moray, which Huntly had held. How could she have acted in a manner so contrary to her own interests, and to the interests of her religion, to which she was undoubtedly deeply and warmly attached? It is indeed true that her power at this time was very limited, and that she was sometimes practically imposed upon by her ministers, especially by her secretary, the Laird of Lethington, and by the Lord James. Still it is hard to believe that she can have been entirely insensible to the real nature of issues so great as those which were then in debate, hard to imagine how she can have failed to be conscious that her action was not entirely justifiable.

When we look into the records of that day to find evidence that will solve this problem, we obtain but little satisfaction. There are indeed *ex parte* statements on either side. From Randolph, Knox, Buchanan, and those who follow them, we hear a good many details about Huntly's sayings and doings, several of which seem to have been ill-advised or

blameworthy. But it is, of course, impossible to accept one-sided statements on such matters with entire credence. On the other hand we do not seem to have any first-hand evidence. We have none of the actual messages that passed from Huntly to Mary's Government before the actual outbreak of hostilities. We do indeed possess an account of them from Bishop Leslie, but then he was the *ex officio* defender of the Queen; an honoured post indeed, but one which prevents our appealing to his statements with that sense of security which is to be desired. He lays all the blame upon the Lord James, while Mary according to him had no suspicion of the real truth. Like many other deserving apologists he seems to prove too much, and even if all had been as he says, his unsupported word is not proof of it. What we really want is some letter or letters in which Mary sets forth clearly and fully her views on the situation. But no such papers are as yet forthcoming, and in default of them I call attention to a very curious feature in a certain pair of letters, which went out in Mary's name upon the same day, and refer to the events under discussion. If fuller documents of equal authority were abundant, it would not perhaps be worth while to spend much time over sentences so short as those I am about to explain. But, as I have pointed out, a complete body of evidence being unattainable, the significance of shorter passages becomes a matter of importance.

We find, then, that after Mary's return to Edinburgh, two letters were sent off to her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine. The one letter was official,

giving a formal summary of her proceedings; the second letter was written by her own hand, and touched on her more private feelings and cares. She speaks of her interest in the progress of religion, in the Council of Trent, and on kindred topics. Those who knew but little of the real inwardness of the events which had lately taken place might think the two notes supplementary to one another, but those who attend carefully to see whether any explanation of our problem may not be found here, will not fail to think certain sentences far more significant than they would at first appear to be. For, to judge by the official story, Mary was in a mood of exultant triumph over rebels who had endangered her crown and country. In her private letter on the other hand there is nothing at all of this, but on the contrary the letter concludes with a petition for excuse and a confession of failure. It is true that the confession is couched in hypothetical language, but still it is there. "Excuse me to his Holiness," she says, "if I have failed in my duty to my religion, for you know more about my wishes and my power (*i.e.*, powerlessness) than any other."

The contrast between the two statements is obvious, and cannot be overlooked, when once it has been noticed. Unfortunately the argument cannot be clinched by putting these two texts side by side, for the second paper has been lost, and that under somewhat annoying circumstances, and only lately. It was preserved in the British Museum, and seemed to be destined to attain a happy immortality, when it was burnt at a fire upon the binder's premises on the

10th of July, 1865. We therefore only know its contents at second hand, for the Cardinal of Lorraine upon its receipt sent on a summary of its contents to the French Ambassador at Vienna, and this is still extant. There is no reason to think that he would have given the news a turn unfavourable to the Gordons, and yet this is what he says: "A certain lord, the Earl of Huntly, and his sons had secretly made such a levy of soldiers, that she would have been in very great danger if she had not been informed of it. When the practice was discovered, she took such good order to raise men at once, that she had enough to offer battle, in which, thanks be to God, the victory rested with her, and she has had such punishment inflicted on the vanquished, that she now finds herself at peace, as she was before."

The point of view of the man who inspired that message was very different from that taken by Queen Mary in her own letter, and the catalogue of the British Museum happily still remains to tell us who it was that took this divergent point of view. It records that the now lost paper was written by the hand of Secretary Maitland of Lethington, whose want of principle has so often been blamed by friend and foe alike, and who had taken a leading part in the destruction of Huntly.

This double version of the story of the fall of Huntly seems to furnish us with two important clues. First, we see that Mary was not afraid to confess to misgivings about her own past conduct, and by consequence that she was not so blind to her best interests as some too zealous apologists have alleged.

All which surely tends more to her true honour than to her discredit.

Secondly, we get a practical insight into the working of those dangerous influences about her, which eventually caused her downfall. We see her secretary, her *alter ego*, misrepresenting her interests, misinforming her friends, and doing so in words which passed as her own! Father Nicholas de Gouda, S.J., who had been sent to her a few months before from the Pope, had just written in his report the following words: "(Her ministers) have ways of acting in opposition to her, and they set themselves to draw her over to their way of thinking. . . . They often impose upon her with falsehoods. She is alone, and has not a single protector or good counsellor. . . . There is no mistaking the imminent danger of this good lady's position." In truth the calamities which subsequently overwhelmed her were due less to any other single cause than to that which is here so clearly pointed out in word, and illustrated by example.

It would not be fair to reproach Mary with not having understood what might have been done with the Highlands, when this was certainly not appreciated by any of her friends or advisers. Though the result was that she fled southwards after Langside to her ruin, not to the North or the West. But however this may be, she at least did a good deal afterwards to reverse the policy of Corrichie. For it was not long before she annulled the sentence on the Gordons; and the favour which she ever after bestowed on the fifth Earl of Huntly may be not unreasonably regarded as an act of satisfaction for her

participation in the crushing of the fourth earl, one of the greatest mistakes of her life.

J. H. POLLEN, S.J.

NOTE.—The documents to which allusion has been made above may be conveniently studied in my *Papal Negotiations with Mary Queen of Scots*, Scottish History Society, vol. xxxvii., where they are all printed together, pp. lviii., 154, 162, 163, etc. Mary's letter to the Cardinal of Lorraine will be found in Labanoff, vol. i., 175; the Cardinal's letter embodying Lethington's news is in Le Labreur, *Mémoires de Castelnau* (1731), vol. ii., 208.

ORAIN GHÀIDHLIG

Tha Iain Caimbeul, bàrd na Ledaig ag ràdh :—

“Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhlig, a bàrdachd 'sa ceol,
Is tric thug i nìos sinn nuair bhitheamaid fo
leon.

'Si dh'ionnsaich sinn tràth ann an laithean ar
n'òig,

'S nach fàg sinn gu bràth gus an luidh sinn
fo'n fhòd.”

Tha mi a' creidsinn nach 'eil neach leis a miann a' Ghàidhlig a bhi cinneachadh 'sa cur a mach a meoir, nach cuir 'aonta ris na briathran eirmseach sin, a tha nochdadh dùrachd cridhe bhàird a thaobh a chànain mhàthaireil 'sa bàrdachd agus ceòl. Tha e math gu leòr a ràdh leis na bilean, “Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhlig,” agus “Suas leis a Ghàidhlig!” ach 'se cheisd

chudthromach dhuinn am bheil sinn mar Ghàidheil a' deanamh ni's urrainn sinn airson cumail suas ar cànan. Am bheil ar leabhar-lànn làn de leabhraichean Gàidhlig, 'sam bheil sinn gach aiteal a gheibh sinn cothrom, a rannsachadh 'sa dion — sgrùdadh nan leabhraichean sin? Am bheil sinn comasach air litrichean snasail a chuir a dh'ionnsuidh ar càirdean an “tir nam beann” an cànan blasda Edein?

Am bheil sinn a' teagasg do'r cloinn a' Ghàidhlig a labhairt 'sa sgrìobhadh 'sa leughadh? 'S ann tha eagal orm nach 'eil a chuid mhòr a deanamh nan nithean sin idir. Tha e glé mhath a bhi dol gu cruinnichidhean agus Mòid Ghàidhealach uair na dhà 'sa bhliadhna, a bhi deanamh bòsda 'as an deise Ghàidhealaich agus nithean mar sin, ach an cum sin suas a' Ghàidhlig? An e sin as ciall do na facail, “Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig?” 'S toigh le mòran a bhi seinn orain ar cànan, ach am bheil iad a' rannsachadh mu ùghdaran nan orain sin, agus mu na nithean àraidh a tha tional timchioll air a bhàrdachd a th'annta? 'S mòr m'eagal nach 'eil, 's nach 'eil, “Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig,” aig a chuid mhòr ach air na bilean a mhàin.

Tha eachdraidh iongantach aig mòran do'r n-orain Ghàidhlig, agus cha'n urrainn sinn fìor bhlas fhaighinn am feasda air aon duibh gus an rannsaich sinn, fhad sa tha e nar comas, na nithean a dh'aobhraich clàrsach a' bhàird na bhana-bhàird a bhi air a gleusadh. 'S iongantach air uairibh mar dh'éirich spiorad na bàrdachd an cuid do'r Gàidheal. Tha “Mairi, nighean Iain Bhàin”—Mairi mhòr nan orain—mar a chanas

na Sgiathanaich—ag ràdh gur e tàmailt agus foirneart a dhùisg an spiorad so innte. Thug Rob Donn bho dhualachas a thaobh a mhàthar e. 'Se trom-bhuille 'ghaoil, tha sinn a' creidsinn, a ghleus Uilleam Ros gu "*Cuachag nan Craobh*" a chuir ri cheile, agus tha e coltach gu'n do chuir gaol na cuachaig sin saighead na chom a thug sios do'n uaigh e, agus b'e foirneart droch bhàillidh air a choimhearsnaich a dh'eignich Iain Smith, bàrd Iarshiadair, Leodhais gu *Spiorad an Uamhair* agus *Spiorad a' Charthannais* a chur an eagaibh a chéile.

Gabhaidh sinn beagan de na h-òrain Ghàidhlig as cumanta, 's fiachaidh sinn ri beagan rannsachaidh a dheanamh, air na nithean a tha tional timchioll orra.

O c' àit an caidil an Ribhinn.—'Se oran gaoil a tha so. Nuair a bheachdaicheas sinn air ar bàrdachd dhùthchasach, chi sinn gu bitheanta gur h-ann mu sheorsa gaoil air chor-eigin a tha'm bàrd a labhairt. Canaidh feadhain nach 'eil gaol sam bith coltach ris an t-seann ghaol Ghàidhealach, agus tha mi fhéin a' làn chreidsinn sin. Cha robh uibhir aig ar càirdean san t-seann aimsir ri smaoineachadh air 'sa th'againne—cha robh 'n inntinn air a tonn-luasgadh cho mòr le gnothaichean an t-saoghail so, agus mar so tha sinn uile-chinnteach gu'n robh bàrrachd rùm 'nan cridhe airson gaoil na th'againne. Bha iad a smaoineachadh air an cuspair graidh fad an latha. 'S math a dh'fhaodadh iad sin. Cha chuireadh sin moille sam bith orra, 'g àiteach na buain na monadh, na sniomh na càrdadh ri taobh an teine. 'Se Sgiathanach òg—fear Mac-Cuinn á Tròtairnish—a rinn an t-oran so. Aig an àm, bha na Sgiathanaich chòire air am

fògradh a mach á tir an eòlais, agus air an iomain do dh'America, le foirneart an droch uachdarain, airson àite dheanamh do'n fhiadh agus do'n ruadh-chearc. Am measg an fheadhain a dh'fheumadh fàgail, bha leannan a' bhàird—caileag bhriagh, thlachdmhor, a bha na h-uile neach a cuir sios do'n duine so. Rinn e suas inntinn airson a ghaol a leanntuinn do dh'America; ach nuair a chuala chàirdean so, rinn iad gach ni bha 'nam comas airson a chumail air ais. B'fheudar mu dheireadh a cheangal eadar làmhnan agus chasan an là sheol am bàta san robh 'chaileag a bhuaire. 'S ann nuair a bha e 'n ceangal a ghleus e a chlàrsach, agus a chuir e ri chéile an t-òran mùladach so—*O c' àite 'n caidil an rìbhinn a nochd?*

Fiunaraidh.—'So aon de na h-orain cho measail sa tha nar cànan. Tha na briathran taitneach, agus tha fonn blasda. Cha b'ann airson *Fiunaraidh* a rinneadh am fonn idir, ach airson seann òran *Irinn, àrinn u horo! Gur tu mo luaidh na faighinn thu*—òran gaoil le Ailean Dùghallach. Chuir briathran grinn *Fiunaraidh* na ciad fhaclan air chùl, air chor 's gur gann a tha fios orra nise. 'Se 'm beachd coitchionn gur h-e 'n Dr. Tormad Macleoid, ùghdar an òrain so, agus gu'n do chuir e ri cheil' e nuair a bha e fàgail athar a' Morbhen a chiad uair airson tighinn do Oil-thaigh Ghlaschu. Tha smuain an orain taitneach, agus na aon a ghlacas cridhe 'Ghàidheil air ball, a tha air mhòdh sònraichte fuaighte ris an t-seann làraich 's an d'àraicheadh e. Tha sinn an comain an uasail Gilleasbuig Mac-na-Ceardadh nach maireann airson an eadar-theangachadh tlachdmhor a rinn e air an òran so. Cha'n 'eil mòran nar là a rinn

ùbhir airson ar cànan ris an duine so. Ged a tha e marbh, tha e fathast a labhairt anns an *Oranaiche*—leabhar a tha an iomadh dòigh a' toirt bàrr-urram air aon eile de'n t-seòrsa, agus co-chruinneachadh òrain Ghàidhlig a chaidh a chuir ri chéile le mòran saothair is cosgais leis an duine so.

Fear a' Bhàta.—So òran gaoil eile a rinneadh le caileag bhochd nar Gàidhealtachd. Dh'fhalbh a leannan a sheòladh, agus cha robh dùil dhachaidh ris tuille, sann teagmhach a bha ise co dhiù. 'Se òran ro-shean a tha so, tha mi creidsinn aon cho sean sa tha againn air sgiala a nise. Cha'n 'eil cinnt air có rinn e. Tha mòran sgialachdan agus bharailean am measg luchd-rannsachaidh mu thimchioll ùghdar an òrain so. Tha mòran aca nach mòr a's d'fhiach, ach faodaidh mi dìreach aon bharail a chuala mi 'thoirt seachad. 'Se 'm beachd sin gur h-ann an Leodhas a rinneadh an t-òran ach nach 'eil air sgiala dheth ach a' chiad rann " 'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnòc as àirde," agus gu'n do chuireadh a' chuid eile ris an déigh làimhe. 'Se 'n aithris a tha ann so, gu'n deachaidh soitheach mòr fodha bho chionn fada aig a Bhùt Leodhasach. Chaidh gach neach a bh'air bòrd do'n ghrunnd, agus, na measg, bha "fear a' bhàtha"—an cuspair àraidh do'n d' rinneadh an t-òran. Nuair a chuala a leannan (Sìne Nighean Iain Anndra) so, bha i fo lion-duth, agus ghin sin innte spiorad na bàrdachd. Ged a bha e cinnteach gu'n robh 'leannan "sa ghrunnd far nach tràigh," gidheadh tha e coltach, mar athair a mhic-shrùidheil roimhe, nach d'thug i riamh dùil nach d'thigeadh fear a gràidh là air chor-eigin; 's mar sin

bu tric i sealltuinn bho'n chnòc a b'àirde dh'fhiach am faiceadh i cuspair gràdhach ; ach cha do thachair dh'ise mar thachair do àthair a mhic shrùidheil—cha robh aice air, ach a bhi tuille tùrsach deurach.

A Mhàiri bhoidheach 'sa Mhàiri ghaolach.—Feumaidh mi aideachadh nach 'eil òran nar cànan aig am bheil uibhir a bhuaidh air m' inntinn sa th'aig an òran so. 'Se maighstir-sgoile bh'ann an Uidhist-a-Tuath a rinn e. Bha e teagasg nighean òg an teaghlach a bha glé mhath dheth, agus ni bha glé neònach, ghabh e gaol oirre. Cha'n 'eil fhios agam co dhiù bha i òg no sean, ach 's coma leis a ghaol tha e coltach, c'ait an luidh e. Chaidh a bhuaireadh glé mhòr co dhiù. Saoilidh mi gu'm bheil mi ga fhaicinn an rioghachd an trom-smuaineachaidh, a bruadar gach mionaid de'n là mu Mhàiri. Cha d'fhuir e i co dhiù. Na òran, tha e gairm air gach fear-turuis a théid do dhùthaich fad as gach siod agus ni luachmhor a thoirt gu ghràdh, agus tha e sparradh mar dhleasdanas air eòin na speur an ceòl as binne 's urrainn an sgòrnan a dheanamh, a thoirt an sin do Mhàiri bhoidheach. Dh'oibrich dragh inntinn air cho mor 's gu'n chuir e e do'n uaigh roimh 'n mhithich. Rinn an gaol an gnothach airson co dhiù.

Caber-feidh.—'Se fear Tormad Macleoid á Assin, bho Thuath, 's ùghdar do'n òran so. Cha'n 'eil mòran ri aithris mu thimchioll an duine so, ach tha e coltach gu'n robh e gu math dheth, oir thug e deadh fhoghlum da dhithis mhac. Bha tuathanach mòr sa choimhearsnachd aige MacCoinnich, Aird an Loch. Bha Macleoid agus an tuathanach so glé chòirdte, agus, gu bhi goirid, innsidh sinn mar dh'éirich *Caber-feidh*

so a tha cho ainmeil air feadh na Gàidhealtachd air fad. Thug Morair Chataobh ùghdarras laghail do Uilleam Rothach, Achanidh, agus thàinig e fhéin agus a luchd-cinnidh gu léir, leis an ùghdarras so, do Assint, a thogail chreach. Thug iad leo mòran chruidh, agus ainmhidhean eile. Thug iad an sgriob so air an dùthaich deireadh an t-samhraidh, dìreach mu'n àm a bhiodh an crodh air an airidh—cleachdadh a tha fathast an Leodhas.

Bha ni so am fàbhar an luchd creachaidh oir cha'n e mhàin gu'n d'thug iad leo 'n crodh, ach mòran ime agus càise cuideachd. Chunnaic Macleoid gur h-e foirneart mòr a bha so, agus rinn eucoir a ni so a leithid no ghreim air 's gu'n do ghluais e ann spiorad na bàrdachd. Chuir e air ball ri cheile *Caber-feidh*—na òran cinnidh chlann Mhic-Coinnich, anns am bheil mòran de gheur-mhagadh air na Cataich agus na Rothaich, air an robh gràin mhòr aige, 'chionn gu'n do thaobh iad Rìgh Seoras an 1745, an aghaidh na Stiubhartaich. Ghabh Rothach Achanidh gu mòr gu cridhe 'n droch làimhseachadh a fhuair e san òran, agus bhòidich e gu'n d'thigeadh e ri beatha bhàird nam faigheadh e cothrom air. B'aithne dhoibh a chéile, agus thachair dhoibh gu mi-fhortanach coinneachadh. Dh'aithnicheadh na h-uile duine 'n Rothach le bonaid odhar a bhiodh air an còmhnuidh, agus le sin thugadh "Uilleam na bonaid uidhre" mar ainm air. Chaidh e aon là staigh do thaigh òsda Ardghaoithe, agus co bha roimhe sin ach Macleoid, a dh'aoir e, 's smùid aig air aran, is ìm is càise 's lionn. Cha d'aithnich an Rothach Macleoid, ach dh'aithnich Macleoid an Rothach leis a bhonaid odhair. Cha do leig Mac-

leoid dad air, ach thairg e làn na gloine do'n Rothach. Ghabh an Rothach sin, agus dh'òl Macleoid t'eile air a shlàinte ag ràdh :—

“Aran a's ìm is càise
 Mu'n d'thig am bàs air Tormad,
 A's deoch do fhir an rothaid,
 'S cha ghabh na Rothaich fearg ris”.

Bha Rothach Achanidh, ro thoilichte, dh'òl e lionn gu toileach, agus nuair a fhuair e mach a ris co bh'ann am Macleoid, thug e maitheanas gu saor dha agus bha meas mòr aig air os déigh sin. Iomadh bliadhna 'n déigh so, nuair a chuireadh còta 'ministear air mac a bhaire, Aonghas, chaidh esan gu Rothach Achanidh, fiach an d'thoireadh e dha sgìre Rogairt. “Am bheil thu smaoineachadh,” ars an Rothach, “gu'n deanainn-sa ni airson mac t-athair? Cha deach *Caber-féidh* air dichuimhn fhathast.” “Cha deachaidh, 's cha d'théid,” ar's am ministear òg tapaidh, “ach ma gheibh mise na mo mhinistear san sgìre, geallaidh mi nach seinnear, 's nach mo chomhairlicheas mi do neach sam bith *Caber-féidh* ionnsachadh.” “Ceart gu leòr, ceart gu leòr!” ars Achanidh, cha'n 'eil thu buileach cho dona ri t'athair. 'S ann a dh'fheumas sinn an sgìre thoirt dhuit.” Mar a thuirt b'fhior. Fhuair Macleoid òg an sgìre le baigh an Rothaich. 'Se *Caber-féidh* òran cho taitneach 's cho measail sa tha nar canan, agus 's fhiach e sin. Tha “Nuair dh'éireas do chabar ort,” aig deireadh gach ceathramh a' toirt buaidh mhòr do gach rann. Saoilidh neach gu'm bheil e beo 's na linntibh fiadhaich nuair a bha na cinnich bhorba dol a mach le'n camain 's le'n cabair

reamhar chama, do bhlàr dearg a chògadh agus a comhrag gu buaidh no gu bàs. 'S le Macleoid a fonn agus na faclan. Tha fonn na phort pioba ainmeil air feadh na Gàidhealtachd, 's cha'n e mhàin gu'm bheil e 'na phort ruidhle agus na phort airson dannsaichean cruinne cuideachd.

Mali bheag Og.—Rinneadh an t-òran ro mhuladach so le saighdear òg Gàidhealach, a bha an seirbheas an treas Rìgh Uilleam. 'S e mac tuathanaich ghasda á siorramachd Pheairt a bh'ann, agus 'na òige nuair a bha chridhe mireag ris, ghabh e gaol mòr air nighean ùachdarain sa choimhearsnaich. Tha e glé choltach gu'n robh gaol mòr air gach taobh, ach gidheadh, bha iad le chéile faicinn nach robh iad coltach ri chéile—gu'n robh ise shliochd nan uaislean, 's nach robh esan ach a shliochd na tuatha 's mar sin nach robh e glé ghealltanach gu'm pòsadh iad am feasd. Co dhiù, ghabh an t-òganach fasdadh san arm, agus rinn e gu maith an sin. Ghluais e gu cubhaidh, agus chath e gu treun. An déigh a bhi san arm mòran bhliadhnachan, thàinig e dhachaidh a dh'amharc air a chàird-ean, agus air càirdean a chuspair do'n robh gràdh aige. Bha i fhathast gu'n phòsadh, agus mar bha i breagha roimh, 's ann a nise bha i gràdhach da rìreamh. Shaoil leis gu'n do ghabh e gaol oirre as ùr. Ach ged bha deise saighdear air, agus coltas deadh shaighdear na ghnuis, cha'n fhaigheadh e i, ach dh'fheumadh e faighinn a dh'eoine no a dh'aindeoin. Rinn iad le chéile suas an inntinn gu'n teich-eadh iad air oidhche Di-sathuirne. Bhiodh ise gearain déididh 's ceann goirt air uairibh air maduinn Di-dòmhnach, 's mar sin cha'n ionndrainneadh muinn-

tir an taighe cho luath i, ged nach biodh i aig a bhòrd sa mhaduinn. Theich iad le chéile. Nuair a dh'ionndrainn a h-àthair i aig a' bhòrd sa mhaduinn, dh'fharraid e c'ait an robh i. Thuirt té de na seirbh-easaich gu'n robh i gun éiridh. Dh'fhalbh a h-àthair air ball 's rinn e cinnteach. Nuair a chunnaic e gu'n robh i air falbh, chruinnich e 'dhaoine cuideachd air ball, 's chuir e iad a mach as an déigh. Rug na daoine orra an gleann fàsail san do leig iad anail. Ged a bha'n t-òganach leis fhéin, rinn e suas inntinn nach dealaicheadh e ri 'luaidh fhad sa bhiodh an t-anam innte, agus do bhrìgh 's gu'n robh e deas air a chladheamh, bha e treubhach an toirt dùmhlain do na h-ionnsaidhean a bhatar a deanamh air. Ruith ise 's chaidh i air a chùlaobh airson dion, ach nuair a bha e 'dol a thoirt buile bhàis leis a chladheamh, bhuail e, le tubaist, oirresa agus leag e fuair i air a chulaobh. Nuair a chunnaic esan so, thug e e fhéin suas do nàimhdean ag ràdh, “Dé math dhomhsa bhì beò nis fhàide 's cuspair mo ghaoil na sìneadh!” Thugadh air ball do'n phrìosan e, far an d'rinn e 'n duanag mhuladach so. 'S e òran cho tiamhach sa tha'nar cànan. Tha'm bàrd eu-dochasach so a labhairt mu 'ghràdh mar gu'm bitheadh i fathast beò, a' sealltuinn gu'n robh inntinn troimh chéile, 's nach mòr da rìreamh nach robh e as a chiall.

Cumha Mhic-Cruimein.—'S e tuireadh na cumha a tha'n san òran so. Tha e coltach gur h-ann do'n Eilean Sgiathanach a bhuineas e. Gu aobhar araid a chumha so, a dheanamh soilleir, feumaidh sinn ar n-inntinnean a thoirt air ais a dh'ionnsuidh an àma san d'fhàinig Prionnsa Tearlach air tir am Muideart.

airson cathair athraichean a bhuinnig aon uair eile. Ged nach robh aige ach seachdnar de luchd-leanmhuinn an toiseach, an ùine glé ghoirid, chrò na Gaidheil d' a ionnsuidh, 'nan ciadan, cuid diubh air an tarruing d' a ionnsuidh do bhrìgh gu'n robh iad a' creidsinn gu'm b' e oighre dligheach a' chrùn, agus cuid eile, bha air an tàladh gu leanntuinn do bhrìgh maise agus sgiobaltachd an oganaich rioghail so. Bha dhaoine meudachadh gach là, ràinig e cho fad ri Derby an Sasuinn, bha Rìgh Seoras a' gabhail iomnuidh mu chrùn, ach cha deachaidh Prionnsa Tearlach ni b' fhàide. Thill e air ais gu Albainn, thuit a dhaoine marbh mu'n cuairt da le fuachd agus acras, agus bha gach ni dol ni bu mhise. Nuair a ràinig e Taigh a' Mhagha faisg air Inbhirnis, far an robh ceann-cinnidh Chlann an Tòisich, cha mhòr nach do thuit e an làimh a nàimhdean. Bha Mac an Tòisich 'na aghaidh; ach bha' bhean mar iomadh bean chòir eile, gu mòr air taobh a' Phrionnsa. Bha Iarla Loudon aig an àm sin an Inbhirnis le 2000 fear, an dòchas gu'n glacadh e 'm Prionnsa mu'n d'thigeadh a shaighdearan-san, a bha tighinn bho dheas. Chaidh an Iarla so gu Magh le 1500 duine, am measg an robh 70 fear bho chomand MhicLeoid à Dùn-Bheagain. Chuala bain-tighearna Mhic-an-Toisich so, agus thug i air a' Phrionnsa dhol am falach. Air ball, chuir i cuignear dhaoine armaichte dh'fhaire an rathaid bho Inbhirnis. Air ceann a chuigear so, bha gobha treun—Frisealach. Troimh 'n oidhche, nuair a bha arm Iarla Loudon am fagus, chuir an gobha chuignear dhaoine 'falach' greis bho chéile ri taobh an rathaid, agus dh'iarr e orra losgadh nuair a bhiodh

an t-arm a dol seachad, agus eigheach aird an claiginn air na “Camashronaich” agus air na Domhnallaich tighinn air aghaidh, chor’s gu’n saoiladh iadsan gu’n robh saighdearan a’ Phrionnsa uile rompa. Nuair a loisg an gobha, mharbh e Domhnull Bàn MacCruimein, piobaire MhicLeoid Dhùn-Bheagain. Bha dùil aig arm an Iarla gu’n robh chreach air a muin, ’s theich iad cho luath ’sa rinn an casan do Inbhirnis. ’S e “Ruaig Mhagha” is ainm da so an eachdraidh. B’e Dòmhnall Bàn MacCruimein, piobaire b’fhearr sa Ghàidhealtachd ’na làtha. Bha Clann Mhic Cruimein ’nam piobairean aig Macleoid Dhùn-Bheagain fad iomadh linn. Tha cuid ag ràdh gur h-ann á Cremona san Eadailt a thàinig iad an toiseach, ’san gun d’thug iad an sloinneadh bho’n bhail’ as an d’thàinig iad. Tha mòran sgialachdan air an aithris timcheall air clann Mhic Cruimein, ’s faodaidh mi dìreach aon diubh innse ’n so. Bha chiad Mhac Cruimein nuair a bha e na bhalach ag ionnsachadh an fheadain an taigh àraidh. Bha banais ri bhi anns a’ bhaile an oidhche no dhà, agus bha gach piobaire gu fiachainn có b’fhearr a chluicheadh. Dh’iarr MacCruimein cead air a’ mhaighstir gu dhol ann, ach cha’n fhaigh-eadh, ach dh’fhalbh e gu’n chead idir, ’s ghabh e rathad goirid troimh achadh àraidh. Air an rathad, thachair air bothag shithichean is chaidh e staigh. Cha robh staigh ach seann bhoireannach, is labhair i gu cairdeil ris. Bha fhios aice an turus air an robh e, is thug i dha feadan dubh, is thuirt i nan cuireadh e am piob sam bith e, gu’n d’thoireadh e bàrr air gach fear a chuireadh gaoth a màl. Creid so no na creid, b’e clann Mhic Cruimein piobairean a b’ainmeil ’na làtha.

Nuair a bha Dòmhnall Bàn MacCruimein a' fàgail Dhùn-Bheagain aig an àm mu'n robh sinn a' labhairt, bha roimh-bheachd aige nach tilleadh e tuille, agus do bhrìgh sin rinn e 'm fonn cianail sin *Cha till mi tuilleadh*, is chluich e e fad na slighe fàgail Dhùn-Bheagain, sa mnàthan san leannain a' toirt sealladh tùrsach as an déigh, is eagal orra nach fhaiceadh iad tuille iad, 's b'fhior sin oir, "Le airgiod no ni, cha till MacCruimein, cha till gu bràth gu là na cruinne".

J. N. M.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION

It cannot be said that in the past the cause of Imperial Federation has made progress at all proportionate to its intrinsic merits. Unfortunately, there is a tendency to approach the subject from the English party point of view, and whenever this happens misunderstandings and recriminations invariably arise, causing men not obsessed by the spirit of that stupendous and raucous hypocrisy to throw up their hands in despair, if not positively to blaspheme against the ceaseless vagaries of the Predominant Partner. The Radical politician looks askance at Imperial Federation, partly because he thinks he detects in it some subtle and sinister "move" in the direction of preserving and perpetuating the feudal strain in English politics, and partly because his rival in humbug approves it, or pretends to do so; the Conservative, on the other hand,

talks a deal about it and does nothing, partly because his political *rôle* is to do nothing (or at all events as little as bare necessity demands), and he must needs go up to the hustings as fully justified as possible, and partly because, in his heart of hearts, he does not like it at all. The Conservative has not yet lived down that venerable contempt for "Colonies" which, in the years that have gone, cost his country its American plantations. He has a mind to do his political bear-leader's bidding, and "think Imperially," but, generally speaking, his "Imperialism" is but a parliamentary metaphor for English ascendancy. He has no idea of allowing mere "Colonials," however eminent and "Imperialistic" in tone, to "boss" the Imperial show. He is prepared to condescend to use the Colonies much as our modern Chathams are prepared—even eager—to exploit the "martial qualities" of the Gael. Such people, no doubt, are a very present help in time of trouble; but, whilst being suitably encouraged, they must be kept in their places. Both make excellent hewers of wood and drawers of water in their respective spheres. "Loyal" and "patriotic" demonstrations on the part of both will be gratefully, even enthusiastically, received whenever the enemy presumptuously threatens, or audaciously sets up his horn on high; but as to admitting either the one or the other to a share in the Imperial councils—the thing is plainly absurd. Conservative "principles" and "national" exigencies are equally hostile to the idea.

For our own parts, however, true Imperial Federation is certainly not without merit or attraction. To

the vapourings of Tory and Whig on the subject we are, of course, as little inclined as we are supremely indifferent. If we thought that Imperial Federation would have the disgusting effect of confirming, consolidating and extending English ascendancy throughout the world, we would, of course, fly from it as we should from the most dangerous and destructive of all possible plagues. The "British" Empire as an English "going concern" is nothing to us; and whether German ships or English ride in Portsmouth Harbour, though it may be fair matter of hysterics to a sensational novelist or a daft ex-commander-in-chief, is no thorn in the flesh, only boredom, to us. We willingly concede England's right, just as we would do that of any other country, to endeavour the best she can for herself; but we see no reason why our bowels of invention should be strenuously exercised on that account. After all, the Horatian saying of "devil take the hindmost" is a sound pagan maxim, and, being what she is, England may safely be trusted to make the most of it.

A recent interesting speech by Dr. Douglas Hyde on the subject of Imperial Federation would appear to have escaped the attention of the English press, which, ever more intent on externals than internals, seems, like the Levite of old, to have passed it by on the other side, blind-lead and blindfolded. Needless to say, in that speech the accomplished and sagacious President of the Gaelic League eloquently anticipated these our objections to the English conception of Imperial Federation. He said that no self-respecting Gael could have anything to do with it so long as it

should mean, as undoubtedly it now means, English ascendancy ; and to that same view we very cordially subscribe. Dr. Hyde, however, went on to declare that to the idea of a confederation of self-governing states, each one independent of the other, but united by a common tie to resist aggression, he could, speaking for himself, see no valid or reasonable objection ; and to this view, too, we very cordially subscribe. The idea of a vast confederacy of friendly states, combining and uniting not for purposes of oppression, spoliation and plunder, but to enable one another, as well as foreign states, to exist in peace and comfort and to extend the blessings of their respective civilisations by Christian means, is surely no contemptible one. We go farther, and say that it is a grand idea, and one well worthy the endeavour.

Men talk of the stars in their courses fighting for them (a sort of pagan presumption to which all flesh seems heir) whenever causes entirely outside their puny control take a turn which seems calculated to bring them little deserved success and prosperity. Without going so far as to say that the heavens and their occupants are now engaged in performing this particular manœuvre in favour of Imperial Federation, we do make bold to affirm that political events are shaping themselves in a manner that must ultimately prove favourable to it. The disastrous war between Russia and Japan has come and gone, leaving, as all thinking persons anticipated, an army of occupation, in the shape of a host of difficult problems, in its wake. Some of these problems concern Europe alone, some Europe and Asia, some (a few) Asia

alone, and others involve the future prosperity and happiness of the whole world. Amongst these problems is the expansion, in unforeseen and unanticipated directions, of victorious Japan. Before the war, a *Times* correspondent would scarcely have ventured to make the columns of that unimaginative organ the vehicle for a prophecy respecting the probable fate of Australia at the hands of the redoubtable inventors of *Jiu Jitsu* and the bland and child-like proprietors of the land of the rising sun. Nevertheless, fortified and quickened as to his parts by the "lessons" of the late war, this is precisely what the *Times* correspondent in Australia has recently done. Without the aid of binoculars, he professes to be able to discern the shadow of Japan lying athwart the Southern seas ; and the curious thing is that New Zealand has now joined in the hue and the cry raised against the late noble yellow man. Simultaneously, too, with this agitation there comes from these two countries, Australia and New Zealand, to wit, a peremptory demand for the strengthening of the English fleet in those seas, coupled with the suggestion that the Colonial contribution towards the upkeep of the Imperial forces should be considerably increased. It may be merely a coincidence, of course, but the apparent discredit into which the Australian policy known as "cut-the-painter" has suddenly fallen is, at all events, highly suggestive in the circumstances. We are not saying a word, of course, against these two colonies : doubtless they best know their own affairs, and how their interest is like to run and to be served. Their alarm at Japan, whether well or ill grounded, is

however almost painfully real ; and their desire to set it at rest in the shelter of English guns, if natural, "means business".

And, turning to Canada, what do we find ? A vast country, unspeakably rich, but as yet very sparsely populated, foot to foot with another which is infinitely more powerful, and threatens that most insidious of all forms of conquests, namely, "permeation". The somewhat flamboyant "Imperialism" of a party in the new Canada is thus easily explained. Like a man who, in the presence of some powerful enemy sees him not, yet is all too conscious of his propinquity, Canada is nervous ; and her nervousness likewise takes the form of requests for armaments, and offers to contribute handsomely and increasingly towards the cost of the same. Moreover, increased and ever-increasing facilities for intercommunication are beginning to tell their inevitable tale in the shape of growing interest on the part of these plantations in the purely domestic affairs of the mother countries. Emigration too, especially from Scotland and Ireland, tends to promote the same thing, stimulating the patriotism of the new exiles, and reviving old ties and affections in those who have gone before. Thus everywhere we see a drawing together of mothers and daughters, as it were, as much by reason of considerations of mutual protection, as in obedience to the lovable law of Almighty God. This movement, too, derives considerable impetus from the menace engendered by the coming struggle for the supremacy of the Southern Seas. The rival interests of the United States and Japan in the Far East may, of

course, yet be accommodated ; and though humanity may press for such a desirable understanding, yet we fear that the lessons of history run counter to the prospect of a pacific settlement. In any event, the question is a most serious one, and tends to foster that drawing together of mothers and daughters to which we have already referred ; for, in the event of a struggle between Japan and America, neither Australia nor New Zealand can be expected to relish the prospect of having that Homeric contest waged just above their heads, as it were. In either case, too, success would mean cripplement, if not commercial death in life, for the non-belligerents in the Far East, unless the defences of these countries are timeously strengthened and developed. A Japanese victory would but aggravate the Japanese bogey : an American success would paralyse Canada, whatever other effect it might have on Australia and New Zealand.

So, in the nature of things, it would seem that Imperial Federation is no impracticable chimera, but on the contrary, is a consummation whose realisation is always perceptibly approaching ; and on the sound principle that there should be no taxation or subsidy without representation, we prophesy that, sooner or later, the Colonies will be called in to the councils of the Empire. No doubt, such participation will be strictly limited on paper to what are called " Imperial affairs " ; but the moral effect of representatives of countries, enjoying all the manifold blessings and advantages of practical independence, participating in those concerns, will be, so far as the cause of the

Gael is concerned, simply incalculable. The Parliaments of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, being self-governing concerns, are necessarily pledged to what is here called "Home Rule". And even supposing that the warmth of their sentiments on that head were powerless to melt the stony heart of the Predominant Partner, which we do not believe, it would always be possible to see what a little wholesome persuasion would do. By a device whose precise character it would perhaps be impolitic to disclose at this conjuncture, but of whose feasibility we are pleasantly assured, the state of Ireland and Scotland could easily be raised to an "Imperial question," demanding and necessitating the active intervention of the Federal Powers. On these grounds, therefore, if on no others, we have pleasure in announcing ourselves hearty supporters of the federal idea. We confidently call on all good Gaels to join us in going one better even than the Missionary of Birmingham: to think federally, as well as imperially.

AN TINNE-AIR-DHITH SGEUL

[FHUARADH an Australia o chionn mìos no dhà Ap-mòr uamhasach. Shaoil cuid gur e an Tinne-Air-Dhith a bh'ann.—*Paipeir Làitheil*.]

Is an Australia a bha e fuireach; agus chaidh iomradh air mar shealgair mòr, misneachail, is anabarrach eòlach air a dhreachd. Chaidh *Car-an-*

aghaidh-Car a thoirt mar ainm air. Là de na làithean, thug e chasan leis as an àite anns an robh e, agus thug e an fhàsach air. Shubhail e troimh ghleann is thar amhainn, gus mu dheireadh ràinig e ionad céin, fad air astar, far an robh na craobhan-chno a' fàs gu pailt. Rinn e uidheamachadh airson sealgaireachd an sin, agus thachair Ap mòr air a bha 'na chuis uamhais.

Thachair nach robh e idir eòlach air a leithid sin de bhéist, agus thug e sgread mòr as, agus thàr e as cho luath sa b'urrainn da.

Là de na làithean, thàinig an t-uile-bhéist grannda uamharra so a dh'ionnsaidh na bothaig anns an robh e fuireach, agus chaidh iad air sheanachas.

"Tha mi fìor sgith de'n àite so," ars an t-Ap. "Theichinn as comhla riut. Tha mi am meinn dol air turas comhla riut gus an Roinn Eòrpa."

Rinn *Car-an-aghaidh-Car* gàire ris, agus thug e sùil air.

"Ma 's ann mar sin a bhitheas e," ars e, "feumaidh mise d'earbull is do spàgan a ghearradh dhìot. Mar a tha thu, cha'n 'eil thu cho dreachdmhor, taitneach, sa bu chòir."

Dh'amhairc au t-Ap mòr le gruaim air, agus thubhairt e.

"Is duine gòrach tur aineolach thusa! Nach 'eil fhios agad gur mise do bhràthair a's sine? Tha duine foghlumta ag ràdh gu'n deachaidh mo bhreith mòran mòran bhliadhnaichean mu'n robh an cinneadh daoine idir ann, agus gur ann asam fhéin a tha mac an duine tighinn a mach. Is mise an Tinne-Air-Dhith!"

Air do *Char-an-aghaidh-Car* so a chluinntinn, thug e leum mòr as, agus thuit e air ball air amhach a

bhràthar bu shine “Mo bhràthair! Mo bhràthair!” ghlaodh e mach. “Is tu a chaidh air chall gus an àm so! Nach ann mar dhuine dall, neo-thuigseach is tur aineolach a bha mi roimh so! Thigibh air an àm maille rium! Théid sinn air turus le chéile gus an Roinn Eòrpa. Is fìor bheag nach robh sinn eòlach air a chéile roimh so.”

Dh'fhalbh iad, agus thug iad an Roinn Eòrpa orra, agus an ceann bliadhna no dhà, ràinig iad Luchairt Fear-Riaghlaidh na Frainge am baile mòr Pharis. Bhuail iad an dorus, agus co a thàinig ach am Fear-Riaghlaidh e fhéin. Thug e sùil car geur orra, agus dh'fheòraich e de bha dhith orra.

“Is mise, le'r cead,” ars an t-Ap mòr, “do bhràthair a's sine—an Tinne-Air-Dhith—air turus air feadh na Roinn Eòrpa is an t-saoghail air fad. Am bheil dreuchd no oifig sam bith agad a tha falamh aig an àm? Tha sin uamsa, agus b'àill leam sin fhaotainn.”

Thug am Fear-Riaghlaidh sgriob no dha d'a cheann.

“Mata,” ars e. “Saoilidh mi nach 'eil dreuchd no oifig sam bith a tha ceart falamh aig an àm agam. Ach, thigibh a staigh, a dhuine chòir! agus gabhaidh sinn beachd le chéile air a' chùis.”

Chaidh iad a staigh leis, agus chaidh iad air sheanachas fada. An ceann uair no dhà, bheachdaich e 'na inntinn fhéin agus chrath e làmh ròmach an uile-bheiste mhòir uamhasaich.

“A dhuine chòir!” ars esan, agus e deanamh ùmhlachd anabarrach iriosal dha. “Is mòr mòr am meas a th'agam dhoibh fhéin. Is duine fìor chòir sibhse gun amharus, agus b'àill leam fhaotainn coth-

rom air mhaith a dheanamh dhuibh. A nis, cha'n 'eil Ministear Aoraidh Fhollaisich againn air an àm, agus sin o chionn deich bliadhna air ais. Am bi sibh toilichte le sin? Tha deadh thuarasdal 'na chois agus fìor bheagan ri bhì dheanamh air a shon. De ur barail air a' chùis?"

Fhreagair an t-Ap agus thubhairt e gu'n robh e toilichte gu leòir; ach nach robh ach a bheag de eòlas aige air a leithid sin de ghnòthach.

"Is coma co dhìù sin," ars am Fear-Riaghlaidh, "agus is fìor bheag de sin a bhitheas sinn ag iarraidh oirbh. Tha a' chuid a's mò d'ar cuid Eaglaisean duinte, agus cha'n 'eil a nis againn ach dòrlach beag de Shagairtean ceadaichte. Dh'fhuadaich sinn a mach iad uile o chionn ceithir bliadhna air ais, agus chaidh bagradh orra gun iad a philleadh."

Dh'fhalbh iad, agus chùm iad còmhhdail chridheil ri M. Combes.

"Se so do brathair a's sine—an Tinne-Mhòr-Air-Dhith!" ars am Fear-Riaghlaidh. "Chaidh a roghnachadh o chionn uair no dhà mar Mhinistir Aoraidh Fhollaisich do'n Fhraing; agus, air ughdaras Dharwin, is mòr, àrd, tur soilleir, an samhlachas a tha eadar esan is thusa!"

Rinn Combes ùmhlachd cho ro iriosal dha 's gu'n do thuit an ceann aige eadhon gus an làr; agus ghlaodh e mach, "Mo bhrathair! Mo chruithfhear!"

Marso, fhuair an Tinne-Air-Dhith làn ghréim air an Fhraing, agus mur a bhitheas an t-anm annsan, is anns 'a *Phanteon* a gheibh thu e.

R. A.

HISTORY IN SCHOOLS

SPEAKING about a year ago in support of the movement for the teaching of history in our public schools, Professor Hume Brown remarked that he deprecated a "fussy patriotism"; and though the warning or caution conveyed by that observation strikes us as superfluous, its potential reasonableness cannot be gainsaid. The "movement," however, has grown considerably in bulk since Dr. Hume Brown joined the ranks (in manner highly befitting the caution of a "scientific" historian it must be admitted) of the patriotically elect. His more recent deliverances on the same interesting topic point to a considerable growth, to an appreciable quickening, of the patriotic spirit that is in him. Thus, in the preface to a recently published historical work, Dr. Hume Brown observes that "no people are more ignorant of their history than Scotsmen are of theirs". We are told, too, that Scotland "early came into relationship with her more powerful neighbour England. As a consequence, Scottish history has been rather overwhelmed by that of the larger country." The fussily patriotic may pretend to find a trace of the Professor's old Adam in his cautious use of the word "rather" in this illuminating extract; but that Dr. Hume Brown has put off the bibs and tuckers, and donned the breeches of Nationalism, no one can deny. As a duly qualified historical practitioner, too, he doubtless feels that, in a professional matter of this kind, he has the right to a say. Moreover, is not his "practice," and those of his professional brethren in Scotland, threatened by

reason of the empirical importations of Southern rivals? And however easy Dr. Hume Brown and his friends might find it to rebut a charge of speaking from interested motives, yet the happy conjunction of duty and interest is always a thing of beauty, and a source of abiding joy.

Apart, however, from Dr. Hume Brown, the growth of national sentiment in regard to the teaching of history furnishes pleasant matter for reflection. The Scottish Education Department at Whitehall has awoken to the fact that our national story is inadequately taught in our schools; and to manifest at once its sympathy and its existence, it recently issued an elaborate "Memorandum" on the subject. Henceforth, it seems, the Scottish youth is to be instructed in "British" history; and though we cannot gather that the fell date 1066 is to be formally abolished the Scots Historical Calendar, yet we are not only granted permission to study Wallace—if the schedule admits—but are mildly exhorted not to be downhearted when we read of Bruce and the spider.

Evidently "the Department" contemplates the perpetration of an historical blend for use in Scots schools; and though we are as yet in the dark as to the exact proportions of the threatened composition, the idea evidently is to bring up the child in the way it should think on a mixed historical diet. The aim is, of course, "British" citizenship and the perfection thereof, to say nothing of the solemn duty of "painting the map red". Wallace and Bruce, and other early converts to the abounding merits of the Anglo-Saxon *entente*, are to be exploited amongst Scottish

babes and sucklings for the benefit and in the interests of the "Imperial idea". In fine, the whole field of Scots history is to be ransacked, presumably in order that it may afford material for the propagation of "national" types resembling Mr. Kipling's "Sergeant Mulvany" and the ineffable Septuagenarian who reigns over Birmingham. An historical character which does not square with our intelligent rulers' conception of "British patriotism," which does not appear to have existed for the sole purpose of justifying and vindicating the "Department's" historical ukase, is like to have short shrift at the hands of our Whitehall Solans. But the difficulty will be, we imagine, to know how to place certain square historical pegs in the circular apertures kindly provided for them by "my Lords". Indeed, "to place" or "not to place," is like to become more than a burning question at Whitehall. Were the germs, as it were, of Imperialism in Mac Beth? And what sort of a citizen anyhow, as Americans would say, was that child-like forerunner of, say, Mr. Arthur Balfour—the Wolf of Badenoch? Yet both were somewhat important personages in their time; and it is obvious that to leave them out altogether would seriously rile the fussy patriots, to say nothing of disorganising the Scots Historical Calendar. Dismissing the case of Mac Beth as doubtful, we cannot for the life of us conceive the other fellow as even a Bore-stone Patriot, which is the nearest approach to "British" citizenship, consistent with a spice of picturesque dissent, to which we yet feel competent to ascend. What about the Lords of the Isles, too, whose notions touching the

cult of "the Flag," must, to say the least of them, have been of the vaguest? Long before the budding Humes and Macaulays squatting at Whitehall thought of even girding up their historical loins, Mr. Lang, a respectable Scottish historian, was in the field with the remark that "the Celt recognised no common part in Lowland patriotism, though the Scottish King was his suzerain. He fought, like 'Hal of the Wynd,' for his own hand." This, surely, from the Department's standpoint is disconcerting enough; but there is worse to follow. Mr. Lang proceeds to take the shine out of "my Lords'" Britannia-metal in the following summary fashion: "*it would be childish to call this conduct unpatriotic*". To cut the Gordian knot by yet once more coolly suppressing the Lords of the Isles as bad men, as incorrigibly hostile to the new Imperialism and therefore unworthy a place in the Department's *British Historical Reader*, would really seem the best way out of the dilemma, whatever fussy patriots, lovers of the picturesque, and pedants who haver about "historical accuracy" might say to the contrary. Fortunately for the Department, however, the case is by no means as desperate as it looks. Says our Mr. Lang, *à propos* of these horrid Gaels: "They lived their own life apart, being far more widely severed by blood, speech and institutions from the Scots (he means the Lowland Scots) than the Scots were from the English. Just as Scotland turned towards France and the French Alliance, so the chief Celtic prince, the Lord of the Isles, turned towards England and the English Alliance." Here, it is plain, we have an end to the whole imbroglio. That the

Scottish Gaels were really "Britons" in disguise is proved by their making alliances with the English long before the Teutonic Scot troubled his head about the matter. Funnily enough, the same idea seems to have struck Mr. Lang; for he adds "to call this conduct *unpatriotic* would be childish". Of course it would. We respectfully invite "the Department" to copy.

The fact is, of course, that this idea of reading "Britain" and "Britons"—embryonic, but all alive and kicking—into nearly every page of Scottish history, in order that the Scottish youth may grow up big Saxons in "British" raiment, is a fraud, a delusion, and a sham of the first magnitude. Nevertheless, reluctant to look "the Department" in the mouth, we are disposed to be grateful for small mercies. For those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, Scottish history tells its own tale; and impart it, it certainly will, memorialise "my Lords" ever so frequently and cunningly. The thin edge of yet another wedge is about to be introduced, and there, for the present, we are disposed to leave the matter.

A' BHUIDHEANN SGEALPARRA ¹

Do Chomunn Iosa, tha gach ni comasach, réidh,
ge b'e air bith rathad a tha cuid cur 'nan aghaidh.
Bithidh soirbheachadh aig an àm so leis an Athair

¹ *The Sins of Society*, by Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J.
London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., 1906.

Vaughan, a tha 'na bhall ainmeil de'n Chomunn sin, ann a bhi deanamh stri nach beag an aghaidh an dol-a-mach a bha aig mòran dhaoine roimh so—is e sin ri ràdh daoine is mnàthan sgealparra a rug air fheusaig air airson an toirt gu dubhlain 'nan cuid daingnichean sòghail, oidheirc, gidheadh làn aingidheachd.

Thug mòran sluaigh roimh so oidheirp dhuineil air gleachadh ris an duine làidir sin d'an ainm Dives ; ach gus an so, cha do bhuadhaich iad a' bheag. Se an dòigh a ghabh iad mar, gu'm b'e, *Jiu Jitsu* ; agus rinn iad stri anabarrach mòr a los Dives a thilgeadh bun os cionn, ach cha deachaidh sin leo tur buileach fhathast. Cha robh cliù, no riaghladh, no mòdh idir aig muinntir nan gad ; agus làimhsich iad an cuid armachd gu neo-sgileil, aineolach. An àite a bhi air a chur fo nàire is uamhunn leis a chuid brith-eamhnan, rinn Dives fochaid. Rinn e caog-shuil ris na brith-eamhnan thar bhallachan *Pâte-de-fois-gras* a chuid daingnichean am Park Lane. Chaidh peacannan is coireannan na Buidhne Sgealparra fhoillseachadh air fìor mhullaich nan taighean ; ach a dh'aindeoin sin, cha robh soirbheachadh sam bith acasan a bha gam foillseachadh. A thuilleadh air sin, tha cuid ag ràdh gu'n do ghabh Dives e fhéin tlachd mòr as na h-ionnsaidhean a rinneadh air. Cha robh daoine is mnàthan baoghalta air an dòigh, nach robh iad air an caineadh air taobh-duilleagan nam paipearan fasanta, no an leabhar-eigin air a dheadh chraobh-sgaoileadh. Nam beachd-san, cha robh an t-ìomradh airson olcais a thàinig orra an lorg ionnsaidhean an luchd-ditidh, 'na ghnothaich gun fheum no

eadhon tur mi-onorach. Chuir an t-ìomradh so Bayswater air fad fo uamhann anabarrach mòr, agus rinn e iollagach gach uile geata nan lann a bha'n. Mar sin, is furasda a thuigsinn gu'n d'fhàs a' Bhuidheann Sgealparra suas, agus gu'n d'thàinig iad fo bhlàth mar chraoibh-bhuidhe nan Sgriobtuir, agus sin gun suim no aire sam bith a thoirt dhoibhsan a bha a ghnàth faighinn coire dhoibh. Ach, air do'n Athair Vaughan cathair a' bhritheanais a thoirt air, thàinig atharrachadh mòr air a' chùis air fad. Air ball, thug an connsachadh cruinn-leum as an t-saoghal anns an robh e roimh so, agus, am prioba na sùla, dh'éirich e o bhòrd na tea eadhon gus a' chrannaig. Chaidh gleadhraich nan cupan a bhathadh tur buileach nuair a thug an t-Athair Vaughan a' chrannag air, a los dol a chur ceann Dhives dheth. Sa chiad dol-a-mach, ghabh an slùagh beachd cùramach dheth na bha e ag ràdh mu'n Bhuidhinn Sgealparra; agus an ùine ghoirid, dh'fhàs eadhon Dives e fhéin diombach; agus ghabh e eagal as na bha e cantainn mu dheidhinn fhéin. Mar sin, chaidh leis an Athair so an t-ìomradh mi-chliùteach aca a' chraobh-sgaoileadh gu farsuinn is fìor dhuineil, an àite na té a chaidh air bonn roimh so, ionnus gu'n robh diomb is eagal nach beag air Dives roimh an fhear-rannsachaidh mhisneachail so.

Air ar son féin, chan 'eil againn ach fìor spéis do'n Athair Vaughan, agus ris na tha e cantainn anns an leabhar so mu'm Bhuidhinn Sgealparra an Lunnainn. Se ar beachd, cuideachd, gu'm bheil làn thoileachadh aig Dives dheth gach ni beumach is sgairteil a tha e factainn anns an leabhar so; agus

tha e tur taitneach leinn am foillseachadh sin a chaidh a thoirt air a chuid peacaidhean leis an Athair Vaughan.

Tha'n soisgeul sin ris an abrar an "Soisgeul Sòghalach" air a chraobh-sgaoileadh nar là mòran ni's trice is ni's socraiche na tha e iomchuidh is slàinteil duinn air fad. Tha'n "Saoghal Ciogail-teach," fasantach, mòran ni's taitniche an sùilibh an t-saoghail gu léir na bu chòir d'a bhi. Bha Dives, mar an ceudna, a fàs cleachdta a bhi cluinntinn e fhéin air a bhagairt, agus ga fhaireachduinn fhéin mar dhuine air an deachaidh ionnsaidhean sgairteile thoirt, mòran ni's trice na bu chòir airson a' chor slàinteil, agus airson math na h-uile h-aon againn. Gu fìor, thàinig atharrachadh anabarrach mòr air Dives agus air a chuid càirdean, air dhoibh bhi air an tumadh fo uisgeachan fuara is domhainn ùr-labhairt an Athar Vaughain. Gu dearbh, tha mòr eadar-dhealachadh eadar a' chùis, bho'n là a fhuair an t-Athair Vaughan i, agus srùthan meagh-bhlath, tanalach, nam paipeirean boirionn!

Agus, se ar barail nach 'eil an t-Athair Vaughan a dol ro fhada, no gu ro bhras air adhart anns an leabhar so, agus nach deachaidh dreach air Dives nach 'eil buileach freagarrach dha. Tha fios aig a h-uile h-aon againn gu'm bheil fìor dhaoine is mhnàthan an am pailteas an Sasunn—daoine is mnàthan còire nach 'eil a' struidheadh am maoin mar a tha Dives sa luchd-leanmhuinn gun fheum, gun fhiù, a' deanamh. Cha robh an t-Athair Vaughan a' dol an aghaidh an t-saoghail gu léir nuair a bha e dìteadh mar so; ach gur ann an aghaidh na Buidhne Sgealparra a mhàin

a bha e dol a mach. Chan 'eil e idir 'na “pheacadh,” no 'na “sgainneal” dhuinn purpur is aodach grinn a chur umainn, agus eadhon a bhi tighinn beò a h-uile là gu h-ìomchuidh. Anns an dùthaich againn féin, far am bheil na leannraichean a' dol mu'n cuairt air lorgan, agus anns am bheil an Diabhol, fo chruth chòcairean, a' triall o thaigh gu taigh ag iarraidh iadsan a b' àill leis a phuinnseineachadh; tha e ni feumail is freagarrach gu léoir ar beò a dheanamh socrach, sòlasach, mar a's feàrr is urrainn duinn. A bharr air sin, is e féin-dhionadh aon de chiad laghan Nàduir. Mur dearmaid sinn Lasarus a tha 'na luidh mu gheata ar cridheachan, ocrach, tàrt-mhòr, lòmnochd, buailte le tinneas is làn de chreuchd-an, cha chuir sinn sinn féin an cunnart cronachaidh an t-Searmonaiche Naoimh: cha chàrn sinn suas dhuinn féin stòr de'n fheirg a tha ri teachd.

Tha Dives, mar a tha na bochdan, daonnan maille ruinn. Tha a' Bhuidheann Sgealparra anns gach linn is anns gach ceàrn de'n t-saoghal air fada. Eilidh à Troidh, Cleopatra à Carthage, Popæa Sabina o'n Roimhe, agus, nar measg féin, Ban-rìgh Maebh—ciod iad uile ach roimh-ruithearan nam ban-adhaltranach is boirionnach fhuasgailte an làtha an diugh? Gu dearbh, de a's urrainn a bhi ni's furasda na àite a thoirt do Dhives agus d'a phòr an eachdraidh? Tha e anns gach àite, a' pòsadh sa toirt am pòsadh; ach cha bheannaichte an dorlach a th'aige.

Tha gach seòrsa uile—olcas fo gach cruth, anns gach linn, agus anns gach àite—anabarrach oillteil; ach gun teagamh, tha rud-eigin ann mu olcas ar làtha-ne a tha ga chomharradh a mach, agus a tha

ga dheanamh ni's oillteile na eadhon an t-olc a chur an gnìomh anns na bliadhnaichean a dh'fhalbh; agus se so an reuson airson sin, a chionn is gu'm bheil olc an làtha an diugh toinnte an spiorad an airgid. Gu fìor, tha e air a ràdh gu'm bheil airgid 'na nì salach; agus cìod e airgid as an àite a tha tur freagarrach dha ach mar bhrìgh no stuth gun fheum? Se gràdh airgid a tha combarrachadh a mach na Buidhne Sgealparra; agus mar tha an t-Athair Vaughan ag ràdh gu tuigseach is gu beumach, "it is not what a man is, but that which he has," a tha cur cùraim air an t-saoghal sgealparra.

Theagamh gu'm bheil thu 'nad sguabadair rathaid air taobh t'athar, no 'nad oibriche cruaidh mar fhear ceirde—is coma co dhiù sin ma tha'n t-airgid agad! Chan 'eil uait ach an t-airgid a thaomadh a mach, their a' Bhuidheann Sgealparra: "nì sinn féin gach nì eile furasda, réidh, gu leòir dhuit!" Agus, gu dearbh, se gràdh an airgid a tha combarrachadh a mach, sa tha dìteadh na Buidhne Sgealparra gu buileach. Tha e air a ràdh gu'n robh an cumhachd aig ceann Medusa thar gach fear air an leigeadh i a sùil oillteil is aimhleasach car tiota an duine sin a thionndadh gu cloich. Gu fìor, chan 'eil e comasach do luchd-leanmhuinn Dhives a leithid sin de ghnìomh a dheanamh air an làtha an diugh; ach ma tha cumhachd sam bith dol a mach as an cuid ana-miannan, agus nam bu chomasach do ghionach na beanntan a ghluasad, agus nam bu chomasach do shannt gnothach clach an fheallsanaich a chur an gnìomh; bhiodh an sin, mata, eadhon anam mhic an duine air a thionndadh gu h-òr an taobh a staigh dheth!

AT THE BACK OF THE WIND

WE hope that the alterations which we have introduced into this, the first number of our fourth volume, will be accounted as improvements by all our readers. The type area of each page has been considerably enlarged, and some additional pages have been added in order to counterbalance any possible loss of reading matter occasioned by the use of leaded type. The space between the various papers has likewise been appreciably increased, thus, in our humble opinion, and we hope in that of our readers, considerably enhancing the appearance of the magazine.

The sympathies of all good Gaels, whether Catholic or Protestant, will surely go out to our cousins of Brittany, now so grievously circumstanced by reason of the infidel measures of the impious French Government. Whatever his denomination, the Gael detests irreligion, especially in its more blatant and offensive forms ; and that irreligion, naked and unashamed, is the real object of the men in whose hands, humanly speaking, the destinies of France unfortunately presently reside, no one who has given the slightest attention to the matter can doubt for a moment. The other day we had a silly ruffian called Viviani boasting that he was going to " put out the lights in Heaven " with a " magnificent gesture "—a choice specimen, surely, of French vulgarity and braggadocio ; and now we have another of those fools who are fond of shouting from the housetops, " there is no God ! " (Monkey Briand, to wit), affirming that—

The time has come to root up from the minds of French children the ancient faith which has served its purpose, and replace it with the light of free thought; it is time to get rid of the Christian idea. We have hunted Christ out of the army, the navy, the schools, the hospitals, insane and orphan asylums, and Law Courts; and now we must hunt Him out of the State altogether. (Quoted by Cardinal Gibbons in interview reported in *Tablet*, 5th January.)

On another page the Gaelic reader will find a choice satire on the French Government, and its simian proclivities. Grim and scathing though that satire is, it is by no means too severe for the occasion.

The interesting and suggestive paper by Father Pollen which we publish in this number incidentally raises the whole question of Queen Mary's policy in regard to the Gàidhealtachd, if, indeed, she can justly be said to have possessed one. In our May impression we hope to give our views on this interesting subject at some length and with considerable detail. Meanwhile, we may note that Mary's reign, so far as it concerns Gaelic Scotland, has been practically ignored by "Scottish" historians.

What is a "Highlander"? The natural and obvious answer to this question would seem to be, "an inhabitant of the high, as opposed to the low, lands of Scotland"; but the word, as our English friends use it, undoubtedly also possesses a racial signification. In other words, in this latter sense, it equates with our own expression *Gàidheal*, a Gael. The Gaelic language, however, as we have more than once pointed out, knows nothing of English idiosyncrasies in this respect, and regards with striking impartiality all and sundry as Saxons who are not Gaels—that is, who do not speak the Gaelic language.

This point of view is strikingly exemplified in the following extract from an MS. account of Gaelic manners and customs written by a Gaelic nobleman of the eighteenth century. The date of the MS. is *circa* 1730.

“The Highlanders generally look on themselves as a people quite separate and distinct from the rest of the nation. The Highland affairs and intrigues form their proper business, and their dealings with Lowlanders they regard as a sort of foreign trade. Their country and their different garb, manners, and language contribute exceedingly to this. *Where the English language gets in and spreads, the Highland manners gradually wear out*; and the people though living among the mountains *are no more looked on as Highlanders when the Irse or Irish is no longer understood of them*. They call the Lowlanders, *and the Scots who are not of their own language and manners*, as well as the English, by one common name, *Sasunnaich*, i.e. Saxons.” Evidently, our ancestors knew the value of language as a means of preserving nationality; and this striking tribute to their penetrating sagacity should not be lost upon those who are directing the present movement. No doubt, it will be a little disconcerting to gentlemen with “Highland” names, but who have no Gaelic, to learn that, after all, they are but mere *Sasunnaich*; but the remedy is in their own hands. Fine feathers do not make birds of corresponding quality: neither do dirks and cairngorms constitute a genuine Scot or Gael.

The “Scots Greys,” or for the matter of that any other regiment in English employ, are “second to

none" in our indifference ; but we are glad that Mr. Haldane, belying for once the established character of the average English politician, refused to yield to the clamour raised in connexion with his decision to remove this regiment from Piershill Barracks. The whole agitation seems to have been fomented and engineered by a few match-making Edinburgh mammas and papas, and supplies a melancholy illustration of some Scotsmen's unrivalled capacity for straining at gnats and swallowing camels. The Gael, of course, refused to be caught by such transparent chaff, and the "agitation," so far as the Gàidhealtachd is concerned, fell dismally flat. It was quite sufficient to damn it in the eyes of all knowledgible people that the *Scotsman*, assisted by a few Edinburgh patriarchs of both sexes and Tory lairds, was at the back of it. That which the *Scotsman* praises or supports, the man of sense and parts wisely eschews. Lord Rosebery's part in the whole ridiculous business was quite of a piece with his character and former achievements. It is said that there is no fool like an old one ; but Lord Rosebery seems ambitious to establish in his elderly middle-aged person an absolute monopoly of the mirth-provoking commodity.

The flourish of trumpets to which Professor Mackinnon (of St. Andrews) recently treated us in the congenial columns of the *Scotsman*, à propos of the Union of 1707, seems to have produced as little effect as the foolish outcry raised in connexion with the regiment which imbrued its banners in the blood of the Gael at Sherriffmuir. Even the Scots correspondent of the London *Times* is obliged to admit in

a confidential communication to the right-hand man of "Iain Buidhe," that the proposal to celebrate the bicentenary of that pestiferous measure is "scarcely awakening the response expected". We should think not! The man who can find cause for congratulation in his country's undoing should be left to "celebrate" by himself, or at all events in some spot as conveniently contiguous to the nearest lunatic asylum as possible. If these things were done in the green wood, they will certainly not be suffered to be done in the dry. The fact is that the country is rapidly growing sick to death of *Scotsmanism*, and this crowning banality, if it ever comes off, will certainly be the death-blow of the feudal gang in Scotland.

Much vain talk is habitually indulged in regarding the Union, and if we were to credit the adventures of perspiring Unionists into the realm of history we should require to believe that Scotland before 1707 was a kind of beggars' purgatory. It seems to be quite forgotten that during the reigns of the Alexanders this kingdom enjoyed unrivalled prosperity. Even in the reign of Queen Mary, the standard of civilisation in Scotland was, according to the Spanish Ambassador to the Court of Holyrood, far higher than was the contemporaneous civilisation of England. There is no reason to believe that this authority spoke otherwise than from honest conviction based on personal experience, more especially as we know from a variety of other sources that during the reign of this Queen's father and grandfather the condition of the country was relatively highly prosperous, though nothing like as prosperous as it actually was

throughout the whole of the thirteenth century. "Iain Buidhe" and his friends this side the Border seem to be obsessed by a couple of curious ideas, which they would do well to get rid of, as both erroneous and belated. "Iain Buidhe" appears to think (1) that no one can "govern" save himself, and (2) that he is a sort of universal indispensability. With regard to the first, even admitting the truth of the impeachment underlying Iain's modest self-deception, which, of course, we can only do by way of argument, his supposed perfection or superiority by no means invalidates the right of other peoples to manage their own affairs as seems best to them. With regard to the second, sorry as we should be to see honest John fall 'twixt the two stools of the Channel Tunnel and the Gaelic Renaissance, we should wish him to survive until at least he has realised how admirably we can all rub along without him.

It must be ever flattering to the Gael, and should stimulate him in his exertions to get back possession of this fair country, to reflect that the period of his ascendancy synchronises with the epoch of Scotland's most abounding prosperity. Both Mr. Robertson and Mr. Skene are agreed that Scotland never again witnessed the like of the prosperity enjoyed by this country under her Gaelic sovereigns of the House of Atholl. "Scotland," says Mr. Robertson, "must at this period have been studded with castles, for within six years after the death of the first Edward, Bruce destroyed no less than 137. . . . The condition of the Burghs during an era so favourable to commercial enterprise must have kept pace with, and probably

surpassed the prosperity of the rest of the kingdom. Berwick, long the most opulent burgh in Scotland, and described by Newbridge in the reign of William as a 'noble toun,' is represented in the Chronicle of Lanercost as the 'Alexandria of the North'. . . . Its customs were farmed during the reign of the third Alexander for a sum amounting to more than a quarter of the whole revenue of England derived from similar sources. . . . The fisheries were also a fruitful source of wealth at this period, the Isle of May being the headquarters of the flotilla, which from all quarters of Scotland, England and the coasts of Holland and Flanders, resorted to the Firth of Forth for the purpose of fishing. The greater portion of the fish which were caught was exported abroad, Aberdeen enjoying the pre-eminence in this branch of trade, whilst Inverness . . . was celebrated, even in foreign countries, for shipbuilding. The most convincing proof, however, of the prosperity of the kingdom is afforded by the total absence of all mention of voluntary aids, and perhaps also by the purity of the 'Sterling penny'. . . . No assistance was asked from the nation when the Princess Marjory received 10,000 marks with 'a noble dowry in Scotland'—to use the words of the Chronicler of Dunstable—on her marriage with the Earl of Pembroke, her brother paying an additional 500 marks for the wardship of her youthful husband, Alexander's command of money on this occasion contrasting singularly with the necessities of Henry, who excused the delay in paying the long-promised dowry of his own daughter by pleading his inability to find the means. . . . The

purchase of the Orkneys was completed entirely out of the private resources of the King, and 4,000 marks were made over at once to the King of Norway without any difficulty, with a promise of the annual payment of another 100, equivalent to about 1,300 more. When the King was able to maintain a becoming state and dignity, to display on suitable occasions—as at the coronation of Edward I.—a lavish magnificence, to raise large sums of money for various purposes, and to abstain from all appeals to his subjects for assistance, it may be assumed that the kingdom was flourishing and wealthy, and that the prosperous circumstances of the sovereign were shared in a certain degree by every class in his dominions.” It but remains to be said that the testimony of Skene to the prosperity and greatness of Scotland under her Gaelic sovereigns is as emphatic and conclusive as that of the learned and sagacious historian of *Early Scotland*.

The present year promises to be one which will be ever memorable in the annals of the Gael. Lord Mar's manifesto constitutes a good beginning, and we hope that *Féill a' Chomuinn Ghàidhealaich*, which is announced for the middle of next autumn, will suffice to bring our affairs to a prosperous period. On all sides there are signs that the old timorous, time-serving spirit is being gradually but surely dissipated by the fighting forces of the Renaissance. We look for a great literary output this year. Our readers will be glad to hear that Messrs. Sands & Co., of Edinburgh, inform us that their recently published *Lòchran an Anna* is selling very well; and we would bespeak an equally cordial reception for *An Cath Spioradail*,

which the "Catholic Press of Scotland" (of Perth) has now in the press. The latter work is one which appeals to both Catholic and Protestant, as much on account of the common ground it provides for spiritual refreshment and consolation, as for the admirable manner in which the late Father Mac Eachen accomplished his task as translator. Those who are in earnest and desire to manifest their zeal in practical fashion cannot do better than to give their support to Gaelic publications. Owing to past indifference and neglect, we have much lost ground to recover in this respect. The best and surest way to promote the Gaelic cause is to encourage Gaelic authorship.

We foresee considerable difficulty in raising the Scottish language to its pristine *official* position in Scotland, a difficulty which our Irish kinsmen are labouring under at the present moment. Our newspapers still give the leading place to English in their columns; and even Gaelic speakers habitually conduct their correspondence in the language of the Saxon—so much creatures of unreasoning habit, and so little disposed to "mount to first principles," are we. Our contention is, of course, that Gaelic should be used in preference to English on *all occasions*, and in *all places* on or in which to do so would not be a source of serious inconvenience to the greatest number. Political meetings in the Gàidhealtachd should be addressed in the language of the country, and where the speaker has no Gaelic, care should be exercised that the language's proper position be accorded to it by means of some who have. Cheques, too, and other official and semi-official docu-

ments should be invariably couched in the language of Eden by those who are in the happy position of having received a fairly decent education. It is high time that our grand old tongue emerged from the shell to which the timidity and snobbishness of past generations impudently consigned it. As for objectors, saucy and otherwise, they should, metaphorically speaking, be packed bag and baggage across the Border. The society of blockheads, snobs and poltroons, besides being corrupting to good manners, is downright insanity.

It is scarcely possible nowadays to pick up an English magazine of good standing, or, for the matter of that, a newspaper, without finding an article banning or blessing the Gaelic movement. The popularity of our agitation in the English press is certainly flattering to the Gael, and inasmuch as our cause has nothing to lose by advertisement, this modern tendency on the part of our English neighbours to pry into our affairs, and to seek to ascertain their whereabouts and destination, may be heartily commended and as unreservedly encouraged. It is a little disconcerting, however, to find in the principal Spanish paper, *La Epoca*, of Madrid, an interesting article on our movement in which, under the title of "El Separatismo Inglés," we, the Gaels of Scotland and Ireland, are coolly alluded to as "*Ingleses que no hablan inglés*" ! What, we wonder, will our Borestone patriots say to this, the latest illustration of the absolute futility of their agitation ? If even the Gaels of Scotland and Ireland have sunk so low as to be accounted "English" by the foreigner, what possible chance has the "Briton,"

whose language is English, or should we say "British," of reversing the label universally bestowed on him by reason of his surrender to England?

The value and importance of language, of, at all events, the Scotch and Irish languages, as preservatives of religion, and as barriers against the vulgar scepticism and atheism of the day, are at last being publicly recognised by those to whose hands the education of our youth has been entrusted. In a recent number of the *Canadian Review*, *La Nouvelle France*, there is an interesting article entitled "Une question vitale" on this subject, in the course of which the writer observes: "Le Gaël reste fidèle à la langue des ancêtres à rarement délaissé sa mère l'Eglise, et le souvenir de cette alliance si étroite et si sainte entre l'un et l'autre stimule encore de nos jours maint zélateur de la restauration de l'antique et mélodieux idiome d'Erin". The same publication recently published a remarkable paper on the subject of "La Langue gardienne de la foi," with special reference, of course, to French Canadians.

Mr. Coates of the Books has proved himself so handsome a benefactor to the Gàidhealtachd that we are exceeding loth to seem to act the ungracious part of looking this generous gift-horse in the mouth. Nevertheless, we are bound to say that we cannot approve his action in sending an English-speaking lecturer into the Gàidhealtachd for the purpose of expounding the mysteries of purely English literature, though we by no means question Mr. Coates' good intentions in so doing. We should have no objection to any lecturer's devoting a just part of his exposi-

tion to that object : what we object to, and protest against, is his entirely ignoring Gaelic literature. We hope that Mr. Coates will take, not only our remonstrance, but our hint, in good part ; and that in future his emissaries will be not only competent to speak to our people in their own language, but will be in a position to edify them respecting the brilliant achievements of our native authors. The question whether Bacon wrote Shakespeare, or Shakespeare Bacon, is, after all, purely foreign and academic, from our point of view.

Certain "educationists" in West Ross-shire seem desirous of emulating the achievements of the reactionary and moribund Board of "National" Education for Ireland in regard to Gaelic teaching. These sages are of opinion that when a child has been taught to "read the Gaelic Bible" and to "sing a few Psalms" in the national tongue his or her education may be regarded as "complete," so far as the Gaelic is concerned. It is wonderful how dangerous, in some people's estimation, is even the meanest modicum of learning. Fortunately the Ross-shire long-ears are in a minority ; and we prophesy that it will not be long before they share the fate of the other Mrs. Partingtons on the Irish side the Moyle. The Irish Board of "National" Education is about to be drastically reformed or altogether suppressed, inasmuch as it is completely out of harmony with the educational needs and aspirations of Gaelic Ireland. This little group of Ross-shire fossils should also be commanded to set their house in order, or to clear out.

The Irish are rapidly commercialising their language,

in the sense of bringing it up to date by the addition of trade and technical terms, etc. We hear a great deal in these days about "efficiency," and one of the stock charges brought against our language is that it is commercially useless, or non-efficient. The opponents of Gaelic used to say that we had no literature; but being soundly thrashed upon that ground, they have lately taken to the "Gaelic-not-a-commercial-language" attitude, which, by dint of sheer impudence and loud assertion, they have managed to impose upon numbers of unsuspecting people. Now, without going so far as to say that the Gaelic language is commercially fully equipped, we have no hesitation whatever in affirming that it is vastly more efficient than even most Gaelic speakers are aware, let alone ignorant outsiders of the "Charles Stewart" description. That we already have a vast "literature" of technical terms in all the modern arts, sciences and trades, MacDonald's new *Dictionary* is alone sufficient to prove, though that useful and learned compilation has as yet scarcely accomplished a third of the journey it is appointed to go. The Comunn Gàidhealach, also, has made considerable collections of technical terms, which it would be well if it gave to the world, either through the medium of its accredited mouthpiece in the press, or in some other form calculated to serve public ends. Our opinion is, that it is not so much the Gaelic language which is (commercially) non-efficient, as the men who are in the habit of prating about it in the press are (educationally) so. As we have already observed, even Gaelic speakers are, as a rule, amazingly ignorant touching

the resources of our language ; so that if those who habitually speak Gaelic find the national tongue commercially non-efficient (owing to their defective education), it is obvious that the outsider, who knows nothing whatever about the language, but who is prejudiced against it, will have no great difficulty in persuading many ill- or half-educated Gaels that his cry of "Gaelic-no-commercial-language" is truth articulate itself. The remedy for this whimsical state of affairs is, of course, education—increased and more efficient Gaelic education. Meantime, the Irish Gaels, to whom the resources of Gaelic seem to be better known than they are to our own people, have discovered that Gaelic *is* very much a commercial language ; and requires very little amendment to bring it thoroughly up to date. In a year or two's time, the Gaelic language in Ireland will be as much a "commercial" tongue as English, Spanish, French or German. Are we going to lag behind—as usual ? Are we going to suffer ourselves to be everlastingly bamboozled by a handful of noisy, empty-headed and impudent empirics of the "Charles Stewart" order ?

There are about fifty journals and magazines—to be strictly accurate forty-nine—published in the Welsh language. Some of these periodicals contain English, others do not ; but their numbers contrast significantly with the miserable array of Scotch and Irish national publications. Neither in Scotland nor in Ireland is there a single daily or weekly newspaper written entirely in the Gaelic language, which, considering the extent of the Gaelic-speaking populations

of both countries, is indeed disgraceful. Of course, the explanation of this extraordinary state of affairs is simple in the extreme. Whilst the Irish have been protesting—in the English language—their nationality, and the Scots have been hugging to their bosoms the fiction of a common “British” destiny, the Welsh have been silently rendering themselves nationally efficient by means of education. In Wales, the Welshman who cannot read his own language is rightly regarded as an ignorant clown. In Scotland and in Ireland, on the other hand, the poor illiterate is actually encouraged in his dunce-like ways by being told that his native tongue has no literature, and that it is, commercially, not only non-efficient, but useless ! Verily, both Ireland and Scotland have much to learn from “gallant little Wales”.

CUID NAM FINEACHAN

THA a' Phàrlamaid a nis 'na tàmh, agus Bille Mhr Sinclair gu tur air a dhi-chuimhne. Is glé bheag de dh'ùine na Pàrlamaide a chaidh bhuileachadh air, agus am measg an luchd-neo-chiontais, fhuair i binn is ditidh a chuir as da. Chaidh de dh'ùine chaitheamh ri Bille nan Sgòilean Sasunnach is nach robh dòigh no rathad air buntuin ris an fhearann ; agus aon àir eile, dh'fheumadh an Croiteir Gàidhealach sàr fhoighdinn a bhi aige.

An iomadh dòigh, nar beachd-ne, bu mhaith an airidh am Bille sin a bhi air a chàramh fa chomhair na Pàrlamaide, agus a bhi air a dheanamh 'na lagh do'n Rìoghachd. Bha iomadh ni ann, mar a thuirt sinn féin aig an àm, "a bha anabarrach maith airson nithean na beatha-sa, is buileach feumail, mar an ceudna". Ach, an aghaidh sin, chaidh binn-ditidh thoirt a mach 'na aghaidh leis a' Phàrlamaid Shasunnaich, agus aig a' cheart àm, chan 'eil e ni 's mò air mhaireann.

Gheall sinn anns ar n-àireamh mu dheireadh gu'n cuirinn an céill "na smuaintean a th'againn mu dhéighinn nam meanbh phongan a tha ga chomharachadh a mach"; ach a chionn is nach 'eil e an tir nam beò ni 's mò, fhuair sinn saorsa bho na an fiachan fo'n robh sinn d'ar luchd-leughaidh. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Chan 'eil feum dhoibh féin no dhuinn a bhi deanamh gul sa buaileadh ar basan, nuair a tha fear ar cridhe fo 'n fhòid!

Ma théid buntuinn ris an fhearann anns an t-Seisein so tha tighinn, is dòcha gu'n tig atharrachadh mòr air dreach a' Bhille air fada. Thubhairt Sir Iomhair Caimbeul-Bannerman e fhéin o chionn ùine ghoirid nach robh e tur toilichte leis; agus tha sàr fhios againn nach robh Mr. Sinclair agus a chàirdean am beachd nach robh e cho ceart sa bu chòir dha bhi. Ach, mur d'fhuair an Rìgh bàs, glaothamaid uile le h-aon ghuth ag ràdh, "Gu'm bu fada beò an Rìgh!" Chan 'eil a' chùis socraichte fathast. Air an aobhar sin, bithidh i fìor bheòthail anns na làithean a tha ri teachd.

Agus ciod a ni sinn an dràsda? Chaidh Bille

maith, feumail air chall, a chionn is nach robh comas no rathad aige gu tighinn as a' chruaidh-chàs anns an robh e; ach cha reuson sin idir airson sinn a bhi fo bhròn am feasd, agus a bhi cumail nar tosd gu deireadh an t-saoghail. Dùisgibh suas O Ghàidheil! Togaibh bhur guth! Na bithibh mar chrodh balbh, tosdach, is air ur buaileadh a thall sa bhos mar spréidh gun tuigse, ni 's faide! Cuimhnichibh air na daoine o'n d'thàinig sibh, agus seasaibh a mach gu duineil agus, cho fad sa bhitheas sibh beò, cumaibh an guaillibh a chéile!

Brosnachadh eile do na Gàidheil, agus sin tur freagarrach do'n àm. Rachaibh air ball a staigh do Chomunn nan Croitearan nur badain is nur milltean; agus cuiribh ur eagal roimh dhuine air cùl an t-saoghail. Cuimhnichibh, mar an ceudna, nach ann gun trioblaid mhòir agus stri anabarrach geur is urrainn dhuinn ni's eiginn duinn a dheanamh. Cha d'fhuair sinn an Reachd a chaidh a dheanamh o chionn corr is fichead bliadhna air ais, mur bith gu'n d'fhàs an Gàidheal car dàna, ladurna, aig an àm ud. Chan 'eil aona chuid *Liberals* no *Tories* a' faicinn iomchaidh a bhi sparradh shochairan air sluagh gus an tagair an sluagh gu dian air an son, agus gus an nochd iad gu soilleir nach bi iad tur toilichte as an eugmhais. Chan àill le Dia an fheadhainn sin a chuideachd aig nach éil toil no miann gus an cùisean féin a thoirt air adhart. Cuimhnicheamaid, mata, anns gach àite is aig gach àm gur e *Sinn Féin* a dh'fheumas a bhi air ceann ar cuisean féin. Théid beannachd Dhé is soirbheachadh aimsireil leinn an déigh sin; agus cliù is iomradh mà bhitheas sinn dileas is eud-

mhor an cùisean ar dùthcha. Rachamaid air ar n-adhart, mata, gun tuille dàlach a bhi ann. Oir, far am bheil obair mhaith fheumail, is tur éiginneach ri bhi deanta, an sin biodh feachd nan Gàidheal air an cruinneachadh ri chéile.

AIR URNAIGH ¹

MA tha an-earbsa as sinn féin, earbsa à Dia agus deadh-fheum à thoirt à buadhan ar n-anma 'nan airm riatanach gu buaidh a chosnadh anns a' chath spioradail, a réir is mar a dh'fhiach mi ; is i an ùrnaigh, mar théid a nis innseadh, ball-airm a's feumaile uile ; a chionn is gur i a's màthair, cha'n ann do na tri subhailcean sin a mhàin, ach do na h-uile ni a tha feumail gu sàbhaladh ar n-anma.

So am feadan troimh an do thig a h-uile gràsan à Flathanas d' ar n-ionnsuidh. Bheir an urnaigh air an Tì a's àirde e fhéin ar comhnadh o chathair ghlòrmhor, agus le'r làmhnan, ged lag iad, sgriosaidh e ar nàimhdean a's miosa. Gus an urnaigh a chleachdadh mar is coir, tha na seòlaidhean so ri leanail.

1. Feumaidh sinn làn thoil a bhi againn seirbheis Dhé a chur air adhart gu ro dhùrachdach, agus anns an dòigh a's taitneach leis. An toil so faodar a

¹ An *Cath Spioradail*, gu bhi air a chur a mach an ùine ghoirid leis a' Chlò-chlar Caitliceach 20, an t-Sràid Ard, Peairt. Bu chòir gu'm biodh aon dheth so aig gach Gàidheal air feadh an t-saoghail gu léir.

dhùsgadh nar cridhe le beachd a gabhail, air na tri nithean so. A' chiad rud, gu'm bheil còir shònraichte aig Dia air aoradh agus air seirbheis uainn as leth a bhuadan àillidh, mar tha a mhathas, a ghliocas, a mhaise, a chumachd, agus 'fheartan eile gun àireamh agus os cionn aithris. An ath rud, gu'n ghabh Dia nàdur-daonna, agus gu'n dochosg e tri bliadhna deug thar fhichead gu h-ànrach gus ar sàbhalach; gu'n dheònaich e ar creuchdan fuathasach a làimhseachadh le làmhnan féin, agus an leigheas, chan ann le ola is fion a dhortadh unnta ach le 'fhuil phriseil fhéin a thaomadh a mach, agus le 'choluinn a reubadh le sgiùrsadh drisean is tairngean. An treas rud, is e a' mhiad sa nì e stà dhuinn a lagh a chumail, agus ar dleasnas a dheanamh, is gur ann le sin a mhàin a dh'earbas sinn buadhachadh air an Diabhol, ceann-sachadh a thoirt as ar n-ana-miannan, agus ruighinn air onair clainn Dhé.

2. Feumaidh sinn creideamh beò a bhi againn, agus dòchas làidir nach diùlt Dia dhuinn an comhnadh a tha feumail dhuinn gus seirbheis dhileas a dheanamh dha, agus ar n-anam a shàbhaladh.

Is ionann anam làn dòchais, agus soitheach naomh anns an doirt Dia ionmhas a ghràs; agus mar a's farsuinne an soitheach, is ann a's pailte a thaomar tiodhlaicean ann troimh ùrnaigh. Oir cia mar is urrainn Dia, aig am bheil cumhachd gun chrìoch, agus mathas nach tràigh, a thiodhlaicean a dhiùlt dhoibhse a tha e brosnachadh cho dian gus an iarraidh, agus d'am bheil e gealltuinn a Spioraid Naoimh a thoirt, ma sheas gu'n iarr iad e le dòchas, agus le buan achanaich?

3. An àm teannadh ri ùrnaigh (is e beachd Dhé a thoileachadh, agus chan e sinn féin a bu choir a bhì nar n-aire); is ann a chionn is gu'm bheil Dia cur an dleasnaidh so mar fhiachaibh oirnn is gu'n iarraidh air éisdeach ach cho fad is a tha sin iomchuidh 'na shùilean-sa. Mar sin, géillidh ar beachd gu tur d'a thoil-se, agus cha lùb sinn toil Dhé ris ar toil féin. Is e a's reuson dha so, gu'm bheil an toil againn olc, agus air a puinnseachadh leis an àrdan, agus gu tric aineolach air an rud a tha ri shireadh. Air an làimh eile, tha toil Dhé daonnan ceart, naomh, agus ana-comasach air dol iomrall. Agus air an aobhar sin, is i a bu chòir a bhì 'na riaghailt do na h-uile toil, agus gur seachran dol uaipe. Thugamaid an aire, mata, gu'm bi ar n-iarratasan air fad taitneach do Dhia, agus ma bhitheas an teagamh a's lugha co dhiù a tha ar n-achanaich mar sin no nach 'eil, is còir dhuinn daonnan an gnòthach 'fhàgail gu méinn a Fhreasdail. Ach, ma is i cùis shoilleir gu'm bheil an nì a tha sinn a' sireadh taitneach do Dhia (mar tha gràsan, subhailcean agus rudan mar sin), iarramaid iad am beachd a mhòralachd a thoileachadh agus a riarachadh, a' ruighinn air beachd sam bith eile air a naomhad.

4. Ma is math leinn gu'm faigheadh ar ùrnaigh éisdeachd, thigeadh d'ar deanadas co-fhreagairt di. Roimh ar n-ùrnaigh agus 'na déigh, chan fhuilear dhuinn ionnsuidh a thoirt air sinn féin a dheanamh toillteanach air na gràsan a tha sinn a' sireadh. Oir, ùrnaigh is claidh na leth-a-staigh, chan fhaodar 'dhealachadh o chéile, a thaobh is gu'm bheil an neach a tha ag iarraidh subhaile air bith (gun a cur an gnìomh), a' buaireadh Dé.

5. Mu'n iarr sinn a' bheag air bith air Dia, bu choir dhuinn taing a thoirt da le mòran umhlachd airson nan tiodhlaichean a bhuilich e oirnn a cheana. Faodaidh sinn so a chantuinn :—

A Thighearna, a dhèdnaich as dèigh mo chruthachadh m'fhiachan a phàidheadh nad thròcair, agus mo threasraiginn o fhèirg mo nàimhdean nì's trice na is urrainn dhomh innseadh, thig gu m'chobhair, a' deanamh dì-chuimhne air m'aimideachd agus mo mhi-thaingeachd roimh so, agus tiùraich dhomh am fàbhar a tha mi sireadh.

Ach, ma dh'fhairgheas sinn, sa cheart àm anns am bheil sinn ag iarraidh subhaile àraidh air bith, ionnsuidhean o'n pheacadh a tha 'na h-aghaidh, is còir dhuinn taing a thoirt do Dhia airson a' chothruim a tha e toirt dhuinn air an t-subhaile sin a chleachdadh ; agus gur rud sin air am bu chòir dhuinn sealtuinn mar fhàbhar mòr san àm sin.

6. Ach, o'n is ann o mhathas Dhé, agus o thoradh beatha is pàis ar Slànair, agus o 'gheallaidh éisdeachd gu bàigheil ris ar guth, a tha neart is brìgh na h-urnaigh air fad a' tighinn, bu chòir a dùnadh an comhnuidh le facail de'n sheòrsa so :—

"Guidheam ort, O Thighearna, as leth do mhòr thròcair fhéin gu'n éisdeadh tu ris an achanaich so, Troimh thoillteannas do Mhic, dednaich am fàbhar so dhomh. Cuimhnich, O mo Dhia, air do ghealltanais, agus éisd ri m'urnaigh."

Air uairibh, cuideachd, faodaidh sinn eadar-ghuidh na h-Oighe Beannaichte Moire agus nan Naomh eile a shireadh ; oir is mòr am maoidhean an làthair Dhé

a tha toileach air onair a thoirt doibh a réir is mar a thug iad cliù dha 'nam beatha air talamh.

7. Feumaidh sinn leanail air a' chràbhadh so ; oir is cinnteach an gnòthach nach fhaod Dia ùrnaigh bhuan, iriosal, a dhiùlt. Oir, ma thug buan achanaich na bantraich anns an t-Soisgeul buaidh air a' bhrith-eamh eucorach, an urrainn an ùrnaigh againn a bhi gun éisdeachd o Dhia, a tha làn mathais? Agus mar sin, ged nach éisdeadh e ruinn san uair, ged nach biodh e, mar gu'm b'eadh gar cluinntinn, an déigh sin uile, cha bu chòir dhuinn ar dòchas a chall as a mhathas nach traogh, no a sgur de dh'ùrnaigh. Oir, is mòr an comas a th'aige, agus an toil gu math a dheanamh dhuinn. Uime sin, mur 'eil an fhàillinn againn féin, tha e cinnteach gu'm faigh sinn ar n-iarratas, no gu'm faigh sinn rud a's fearr, no, theagamh, an dà chuid. Mar is lugha a dh'fhairgheas sinn de thoirt dhinn, is ann a's motha a dh'fheumas ar fuath is ar gràin oirnn féin a leasachadh. Ach an rathad is gu'n toir neart ar truaighe fhéin oirnn dìreadh suas gu tròcair Dhé a thoirt fainear ; agus ar dòchas ann a mhiadachadh, agus chan e laghdachadh ; a thaobh is gur h-ann mar a's stéidheile a sheasas sinn am meadhoin aobhair mi-dhòchais, is motha a bhitheas ar duais.

A dh'aon fhacal, na sguireamaid a feasda a thoirt buidheachas do Dhia. Thugamaid glòir d'a ghliocas, d'a mhathas, d'a thròcair, co dhiù a gheibh no nach faigh sinn ar n-iarratas. A dh'aon rud ged a thachair, bitheamaid socrach nar n-inntinn, agus anns gach càs, bitheamaid toillichte is strìochte ri Freasdal Dhé.

LITIR

BAGRADH NAN IAPACH DO NA STÀIDEAN
AONAICHTE

LE'R CEAD,

Ged a tha luchd riaghlaidh de'n dùthaich so miannach gu leòir air an lagh a chur an gnìomh, cha toigh leis na Calìfornaich na Iapaich a tha air a' chòrsa; agus tha iad suidhichte gu'n cùm iad na daoine beaga, buidhe bho'n dùthaich so ma bhitheas e idir comasach dhoibh.

Tha'n t-suim mharbhanta a thathar a nochdadh air còrsa na h-Atlantic mu theach a nall nan Iapach air a stéidheachadh air a' bharail mhearachdach gur i so ceist a bhuineas do'n Iar a mhàin 'na fhallsachd nach bi ro dhuilich a dhearbhadh.

Bho chionn deich bliadhna fichead, bha an teachd a nall o'n Eadailt, Austria, is Ruisia, a bha gu mòr air thòiseach, coimh-ionnan ris an teachd a nall bho Albainn, Eirinn, Sasunn a' Ghearmailt, agus an t-Suain, ri sin bho'n Roinn Eòrpa air an làtha an diugh. Anns an àth dheich bliadhna fichead, an téid teachd a nall nan Iapach, ma leigear air adhart e, air thòiseach air sin o'n Roinn Eòrpa? Tha Iapan mu aon choigeamh ni's lugha na an Fhraing, agus mheudachd Chalifornia. Comhla ri Formosa, tha 49,732,952 de shluagh innte, urad sa tha an sia Stàidean Shas-uinn Ùr, York Nuadh, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Texas, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, Georgia, Kentucky, Wisconsin agus Carolina a Tuath.

Tha ochd air fhichead muillion de na Iapaich 'nan tuathanaich, agus a' deanamh am beòshlaint air 13,000,000 acair. Bho so, chi sinn nach 'eil aig gach teaghlach airson baile fearainn ach pios beag de thalamh 200 troidh am fad, agus 80 air leud, thar a chèile. Bhiodh so air a mheas nar tir-ne beag gu leòir airson taigh is garadh. Beachaichibh air tuathanach da'n fheudar bàrr gu leòir a thogail air crioman de thalamh a bhiodh ro bheag airson stòr Iordain Mharsh am Boston, no an *t-Emporium* an San Francisco.

Tha an Iapan, faisg air 160,000 de mhilltean ceithir-chéarnach; ach tha mu naoi-deicheamh dheth cho beanntach is nach gabh e àiteachadh, agus ged thathar a toirt as a h-uile oirleach de'n talamh barrachd toradh na thathar an àite air bith san t-saoghal, eadhon am Belge no san Ollaint, chan urrainn do dh'Iapan an diugh i féin a bhiadhadh. Tha i togail 25,000,000 buiseal de ris, 60,000,000 buiseal de dh' eòrna, de chruithneachd, agus de sheagal ni's lugha na dh'fhoghnas dhith fhéin, agus leis an sin, tha aice ri mòran de bhiadh a sheaghachadh. Air tàille so, feumaidh mòran de'n t-sluagh an dùthaich fhagail airson am beo-shlaint a dheanamh. Is ann do Formosa, Corea, agus Manchuria is fhasa dhoibh a dhol, ach cha téid iad do na tìrean so far am feum iad a bhi 'nan saighdear-an-tochlaidh, ach is fearr leo tighinn do na Stàidean Aonaichte, far am faigh iad ciùineachadh uile-dheiseil dhoibh, agus a réir am miann.

Tha na firinnean so iomchaidh airson ar smuain. Tha'm buaireas so an California ni's doimhne na ceist

nan sgoilean. Ma gheibh riaghladh Iapan gach ni a réir an toil, chan 'eil teagamh sam bith nach bi, an taobh a staigh de dh'fhichead bliadhna, còr is 5,000,000 Iapach againn. Nochdaidh a leithid so de shruth-lionadh buil chomharaichte air ar ciùineachadh. Mar chumail os cionn so, chan urrainn sinn na Iapaich a leigeil a staigh gu saor-chomasach gun na raighailtean a tha cùmail a mach nan Sineach a mhùthadh gu mòr air-neo an cur air chùl gu buileach.

An àth uair a bhitheas mi sgriobhadh, bi facal no dhà agam mu na daoine geala.

AM B. A.

SAN FRANCISCO,
LÀTHA NAN TRI-RIGHREAN, 1907.

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Guth na Bliadhna

LEABHAR IV.]

AN T-EARRACH, 1907.

[AIREAMH 2

DRUIMCEAT

Is ro soilleir gu'm bu chòir gu'm biodh gach cothrom is meadhon a's uarrainn sinn fhaighinn a mach air a thoirt gu làn bhuil airson maith is leasachadh ar dùthcha ; agus gu'm biodh sàr fhios againn air staid is suidheachadh na h-Alba mar a's motha a tha sinn dol a staigh do chùisean cudthromach ar dùthcha.

A nis, thug sinn fainear nach 'eil sinn am bith-eantas a' deanamh mar sin, mar a's mò a dh'fhaodas sinn. Am bitheantas, chan 'eil sinn a' beachdachadh air Alba mar dhùthaich air leth—ni mò a tha sinn a' beachdachadh air sinn féin mar mhuinntir air leth—ach is ann mar roinn bheag de dhùthaich, ris an abrar sa Bheurla *North Britain*, a tha sinn do ghnàth a' sealtuinn oirre. Faodar a ràdh, an tòiseach, nach 'eil an dòigh so air a' gabhail an cùisean dùthchasach na h-Alba mar bu chòir. Chan 'eil i slàinteil, freagarrach, iomchuidh air ar son, no airson nam feadhnach a tha ri tighinn as ar déigh. Cha b'ann idir mar so a bha ar sinnsearan a' beachdachadh air cùis na h-Alba, ni mò is còir dhuinn gu'm biodh sinn féin a' gabhail rithe anns an dòigh da'm bheil sinn a' faighinn coire

aig an àm. A' bharrachd air so, tha e toirt oirnn gu bhi nar " Albannich Bheaga ". Tha fios aig a h-uile neach ciod is ciall do na briathran sin *Little Englander* ; agus ged a tha sàr fhios againn gu'n deachaidh mi-bhuileachadh a dheanamh air na briathran ud an iomadh càs, agus gu'n deachaidh am buileachadh air mòran dhaoine nach robh gan toilltinn idir ; gidheadh chan fhaodar àicheadh nach ann mar sheòrsa de mhi-mheas agus de mhagadh a bha e air a bhuileachadh orra, agus sin an lorg an droch chleachdaidh a bh'aca ann a bhi tighinn air cùis an dùthcha an dòigh a bha neo-fhialaidh, ro aireachail, agus a bha dol an aghaidh " spiorad na h-Iompaireachd ".

A nis, is coma leinn féin co-dhiù tha no nach 'eil an Iompaireachd Shasunnach a' cumail beò ; agus anns a' bheachd toiniseach so, bu choir gu'm biodh sinn air ar leantuinn le gach fìor Ghàidheal. Ach, is éiginn duinn a ràdh nach 'eil sinn a' gabhail spéis no suim sam bith de'n t-seòrsa dhaoine ud a chaidh ainmeachadh sa Bheurla *Little Englanders*. Cha thaitneach leinn idir an dòigh air am bheil iad do ghnàth a' tighinn air cùisean an dùthcha, ged is coma leinn féin (mar a thug sinn fainear a cheana) co-dhiù tha no nach 'eil toit nan Sasunnach ag éiridh ris na neoil. Ach, so an ni a tha sinn a' dol glàn an aghaidh, gu'm bheil, am bitheantas, dith air gràdh-dùthcha is inntinn chumhann aig a' bhonn. Cha iomchuidh dhuinn a bhi beachdachadh air ar dùthaich féin mar a tha na daoine beaga an Sasunn a' beachdachadh air cùis an rioghachd aca, a chionn gur ann dìreach mar sin a bha sinn do ghnàth a' gabhail rithe roimh so ; agus ciod e an t-aobhar a's feàrr agus a's

simplidh a th'againn a los ar tuiteam sìos a leigeil ris gu soilleir dhuinn na dìth air gràdh-dùthcha combhla ri aineolas is neo-fharsaingeachd a thaobh cridhe is inntinn ? Anns na bliadhnaichean a thréig, bha sinn am bitheantas nar “ Albannaich Bheaga ”. Cha ghabh sinn beachd no suim air bith de na “ daoine o'n d' thàinig sinn ”; agus chaidh sinn air ar n-adhart mar dhaoine d'an robh eachdraidh na h-Alba is treubhantas ar sinnsearan mar leabhar tur duinte. Bha Albainn is cùisean dùthchasach cho glan as ar freadharc is as ar n-inntinn agus nach robh iad riamh idir ann. Rinn sinn bòsd as an dòigh san robh sinn gan di-chuimhneachadh; agus mar a's luaithe a bha sinn a' fàs gu bhi nar Sasunnaich, is ann a's mò a bha sinn a' cur ar cuil ri cleachdannan Albannach; agus mar a's motha a bha sinn a' cur ar cuil ri Albainn is cùisean Albannach, is ann a's luaithe a bha sinn a' fàs gu bhi nar Sasunnaich.

B'ann airson so a mhàin—se sin ri ràdh gu'm bitheadh sinn air ar mealladh is air ar tarruing air falbh, lion beag is beag, o bhi beachd-smuainteachadh air Albainn agus cùisean Albannach; nan daoine o'n d' thàinig sinn, agus gu h-àraidh oirnn féin mar mhuinntir air leth—gu'n d' thug na Sasunnaich “ Breatunn ” orra féin, agus gu'n do dh'aontaich iad gu bhi air an sloinneadh mar “ Bhreatunnaich ”. Thuig iad gu'm biodh sinn féin, seach iadsan, a ghabhas an rathad gu sgrios, do bhrìgh gu'm bheil iad 'nam muinntir mòran na's lionmhoire agus na's beartaiche na tha sinn féin aig an àm; agus mar is ann mar so a tha e, is coma leo féin co-dhiù a tha iad air an sloinneadh mar “ Bhreatunnaich ” no nach 'eil. Chan 'eil e idir coma-

sach do'n ni a's lugha an ni a's motha a shlugadh suas : air an làimh eile, am bitheantas tha an dàra h-aon a' fairtlìcheadh air an aoìn eile. Ghabh na Sasunnaich beachd air so, agus thòiseach iad, lion beag is beag, ri'r tarruing air falbh o smuaintean dùthchasach. An tòiseach, thug iad *North Britain* mar ainm air Albainn ; agus, mar so, dh'islich iad sinn, gar deanamh nar roinn bheag de'n " Eilean Bhreutannach " —an àite a bhi nar rioghachd, air ar bonn féin—agus sin airson aobhairean is troimh mheadhonan a's dàich-eile agus a's simplidh a dh'fhaodar iad ainmeachadh. An déigh sin, ghoid iad a staigh do ar n-eachdraidh, a' cur iomadh car is lub ann nach robh idir ann roimh agus a bha gan cuideachadh nach beag gu làmh-an-uachdar fhaotainn oirnne, comhla ris ar dùthaich. Chuir iad an dimeas, agus fo gheas, mar an ceudna, ar cànan féin, a' teagasg dhuinn gu'n robh i 'na droch cainnt, air bheag luach, gun litreachas aice, neo-oillanta, gun fhiù, 'na seòrsa de chainnt thuathanach, agus gun bhi àraidh gu bhi air a h-ainmeachadh comhla ris a' Bheurla.

Ach cha b'e so uile e. Theagaisg iad do ar cuid cloinn gu'n robh Albainn 'na dùthaich bhoichd, neo-luachdmhor, shuarach, mi-bheusach, is neo-ainmeil fhad sa bha sinn 'nar dùthaich air leth, air ar cois féin ; ach gu'n deachaidh sàr bheachdachadh is cliù anabarrach mòr oirnne cho luath sa dh'fhàs Albainn gu bhi 'na roinn de " Bhreatunn," agus sinn féin gu bhi nar " Breatunnaich ". Tha na nithean so so-thuigsinn do ar chàirdean thar an t-Srutha ; ach dhuinn féin, chan 'eil iad fathast soilleir. " Similarly she (Sasunn) has humbugged the Scotch, whose Parliament she strangled

when Scotland had risen to a degree of commercial power at which England quaked, and which Scotland has forgotten all about. The average Scotchman to-day believes that his country, which was financially sounder than England 200 years ago, was saved from bankruptcy and anarchy by the Union. The Scotch even seriously propose to celebrate the bi-centenary of their undoing with bonfires and thanksgivings in this year of our Lord, 1907. When we have said our all against the English, we admit they are in one respect the most wonderful people that have ever trod the earth. They have been able to convince their victims that they rob them for their own good.”¹ Gu dearbh chan fhaodar àicheadh nach i Sasunn as mò a bhuannaich na Albainn leis an Aonachd. Mar tha sgriobhadair eile ag ràdh, “chaidh a’ chùirt rioghail agus gach airgiod a bh’air a sgapadh ’na lorg, a sguabadh air falbh gu deas. Chaidh a’ Phàrlamaid a thoirt à Duneideann, agus, mar an ceudna, Ard-Chùirt a’ Cheartais. Chan ’eil Lùchairt rioghail air a cumail a suas an Albainn ach a h-aon, agus chan ’eil aice sin féin ach an t-ainm. Cuin a dh’fhuirich rìgh no ban-rìgh eadhon aon oidhche an Lùchairt Dhuneidinn? Ma bhitheas a dhith oirnn crioman beag de rathad-iaruinn a dheanamh eadar dhà bhaile, feumaidh sinn dol do Lunnainn, agus ar boineid nar dorn a dh’iarraidh cead. . . . A thaobh ionmhais na Rìoghachd, tha sinn a’ pàigheadh tuille sa chòir de chisean; ach chan ’eil sinn a’ faighinn air ais dlùth air na bu chòir dhuinn fhaotainn. Mar a thuirt Iarla Roseberi is sinne da rìreamh ‘mart - bhainne na h - Iompair-

¹ *Sinn Féin*, 16 là de’n Mhàrt so chaidh.

eachd'. Théid sinne fharraid glé ealamh ma a bhitheas dad ri dheanamh no ri thoirt seachad ; agus nuair a bhitheas sochairean ri'n riarachadh, cha bhi guth no cuimhne gu'm bheil sinn idir ann. . . . Ach se ar beachd nach tig an là sam faigh Albainn ni sam bith coltach ri cothrom na Féinne gus am bi Pàrlamaid aice dhi féin an Duneideann chum a cùisean diomhair féin a riaghladh."¹

Ach b'e cuspair a bu mhò sa bu chumanta a bha aig na Sasunnaich, sinne a tharruing air falbh, lion beag is beag, o bhi beachd-smuaineachadh oirnn féin mar mhuinntir air leth. Gus a' chrìoch so a chosnadh, thug iad "Breatunn" orra, agus ghabh iad gu toilichte ris na "Breatunnaich," mar a thuirt sinn mar tha. Gu h-àraidh, ghabh iad cùram mòr nach robh mòran cothruim air a leigeil leinn tre am faodadh sinn cuimhne a dheanamh air "na laithean a thréig" is air na laoich "o'n d'thàinig sinn". Bu "Bhreatunnaich" sinne da rìreamh—is e sin ri ràdh, sluagh Shasunnaich. Air an aobhar sin, cha bu chòir is cha b'iomchuidh gu'n cumamaid cuimhne air ni no air neach sam bith air nach deachaidh riamh a sheuladh, le comharradh mòr, priseil, nan Sasunnach a tha air an aodachadh le aodaich nam Breatunnach. Faodar làn cuimhne air an eachdraidh is air an laoich a bhi aig gach dream eile ; ach do no Gàidheil, feumaidh a dhiùltadh. A réir coltais, cha robh iad riamh 'nan cinneach air leth ; ni mò tha iad àiridh gu bhi air an ainmeachadh am measg muinntir an t-saoghail. Faodar Polanaich is Iudaich, Sinich is Fionnaich (gun tighinn le guth air mòran chinneach eile) tlachd

¹ *Oban Weekly Times*, 15 là de'n Mhàrt.

is buannachd a ghabhail as an cuid eachdraidh. Faodar iad uabhar ceart a tharruing uaithe, a' deanamh taigh-freiceadain is dion dhith dhoibh féin, mar gu'm b'eadh; ach "am bheil e iomchuidh aran na cloinne a ghabhail agus a thilgeadh do na coin?" "Nar leigheadh Dia!" ars ar càraid crabhach "Breatunnach". Cha robh na Gàidheil riamh 'nan cinneach air leth. Chan 'eil eachdraidh do'n làimh féin aca. Ciod i an fhuaim ud ris an abair iad an "cainnt," ach mar sheòrsa de bheulas, neo-oileanta, neònach is tur borba? Nach iad daoine foghlumta a tha ag ràdh nach 'eil a' Ghàidhlig 'na cainnt idir? Coma co-dhiù, b'e sin an ni faoin is buileach ise a coimeasachadh ris a' Bheurla—cànain na h-Iompair-eachd féin air nach 'eil a' ghrian a' dol idir fodha. *Rule "Britania!"* Faodar Polanaich is Fionnaich stri a dheanamh a los cuing an luchd-foirneirt a thilgeadh bharr an guailibh, agus théid sin gu maith leis ar càirdean "Breatunnaich" taobh thall nan Crìoch Albannach. Gu dearbh, is cleachdadh leis na "Breatunnaich" a bhi brosnachadh feadhach eile, agus gu bhi 'nan "càirdean do Shaorsa" is do chòireachan dùthchasach a mach as an dùthaich aca, nuair nach 'eil sin a' dol an aghaidh am buannachd féin. Cia lion ùair nach 'eil sinn a' faicinn nan Sasunnach—tha sinn ag iarraidh mathanais—nan Breatunnach Ura deanamh tarcuis air na Ruisianaich airson an cuid an-ìochdmhorachd do no Polanaich? Cia lion ùair nach 'eil sinn a' cluinntinn nan Sasunnach a' brosnachadh muinntir eile gu "cuing an fhir-fhòirneirt" a thilgeadh bharr an guailibh? Ach a thaobh ar dùthcha féin, ciod e suidheachadh an smuaintean,

cia mar a tha iad a' beachdachadh air "cùis na h-Alba"? Chan 'eil sinn ag ràdh nach d'rinn na Ruisianaich foirneirt air na Polanaich, agus nach 'eil iad a' dean-amh eucoir mhòir ann a bhi riaghladh na dùthcha ud an aghaidh toil is miann a muinntir féin; ach, chan urrainnear àicheadh nach d'thig soirbheachadh air na Polanaich fo chuing nan Ruisianach. Tha iad mòran na's beartaiche agus na's lionmhoire na tha Gàidheil na h-Alba is na h-Eirinn aig a' cheart àm so. Coma co dhiù, tha àite tàimh aig an taigh aca. Chan 'eil iad an geall is fo gheas dùthchannan eile a thoirt orra airson dith fearainn ann an tir féin.

Eisdibh ris na tha paipear Eireannach ag ràdh mu'n chùis so. "Between the treatment of the two countries by their foreign rulers there is no comparison. Poland has quadrupled in population and material wealth under the Russians—she has been granted and confirmed by them in local governing institutions with powers transcending those possessed by the local governing institutions in Ireland—she has received a system of education with which it would be ludicrous to attempt to compare the system England has introduced into Ireland; her taxation is infinitely lighter than the taxation of the Irish people, and her language is officially recognised, and both it and her history are now taught in the public schools. Sixty years ago her population was little more than equal to half the population of Ireland—it is now thrice as great. Sixty years ago her wealth would have been estimated at probably 40 per cent. that of Ireland. To-day the estimate would place it at some 500 per cent. higher than ours. While England has

been steadily extirpating our people and plundering our country, Russia has been steadily increasing her Polish subjects in numbers and prosperity. And all the time England has been telling her duped Irish serfs how the poor Poles were being knouted, impoverished, Siberianised, and generally driven to curse God and die by the barbarous Russians. The game of blackening her neighbours is an old one with England. In the case of Russia it has so well succeeded that there is not one man in twenty in Ireland who does not honestly believe that the Poles are subject to the same oppression as we are ourselves.

“ ‘ Russian ’ Poland is about half again as big as Ireland, and carries over 200 persons to the square mile, against Ireland’s 136. Its chief city is bigger than Dublin and Belfast combined, and its second city—Lodz—which is as large as Dublin, is the most prosperous manufacturing centre of the Russian Empire.”¹

Gu dearbh is gann is urrainn sinn ar cànan féin a thoirt gu bhi air a teasgasg ann ar cuid sgoilean. Tha sinn air ar bacadh is air ar chur fo ghad anns an gnothach, agus sin anns gach dòigh is air a h-uile rathad a dh’fhaodadh na “ Breatunnaich ” an Sasunn a chleachdadh. Anns na làithean a chaidh seachad (gu ro fhortanach) bu chleachdadh leinn an t-arm dearg a thoirt oirnn, agus dol thar a’ chuain gu bhi mar shaighdearan do na “ Breatunnaich ” anns na dùthchannan ud nach bhuin idir dhoibh. Air iomadh blàr ainmeil, fhuair sinn a’ chuid a’s feàrr de’n nàimhdean ; ach, an déigh na h-uile ni, ciod e a

¹ *Sinn Féin.*

b'fhearrrd sinn sin? Fhad sa bha sinn a' deanamh mar sin, ghabh ar riaghladairean "Breatunnach" gu taingeil ris, gun eadhon uiread sa h-aon *thank you!* "Breatunnach" a thoirt seachad dhuinn! Gu cinnteach, a dh'ionnsuidh a' cheairt rathaid so, bha buannachd nam Breatunnach neo-fhirinneach gar triall. Cha thaitneach leo idir sinn a bhi beachd-smuaineachadh, sa meorachadh, ni mò a bhi cuimhneachadh air eachdraidh ar dùthcha is nan daoine o'n d'thàinig sinn, do bhrìgh nach robh iad tur sochrach anns an inntinn mu thimchioll na dòighe anns an deachaidh mealladh oirnn. Bha iad daonnan air am bagairt is air an cur fo iomagain le cunnart àraidh—cìod a b'urrainn iad a dheanamh chum làmh an uachdar chumail oirnn ma dhuisgeas sinn a suas gun fhios doibh? Nam b'urrainn iad di-chuimhneachadh a teagasg dhuinn agus a leigeil oirnn gu bràth, bhiodh iad sochrach gu leòir 'nan inntinn. Nam b'urrainn iad a thoirt oirnn ar n-eachdraidh féin a leigeil air di-chuimhne, agus ar càinain féin a chur gu taobh—an sin gun teagamh bhiodh a' chùis mar bu chòir, agus ceart mar a bha ar càirdean "Breatunnach" a' gabhail rithe. Nam b'urrainn iad a thoirt oirnn gu bhi 'nar "Breatunnaich" co-samhuil riu fhéin, agus, a dhèidh no a dh'aindheoin, ar cul a chur ri teanga agus tìr—bhiodh an sin, a' chrìoch aighearrach, shochrach, chiatach do'n ghnothaich air fad. Dh'fhàsadh sinn nar "Breatunnaich" agus dh'fhàsadh na "Breatunnaich" 'nan Sasunnaich. Dé a' chrìoch na's feàrr na sin a's urrainn duinn smuaineachadh? Ach —

Chuala gach uile Ghàidheal ni eigin mu Chumhant ainmeil ud a chaidh a chur air bonn le Naomh

Colum Cille, agus ris an canar “Cumhnant Dhruimceait”. B’ann sa bhliadhna 575 a chaidh a chur air chois, agus b’e aon de na chuspair a’s mo agus a’s feumaile a bh’aige sith is cairdeas blath-chridheach a shuidheachadh gu bràth eadar daoine na h-Alba agus daoine na h-Eirinn. A réir a’ Chumhnaint iomraideach so, cha robh làmh-an-uachdar gu bhi aig an aon dùthaich seach an té eile. Bha càch gu bhi ‘nam muinntir air leth; ach chaidh sparradh gu dian air gach taobh dhiubh leis an Naomh a rinn e iad a bhi fhad sa bhitheadh an saoghal a’ seasamh mar chàirdean is mar fhior chomh-luchd-cuideachaidh do gach aon a chéile. B’e sin, am beagan briathran, Cumhnant Dhruimceait, agus, fad mòran bhliadhnaichean, chum an dà dhream gu dileas is gu dlùth ris. Faodar a ràdh gu’n robh Albainn is Eireann mar aon dùthaich anns na làithean a dh’aom, ged nach robh aon air bith dhiubh air a’ bheag no mhor de dh’eismeil a chéile. Chaidh soirbheachadh air gach taobh is anns a h-uile rathad leis, agus fhad sa bha e aig ar bonn, cha d’fhuair riamh ar nàimhdean-ne a’ bhuannachd a’s lugha asainn—cha d’fhuair iad riamh a’ chuid a’s fèarr oirnn.

Ach, thàinig na droch làithean mu dheireadh, agus thàinig còrr is “tri mallachdan nan Gàidheal” ‘nan lorg. Leis na h-ionnsuidhean a rinn na Lochlannaich air ar cladaichean, chaidh a bhristeadh is a sgapadh car tamuill. Thug na h-Eirionnaich gu cogadh ri gach a chéile, ionnus nach robh sith no socair r’am faotainn air feadh ceitheir roinnean na dùthcha; agus thuit na h-Albannaich, mar an ceudna, air nòsan dona is anabarrach neo-bhuannadail. Rinn ar cuid riaghlad-

airean di-chuimhne air a' Chumhnant, agus air na bh'ann ; agus, an àite a bhi ga chumail a suas mar a dh'aithne Colum Cille dhuinn, chuir iad an cùl ris, agus rinn iad stri mhòr chum crìochan Alba a farsuinn-eachadh sa meudachadh air taobh deas na dùthcha.

An sin, thàinig *Feudalism* a staigh a dh'Albainn, agus, am measg nan nì uile a bha cogadh an aghaidh an t-seann Chumhnaint is dòcha gur e so an nì a bu chumbachdaiche sa bu sgriosaille a bh'ann. Fa dheoidh, leigeadh Druimceat gu buileach air di-chuimhne air feadh a' chuid as mò de'n dùthaich, agus, fo riaghladh nan Stiùbhartach, chaidh Albainn an sàs leis na Fran-gaich. Ach an taobh siar na dùthcha, sheas a mach Tighearnan nan Eileann fad ùine mhòir mar fhir-dhionaidh do'n t-seann Chumhnant, agus chruinnaich na Gàidheil o gach taobh gus an cuideachadh. Da rìreamh, bu fhuilteach is dùrachdach an cogadh a bha eadar Tighearnan nan Eileann agus Rìghrean nan mach-raichean ; ach fa dheoidh thug na Stiùbhartaich buaidh air na Dòmhnallaich, agus chaidh an sgapadh agus an cur fo bhinn le achd na Pàrlamaide. An sin, thuit an càirdeas a bha eadar an dà dhùthaich gu buileach gu l àr. Ghluais uisgeachan na di-chuimhne thairis air, agus dh'fhairtlich air eadhon ainm Dhruimceat e fhéin urachadh, no a h-aon aith-chuimhneachadh a chàramh an cridhe agus an inntinn nan Gàidheal.

Agus is ann mar sin a bha e fad ùine mhòir. Mar a chaidh di-chuimhne air Druimceat is air na seana nithean Gàidhealach, mar sin bha na Stiùbhartaich fhéin air an di-chumhneachadh, agus gach cùis a bha fuaighte rìusan. Lion beag is beag, agus ceum an déigh ceuma, ghoid na "Breutannaich" agus an

teanga choncharra a staigh do thir nam beann ; agus, air dhoibh stiùradh air ar cuid sgoilean fhaotainn, an sin dh'ionnsaich iad gu'n robh ar cànan fèin is ar cleachdainnean gun fhiù, gun stà sam bith duinn fèin agus do neach-eigin eile, mur robh iad buileach docharach ; agus gur h-ann mar a's luaithe a bha sinn gan cur gu taobh, agus gan leigeadh air di-chuimhne, is ann a's luaithe a bhitheadh sinn a' tighinn air ar n-adhart, agus a' daingneachadh ar sochairean anns an t-saoghal so. Fhuair iad greim air ar cuid cloinne, mar gu'm b'eadh, agus troimh beul luchd-bruidhinn na Beurla, dh'ionnsaich iad iad gu bhi a' deanamh tàire air an cainnt mhàthaireil is dhùthchasach, agus oidheirp a thoirt gu bhi 'nam "Breatunnaich" coltach ri 'n luchd-teagaisg fèin. Ghabh iad làn ghréim air gach cothrom is ana-cothrom a dh'fhaodadh iad a chleachdadh gu ar n-eachdraidh a leigeil air di-chuimhne, agus sinn fèin a tharruing air falbh o gach nì leis am faod sinn cuimhneachadh air na daoine o'n d'fhàinig sinn ; agus o bhi beachd-smuaineachadh annainn fèin cia mar a sheas ar tir is ar teanga anns na làithean a thréig.

Ach, a dh'aoindheoin so uile, cha deachaidh soir-bheachadh leo—cha deachaidh Druimceat buileach air di-chuimhne, ged is mòr an tàir is an dearmad a rinneadh air roimh so ; agus tha sinn a' gabhail de dhànadas a ràdh nach deach idir fathast. Nì mò a tha sinn dol ar cùl a chur ris ar cànan aosda bhlasda fèin, agus, chum toil-inntinn a chur air na "Breatunnaich" an Sasunn, gu bhi mar luchd-brathaidh a thaobh ar cleachdeannan dùthchasach is teagasg nan laoch o'n d'fhàinig sinn. Chan 'eil a'mhian oirnn,

mar an ceudna, gu bhi nar “Breatunnaich”. Is sinne fìor Ghàidheil na h-Alba, agus foghnaidh sin aig an àm. Is anabarrach taitneach is buannachdach leinn, cuideachd, ar n-eachdraidh féin a rannsachadh, agus a bhi ga leughadh sa mèdhrachadh oirre a h-uile là; agus tha sinn trang ga cur anns gach sgoil air feadh na dùthcha gu léir. Is taitneach leinn, mar an ceudna, a bhi sealltuinn air Gàidheil na h-Alba is na h-Eirinn mar mhuinntir air leth: chan ’eil sinn deas ar còir-bhreith a reic airson cuid nam “Breatunnaich”. Ged is trom, fada, an sùain a chaidil sinn, gidheadh, tha’n t-àm dùisgidh a ris dlùth oirnn: togaidh a’ Ghàidhlig a guth binn air àrd a ris; agus bithidh ughdarras is cumhachd, sòlas is soirbheachadh, aig ar cinneach fathast aon uair eile. Cuiridh sinn air bonn a ris an seann chàirdeas a chaidh a chur air chois eadar Albainn is Eireann anns na làithean a ghabh seachad. Is bràithrean Gàidheal na h-Alba is Gàidheal na h-Eirinn: is sinne, da rireamh, ’nar n-aon dream. Mar sin, bu chòir gu’m biodh làn eòlas is càirdeas blàth-chridheach eadarunn. Seasamaid a mach air an t-aon stéidh. Nach i buannachd Alba mar bhuannachd na h-Eirinn, mar a thubhairt Naomh Colum Cille e fhéin? Ma dh’fhàsas sinn mar aon a ris, anns an dòigh sin, anns a’ mhòdh ud, agus anns an t-seadh sin a dh’aithne Colum Cille dhuinn; gu dearbh, soirbhichidh sinn gu pailt; fàsaidh sinn a suas nar cinnich mar “bhlath nan raointean”; sgaoilidh ar n-ìomradh air feadh an t-saoghail gu léir aon uair eile; agus cha toir geatachan nam “Breatunnaich” buaidh oirnn gu bràth.

FORMER GAELIC MOVEMENTS

II.

THE death of Alexander III.—the last of the royal Gaels of Scotland—left the country in a particularly dangerous situation. “Woe to the kingdom whose King is a child!” says the ancient saw; but in addition to a minority, which she could ill afford at that conjuncture, Scotland was threatened by another danger quite as formidable and imminent. The fact is that the two hundred years of feudal rule, tempered and moderated as they were by “Scottish service,” had not sufficed to unite the discordant racial elements constituting Alba. David saw the weaknesses of the Gaelic system, the divisions and want of homogeneity produced by the tribal status; and he determined to correct them by feudalism. His aim evidently was a strong central government with a southward—not necessarily an Anglicising—tendency; and so far as it designed the “greatest good of the largest number,” that project and ambition must command our admiration and respect. David’s fault, however, was that (1) he attempted too much, that he leaned too much on Norman and Saxon spears; and (2) that he underrated the resisting power of the racial elements with which he had to deal. The Gaels were a stubborn lot, passionately attached to their native method of ruling, and prepared to venture all in its behalf. On the other hand, the Saxons of the Lothians were no less stubborn, and probably not less attached to their peculiar customs. At all events, considerable diffi-

culty was experienced by the sovereigns of the House of Malcolm III., not in amalgamating these rival and mutually antagonistic elements, but in inducing them to subscribe to the same form of government. David's policy—and that of his successors on the throne of Alba, for in this matter he clearly called the tune to which his descendants danced—was evidently to irritate the Gaels as little as possible—hence the retention of “Scottish service” alongside purely feudal and foreign institutions—whilst advancing along the path of feudalism to absolute power (its logical and inevitable consequence), with the concurrence and assistance of his Norman and Saxon supporters. David's policy, however, was only partially successful. In the first place, as I have already said, it attempted too much; and in the second, its success depended upon its transmission to successors equally competent with himself, and possessing those racial claims to the allegiance of rival races which were so conspicuously united in his own person. Obviously, David could not postulate the continuance of so unique a state of affairs; and when his line failed, as it practically did fail—for about the poor little “Maid” we know next to nothing—in the person and at the death of Alexander III., all the inherent and acquired weaknesses and defects of his policy became immediately glaringly apparent. If David had received a Gaelic, instead of a Norman education, and had been a man a little wiser than he actually was, he would not have attempted the impossible by seeking to engulf the Gaelic element in the Saxon and the Norman lump. Instead of trying to feudalise

Scotland ; to level up, or rather down, his Gaels to the Norman tyranny and the Saxon barbarity of England, he should have endeavoured to correct what was wanting and amiss in the purely Gaelic or Scottish system by introducing it to that which was noblest and sanest and strongest in the feudal. But, unfortunately for his county and race, David was a feudal "whole-hogger"; and his apparent moderation and conservatism in respect of the "reforms" which he introduced sprang, not from love or appreciation of the Gaelic element in his oddly constructed kingdom, but from policy. He feared his Gaels, not from a want of personal courage, of course, for David and his successors were all as brave as lions, but on account of what they might do to him and his, if thoroughly roused.

It has already been pointed out in this magazine that the reigns of the later Gaelic sovereigns of the House of Atholl brought unprecedented prosperity to Scotland ; and with that verdict no one who is not a dunce or a Unionist will feel disposed to quarrel. Undoubtedly, Scotland enjoyed then such fame and prosperity as she has never since enjoyed ; but it must not be imagined that the consolidating or rather feudalising and centralising policy introduced by David, and continued by his successors, had been completed, or even approximately concluded, by the time the dynasty failed, and the crown was put up to auction. The very reverse, indeed, was the case ; for once the "golden link," which bound the rival and discordant racial elements together, was destroyed, the old hatred, jealousy, and antagonism broke loose.

The comparative harmony which had reigned in Alba for nearly a hundred years incontinently collapsed. Norman and Saxon and Gael sprang at each other's throats; and amidst the strife and confusion which prevailed, Edward of England stepped in, and, at the bidding of the future "Hammer of the Scots," the crown of Alba was put up to auction.

Why did no Gaelic competitor offer when the throne of Scotland went a begging, as it were, at the dictation of an English king? Was it that there was not to be found in all Alba a *Mòrmaer* base enough to hold his crown on the humiliating and dishonourable conditions subsequently imposed upon the wretched Balliol? I wish that I could conscientiously say that I honestly believe that such was the glorious and ever-memorable case. Alas! however, for human nature, and especially for Scottish human nature, on this occasion at all events the native nobility played a shameful and an insignificant part. The Lord of the Isles, and my own ancestor Donald, Mòrmaer of Màrr, skulked in their tents as half-hearted supporters of Bruce *le ceil*; and subsequently swore fealty to the Hammer of the Scots! Mr. Lang, putting himself, as he expresses it, "at the point of view of a Pictish legitimist," is of opinion that "Comyn was the most eligible man". Comyn, however, was not of native race, though of Scottish extraction, and his "claims," before a Gaelic "court of appeal," and in face of a full-blooded Scottish competitor, would have been as chaff before the wind. Moray had fallen; but I have already indicated my reasons for thinking that the claims of the alternative Royal House of Scotland had

passed to the House of Màrr in default of direct male heirs to the Moray princes ; and the Appeal of the Seven " Earls," in behalf of the elder Bruce, together with the curious information it contains, are matters hard to get over. At all events, if Court of Seven " Earls " there were—and of its existence, some time in our story, it seems hardly possible to doubt—they would hardly have elected a Norman to reign over them, even supposing that there was no real heir at hand in either Atholl or Moray, or that each constituent member of the court did not reckon himself a potential heir to the crown in the peculiar circumstances in which the country was then placed. Less than two hundred years later a Gaelic claimant to the throne would certainly have been forthcoming in the person of MacDonald of the Isles. Why, then, did not the MacDonald of that day offer? Was he too honourably proud to accept the crown from the King of England, or, realising his incapacity to offer effective battle in behalf of the rights and liberties of his country, had he withdrawn himself entirely from this odious and dishonourable traffic, obliged, though not content, to be a disgusted, though powerless, spectator of his country's humiliation? By taking the side of the elder Bruce, and especially by swearing fealty to Edward, MacDonald conclusively proved that he was neither the one nor the other. He was a poltroon, and a traitor to his country, like my ancestor Màrr ; and the reason why he did not offer was either that he "funked" it, or that he was aware of the superior claims of Màrr as representative of the House of Moray—perhaps both. In the Memorial of the Seven " Earls "

there is a statement, probably by Màrr, which requires very little "reading between the lines" to enable the reader to determine the condition of the Mòrmaer's own mind in regard to the matter in dispute. By claiming *the right of blood* to speak in behalf of Moray, Màrr showed as plainly, probably, as he dared, what he would be at, supposing his rivals were a little less numerous and strong, and given a little more backbone to his own character. For him, however, as for MacDonald and the rest of the Scottish (native) nobility, the tide which might have made their fortunes and that of Scotland flowed and ebbed, leaving nothing but indecision, want of conduct, pusillanimity and treachery—dead-sea fruit—behind it. The occasion, which, in honest and capable hands, might have sufficed to restore a throne and country to freedom and riches, was suffered to come and to go, not only not even temporarily and partially improved, but absolutely untouched. At critical periods of our country's story, it, later, became the fashion for the "Scottish" nobility—a mongrel collection truly—signally to fail it; but at a time when the Gaelic nobility were yet a power in the land, and Scottish chivalry had not yet gone down before Saxon and Norman vulgarity and innovation, it is indeed humiliating to find men of gentle Scottish blood not only doing nothing to safeguard the threatened liberties of their country, but actually acting as *ex-officio* court pimps and serving-men to the foreign claimants to their country's crown and throne.

The great war of national independence evoked no organised and unanimous movement on the part

of the Gaelic nobles, who took sides in it like mere Saxons and Normans,¹ though it called forth a fine display of disinterested patriotism on the part of the clergy and the "commons". The priests and the "common people," indeed, saved the country; for whilst the nobles, Scottish as well as foreign, were playing the traitor or the poltroon—not infrequently both—the Scottish clergy and the *plebs* were shouldering their pikes, and laying down their lives, in behalf of the darling liberties of their country. The clergy comprised the only educated class in the Scotland of that time, so it is not surprising to find them taking the field against England, and drawing, by sheer force of superior example, the commons and the less ignorant of the upper classes after them. "The resistance to England was essentially a popular and clerical movement," says Lang. "The prelates had a definite interest in maintaining the independence of the Scottish Church. The commons, we may be sure, had no more love of Norman masters, or of cruel English laws." The same author observes in another part of his work, "the clergy saved Scotland's freedom. . . . Without them, Bruce must have warred in vain. Scottish independence was, in part, the gift of 'Baal's shaven sort,' Knox's 'fiends' (friars) and 'bloudie bishops'. Times were to alter, creeds were to change; but we must not forget these unequalled services of the churchmen to the national cause." God grant that when the time comes again, the Catholic clergy of Scotland may be found as ready and as resourceful

¹ See Appendix to Lang's *History of Scotland*, "The Celts in the War of Independence," vol. i., p. 495.

as were their predecessors, whose undying honour is thus honourably enshrined by the latest historian of Scotland !

The tide of time and war rolled on, and on the field of Bannockburn the question of Scottish independence was settled for ever. To the Gaels of Scotland the successful issue of that ever-memorable conflict—"one of the decisive battles of the world," as Mr. Lang truly observes—was, happily, largely due. The Scottish Gael formed a large and important element in Bruce's army ; and the fact that the king commanded it in person is sufficient testimony alike to its martial prowess as to its numerical preponderance. Though Bruce could boast of little Gaelic blood, his predilection for his Gaelic subjects—the result, probably, of many true and trusted friendships formed with Gaels, and of his protracted and hazardous wanderings, as fugitive and adventurer, throughout the Gàidhealtachd—was strong and marked throughout his reign. Towards the close of his life, he evinced a marked preference for the west of Scotland as opposed to the east, establishing his court at Cardross on the Clyde, and, when not engaged in State affairs, seeking amusement and relaxation after the time-honoured manner of the native Scottish gentleman. His hand lay heaviest upon his Norman nobles, whose frequent perfidy and treachery when Scotland and he were most in need of their assistance, he neither forgot nor ever forgave. Indeed, no small part of his immediate successors' many troubles was due to the fines and sequestrations levied on his faithless feudal nobility by the immortal Robert

Bruce. Though, as I have said, the victor of Bannockburn and the preserver of Scotland could boast of but little Gaelic blood in his veins, yet his life and work will always be held in grateful and affectionate remembrance by the Gaels of Scotland. To have fought and won Bannockburn was not only to have erected to himself—

“ . . . monimentum aere perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum,”

but also to have won the love and gratitude, the abiding esteem and veneration of countless thousands to all posterity. *Fois is tàmh d’a anam !*

With the accession of the Stuart sovereigns to the throne of Alba, Gaelic policy seems to have undergone a marked and vital change. After Moray, and failing the Màrr rulers, the representation of the national policy passed to the Lords of the Isles, who, however, did not at first greatly exert themselves as native protagonists. The bosom friend of King Robert the Bruce, and his principal mainstay and supporter, was, indeed, MacDonald of the Isles, who remained “loyal” to the king throughout the latter’s life. Even when Bruce died, and to the Hammer of the English succeeded the weak and vacillating David II., whose reign Mr. Lang describes as “involving his country in every conceivable kind of trouble and disgrace,” Gaelic policy did not greatly change. When, however, the male line of Robert I. gave out, and to the descendant of the Bruce there succeeded,

in right of female descent, the offspring of yet another Norman adventurer into Scotland, the latent antagonism between the rival races inhabiting Alba again broke out ; and there began that series of wars and little wars between the western princes and the eastern kings which finally culminated in the defeat and attainder of the former.

It is in vain, however, that we search the pages of the MacDonald historians for any reference to the "larger policy" underlying the MacDonald resistance to the Stuart kings. That, however, the Lords of the Isles regarded themselves as the natural successors of the Moray Mòrmaers and, like them, as the champions of the Gaelic race and native Scottish ideas is abundantly proved both by their own repeated professions as "enemies of Scotland"—*i.e.*, Teutonic Scotland—and by the independent footing on which they entered into alliance with English kings against the Stuart sovereigns. One would require to be, say, an Edinburgh attorney or a "loyal Gael"—such as those usually depressing institutions called Clan Societies abound in—to feel the slightest surprise or compunction at these historical proceedings, so natural, indeed inevitable, in those who proudly regarded themselves as immeasurably superior to the Norman ex-steward and his bit lowland court. The pity is, of course, that when Donald swept through Moray and Buchan with his gorgeous "tail" at his heels, and gave battle to the pensioned freebooter and titled barbarian, Stuart, at "red Harlaw," he did not wipe the lowland king and his followers out of existence. As it was, the gentle and polished

Donald, the pride and light of Western Europe (as our historians fondly tell us), for mental wealth and worldly riches, returned—his mission of national deliverance and regeneration unaccomplished. So long as the MacDonalds endured, the lowland kings esteemed themselves fortunate if they were able merely to beat time—to hold their own without *skaith* or fear of “Highland” raid and foray. Obsessed with their state master-piece, as they esteemed it, the fatal alliance with feckless France,¹ they saw the country going rapidly to the dogs; but cared not, so long as they could wrest from nobles, clergy, and commons the fatal gift of absolute power. Again and again the Gaelic hosts, under the capable leadership of the Lords of the Isles, were within an ace of avenging Strathcathro, and the feudal leanings of “Norman Davie”. Again and again the lowland kings, from James I. downwards, employed all the resources of feudal and mediæval villainy to rid themselves of their dreaded and detested rivals. Not much, indeed, can be said for these Scottish sovereigns, from the Scottish point of view. Able and accomplished though some of them were, they involved even non-Celtic Scotland in ruin and disaster irretrievable; whilst the effect

¹ The true policy of Scotland was, is, and ever shall be, close alliance with Ireland, as a means to counterbalance the numerical and other preponderance of England. St. Columba, no mean statesman, we may be sure, saw this, and provided (at Drumceat) for a national policy, which, had it been wisely persisted in, would have saved both Scotland and Ireland. David's feudal notions, however, and, later, the absurd French Alliance of the grasping Stuart kings, spoiled all; so that, for want of a little foresight and common sense, the ladder must be climbed again.

of their rule upon those parts of the Gàidhealtachd which were unfortunately exposed to their influence was as a roaring and a ravening blight. Granting that the long and bloody contest between Gael and Teuton, as represented by the Lords of the Isles on the one hand, and, on the other, by the Stuart kings, was inevitable, and that in eventually crushing their adversaries the Scottish kings of the House of Stuart merely acted in self-defence and in obedience to one of the primary laws of nature ; the fact remains that the Stuart sovereigns ruined Scotland ; whilst in suppressing the Lords of the Isles, and in scattering their vast possessions, as it were, to the four winds, they actually paved the way for their own destruction. The clans which, in later years, rallied to their rescue, and, upon many a bloody field, rushed their doomed cause to fruitless victory but to imperishable renown, were but scattered fragments of the mighty hosts that once had been. That mighty power the Stuarts themselves had broken, esteeming themselves fortunate when the last of a noble race expired, and the "Highlands," deprived of the central force which had so long kept rival clans together, fell rapidly to pieces. Ignorance and barbarity succeeded where learning and politeness had formerly flourished ; but the Stuart sovereigns, secure in their eastern citadel, cared not for these changes. That Gael should cut the throat of Gael ; that learning should decline, barbarity reign supreme ; trade grow scarce and riches die away, that strife should succeed where peace had been before, that castles and palaces should stand empty and in ruin, and that the moss should

grow where formerly the feet of bards had trod ; all these seemed to them but natural proceedings—the anticipated result of matchless statesmanship and policy coolly calculated. But Nemesis (never slow to overtake the guilty Stuarts¹), in the shape of treason and rebellion was threatening their House and Crown—even as they rejoiced. The Lords of the Isles had disappeared, and their power, smashed into a thousand atoms, was dissipated ; but with it had gone—although they knew it not—the Stuarts' best friend, the central power which alone could bind the clan-divided Gael. Fortunate, indeed, had it been for the Stuarts had they realised their mistake in time, and, after the suppression of the Lordship of the Isles, instead of deliberately endeavouring to disunite and to barbarise the Gaels, they had laboured to make good the loss which they themselves had inflicted. Their neglect of this precaution cost not only the Stuarts their throne, but the country—a loss much less easy to be borne—its ancient and honourable independence.

R. E.

(To be continued.)

¹ It would not be just, however, to include James IV., of gallant memory, in this general condemnation of a race. This king honestly endeavoured to help the Gaidhealtachd ; and his measures to that end were, on the whole, humane and statesmanlike. None of the other Stuarts, however, seem to have possessed the slightest notion as to even the most elementary meaning of the expression "Scottish policy". Even those Stuarts who profited most by the valour and attachment of the Gael, understood him not at all—if they did not understand him least of all. There is no evidence to show that Prince Charles was any better informed than his father James VIII.—an admittedly stupid person. The Stuarts and the Bourbons were at least alike in being incapable of learning anything by dint of experience or adversity.

A' BHAN-RIGH NEO-ÉIFEACHDACH

I.

A H-ARACH AGUS A NÀDUR

ANN a bhi dlùthachadh air a' chùis chudthromaich, mhuladaich so, se sin ri ràdh rioghachd Ban-Rìgh Màiri, agus na h-aobharan a thug dith is faillinn is sgrios oirre féin agus air crùn sa a teaghlaich; chan fhaodar àicheadh nach robh i tur mi-fhortanach o'n tòiseach, agus nach do dhiteadh ise air lorg a deanadais féin; anns na daoine a bha mu'n cuairt di fad a beatha; san linn san robh i beò; agus anns an dòigh san d'fhuair i a h-arach an àm a h-òige. Tha na ceithir nithean so ga diteadh gu buileach. Ach is dòcha gur h-ann do bhrìgh gu'n robh easbhuidh mhòr banalais air a' Bhan-Rìgh mhi-fhortanaich so a thaobh a nàduir is a h-inntinn féin is gu'n robh i cho neo-eifeachdach is cho neo-shoirbheasach sa bha i fad a saoghail.

Bha Màiri air a breith aig àm anabarrach buair-easach, trioblaideach, agus nuair a bha an dùthaich air a bagairt an dòigh air nach d'thugadh riamh bàrr an eachdraidh ùtagaich na h-Alba. Faodar a ràdh le mòr fhirinn gu'n robh i 'na leanabh mi-fhortanach, mi-shona eadhon bho ùair a breith, agus gu'n do dh'fhàs i gu bhi 'na cuspair do dhaoine aingidh, aimhreiteach is anabarrach féineil nuair a bha i fathast anns a' chreathall.

Nuair nach robh a' Bhan-Rìgh òg ach 'na leanabh beag, chuireadh air falbh i do'n Fhraing, a chionn nach robh a rioghachd féin soirbh is sìochail gu leòir

di airson a h-àrach. Nach ann an so a th'againn aon de na h-aobharan a's motha, a's muladaiche, agus a's cudthromaiche a's urrainn sinn fhaotainn airson failuing is sgrios Ban-Rìgh Màiri? Leanabh beag air a spionadh air falbh gu garg o ghàirdeanan a ban-altruim, agus air a cur air falbh do dhùthaich choigreach comhla ri coigrich. Cha robh màthair aice¹: cha robh athair aice. Is beag nach robh Màiri 'na paisd mi-shona chuillbheartach, "air a breith aig àm mi-fhreagarrach," mar gu'm b'eadh; sean roimh àm a h-òige, is air a dìteadh gu bhi 'na ceann-aobhar farmaid is comh-stri mu'n gann gu'n robh i bhàrr na cìche!

B'ann air an dàra là de'n Lùnasdail sa bhliadhna 1548 a ràinig Ban-Rìgh Màiri an Fhraing, agus aig an àm bha i mu shia bliadhna a dh'aois. Is beag a's aithne dhuinn de roimh-eachdraidh Ban-Rìgh òg na h-Alba. Fhuair i fàsadh is àrach aig Cùirt an dàra Rìgh Eanruig; agus mar tha Mr. Lang ag ràdh "tha fios aig a h-uile neach dé seòrsa Cùirt a bh'ann an so"² Fhuair i Diana de Poitiers mar charaid di; agus nochd Cairine de Medici, Ban-Rìgh na Frainge, mòran caoimhneis is aoidheachd do'n fhògarach rioghail òg. Mu'n robh i ach dùsan bliadhna a dh'aois, chaidh a cur do Mhanachainn a los gu'm faigheadh i foghlum a bha freagarrach d'a h-inbhe, agus do'n chreideamh anns an robh i air a breith. Ghabh brathair a mathar anabarr curaim dhi, mar an ceudna, agus chuir e fo

¹ Se sin ri ràdh cha d'fhuair Màiri a h-àrach fo shùil a mathar. Air dhi Albainn fhàgail, cha d'thug i sùil riamh air Màiri Ghuise, fhad sa bu bheò i.

² *History of Scotland*, II. Leabhar, 40 t.

dheadh fhir-theagaisg i, agus leis an deachaidh a h-àrach an dòigh a bha buileach freagarrach d'a gnè agus d'a h-inbhe uasail àird mar Bhan-Rìgh na h-Alba. A dh'aon fhocal, chaidh a h-àrach air adhart gu sunndach anns gach nì feumail is eireachdail. Bha na's motha na sia cànanain air an teasgag dhi le a cuid maighsteirean—is e sin ri ràdh, an Laideann, a' Ghreugaisg, an Fhraingis, a' chànanain Eadailteach, cainnt na Spàinne, agus a' Bheurla ; ach mo thruaighe ! cha d'fhuair i a' bheag no mhòr de ionnsachaidh, a réir coltais, air a' Ghàidhlig—cànanain bhlasda, ghrinn, nam beann is nan gleann. Dh'fhàs i gu bhi 'na deadh bhàrd Frangach co-dhiù ; agus sgaoil a h-iomradh mar sheanachaidh is mar bhoirinneach geur-labhairteach air feadh Chùirtean na Roinn Eòrpa. Bha i anabarrach eòlach is teòma air ceòl is air dannsa, agus mar bhoirinneach-deanadach an obair ghreis nach robh a leithid furasda ri fhaighinn. Bha i anabarrach eireachdail 'na pearsa, agus ciatach is bàigheil thar choimeas am modh. Cha d'fhuair duine sam bith riamh diomb no aobhar gràin innte, ach am bleidire, mimhodhail ud Iain Knox a sgriobh mu dheidhinn na Ban-Rìgh òig eadhon aig àm cho tràth sin mar so. “ The Cardinal of Lorane gat her in his keeping, a morsel I assure you meet for his own mouth.”¹

Ach ged a bha a' Bhan-Rìgh òg a' cinntinn is a' meudachadh agus a' fàs na's eòlaiche, na's làidire, na's treuna agus na's ainmeile mar a bha na làithean a' ruith seachad oirre, gidheadh chan fhaodar àicheadh nach robh i air a cuairteachadh le daoine is nithean

¹ *Knox*, i., 219.

car dochaireach is coirbte annta féin. Cha robh a' Chùirt Fhrangach 'na ionad freagarrach is fallain—ged a bha i 'na Cùirt na's àrd-mhodhaile agus na's uaisle a bha r'a faotainn air uachdar an t-saoghail gu léir aig an àm ud—do'n Bhan-Righ òig; ni mo a bha i mar bu choir dhi airson àrach neach a bha cho so-dhruigh-treach, agus cho simplidh 'na h-inntinn sa bha Màiri na h-Alba.

Gidheadh, ghabh Righ Eanruig e fhéin os làimh seòladh air foghlum follaiseach na Ban-Righ òig, agus thagh e luchd-teagaisg di a chaidh a roghnachadh à measg a Mhinisteirean fhéin, agus a bha ainmeil air feadh tir-mòr na Roinn Eòrpa airson an eòlais is na sgil a bh'aca anns gach cùis dhùthasach na Frainge.

Mar so, chaidh a h-àrach air adhart gu clis; ach, mar bu nàdurra, se maith is teachd-air-adhart na Frainge a mhàin a bha aig Righ Eanruig agus a Mhinisteirean mar chuspair seach maith is teachd-air-adhart na h-Alba. Bha an Righ e fhéin 'na dhuine tapaidh is tionnsgalach gu leòir, agus anabarrach cuilbheartach 'na rùintean airson teachd-air-adhart saoghaltach agus cumail a suas na rioghachd aige. Agus dìreach mar sin bha feadhainn a thug cobhair dha anns a' chùis. Gu cinnteach, is iomadh dearbhadh soilleir, mulladach a tha ri'm faotainn an eachdraidh air féinealachd, cuilbheartachd, is ceilg Righ na Frainge agus a luchd-leanmhuinn. Is e so an rùn no'n cuspair as mò a bh'aca, an Spàinn, comhla ri Sasunn, a dh'isleachadh agus a chumail fo'n cois mar a's fearr a dh'fhaodadh iad, agus ged a bha Righ na Spàinne 'na riaghladair Caitliceach, cha robh spéis

no curam sam bith aig Eanruig ri sin, agus sin aig àm nuair a bha'n Eaglais Chaitliceach a' dol air dhith an iomadh àite air feadh tir-mòr na Roinn Eòrpa.¹ B'e duine meagh-bhlàth, neo-dhealasach, a bh'ann Eanruig a thaobh cor a' chreidimh Chaitlicich chan ann a mhàin an Albainn ach eadhon anns an Fhraing i féin; agus mar tha'n t-Athair Pollen ag ràdh b'e an rùn-san, "to endeavour to cloak a policy of compromise with the appearance of being 'thorough'."² Anns a' bhliadhna 1548, chuir an Rìgh Frangach duine d'am b'ainm Melville a dh'ionnsaidh Alba, agus comhla ris, cumhachan air an do chuir e fhéin comh-chainnt ris na flàithean Prostanach. Thubhairt an Rìgh Frangach tre bheul an tosgair Albannaich, "Gif it be only Religion that moves them, we mon commit Scottis men's sauls unto God, for we have enough ado to reull the consciences of our awen contre men. . . ."³ Is e so beachd an Athar Pollen mu'n ghnòthach. "When we remember that this message was sent surreptitiously, by a messenger of dubious loyalty, to men who were the inflexible enemies of his faith, we can hardly believe Henry's professions that he was waging the war of religion with deep religious earnestness. Our doubts are not diminished when we find him sending fresh temporising messages to Scotland through Bethancourt at the very moment he was loudest in his protestations to the Pope."⁴

¹ Airson iomadh dearbhadh sònruichte is cudthromach air so fhaotainn, rannsachaibh *Relations Politiques de la France et de l'Espagne avec l'Ecosse au xvi^e Siècle*, le M. Teulet.

² *Papal Negotiations*. Scottish Hist. Soc. Roimh-ràdh, 32 t.

³ *Ibid.*, t. 32, 33.

⁴ *Ibid.*

Annas a' bhliadhna, 1295, chaidh Cumhnant a dheanamh sa chur air bonn eadar Albainn is an Fhraing. B'e Philip le Bel agus Iain Balliol a chur an làmh ris an tòiseach, agus an ceann bliadhna an déigh sin, dh'éirich Balliol an aghaidh nan Sasunnach gus am fuadhach a mach à Albainn. Mar so, thois-each an cairdeas làidir ud eadar an dà dhùthaich, agus a lean fad mòran bhliadhnaichean an déigh sin. Fhad is a mhair e, faodar a ràdh gu'n robh e 'na mhathair-aobhair de thrioblaid is de dhorran thar chunntas do chach a chéile.¹ Tha'n t-Ollamh Hume Brown ag ràdh gu'n robh e tur mi-fhortanach eadhon bho thòiseach;² agus ged a tha feadhainn eile ga mholadh, gidheadh is ann mar sheòrsa de mhi-mheas agus de mhi-chliù a tha sin a' tighinn a mach uatha.³ Is cinnteach gu'n robh e 'na aobhar dith is calla do Albainn air fad. Rinn na Frangaich a' chuid a's mò agus a's fearr dheth co-dhiù. Nuair a chaidh sith a dheanamh eadar an Fhraing is Sasunn sa bhliadhna 1303, leig Philip dheth Alba, agus rinn e cairdeas ri Sasunn gun ghuth a thaobh maith is socair na dùthcha so, no eadhon cead ar riaghladairean fhaotainn gu sin a dheanamh. Air an làimh eile, aig Beaugé, Crevant, Verneuil, agus air iomadh blàr ainmeil eile, fhuair na

¹ Gu làn fhios fhaotainn air a' Chumhnant so rannsachaibh na leabhraichean a leanas. *The Scot Abroad*, le Hill Burton; *Marie Stuart et Catherine de Medicis*, le M. Chesnel; *Les Eccosais en France et les Français en Ecosse*, le M. Michel.

² *History of Scotland*, t. 25.

³ "The Scottish people profited in many ways through intercourse with the superior civilisation of France, but whether the State, as such, was a gainer by its alliance with that country is extremely doubtful" (*Politics and Religion*, le W. L. Matheson).

Frangaich a' chuid a b'fhearr de'n nàimhdean do bhrìgh gu'n robh iad air an cuideachadh gu mòr leis na h-Albannaich a bha gan leantuinn mar shaighdearan. Ach, cha robh a' chuid a's miosa de'n ghnòthach an so. Thàinig Albainn gu bhi 'na seirbheiseach do'n Fhraing, agus gu bhi 'na h-eisimeil an rathad nach robh idir cliùiteach. Tha e air a chur as leth Riaghladair Ghùise gu'n do chuir i suarach na flàithean Albannach, agus gu'n do riaghail i an dùthaich air sgath a cuid Frangaich, agus troimh am meadhon-sa a mhàin.¹ Is cinnteach, mar an ceudna, gu'n do chuir Ban-Rìgh Màiri a làmh ri Cumhnant diomhair a chaidh a chur air bonn eadar i féin agus Rìgh na Frainge, agus leis an deachaidh saorsa na dùthcha aice a thoirt air falbh; agus ged a tha e fìor nach robh i ach 'na nighean òg is car neo-chleachdta aig an àm sin, gidheadh chi sinn le so gu'n robh i an droch làmhan cheana, agus gu'n do chuir i buannachd na Frainge roimh buannachd a dùthcha féin, agus gu'n do chuir i an gràdh-dùthcha a bu choir a bhi aice as àite le foill a fìr-seòlaidh, agus sin uile aig àm cho anabarrach tràth dheth a beatha. Is dòcha gu dearbh, nach robh fìor ghràdh-dùthcha riamh aig Màiri, mar tha mòran sgrìobhadairean a' creidsinn;² agus faodar a ràdh, co-dhiù is ann mar so a bha e no nach b'ann, gu'n d'fhuair i a h-àrach an sgoil anabarrach carach, agus gu'n d'fhàs i suas gu boirionnachd air a cuairteachadh le daoine is mnàthan buileach carach, is cuilbheartach.

¹ *Eachdraidh na h-Alba*, leis an Easbuig Leslie.

² "For her own freedom of will and way, of passion and of action, she cared much; for her creed she cared something; for her country she cared less than nothing" (Swinburne, *Miscellanies*).

Is ann am Màiri, gu dearbh, bha gach ni a bha air fhilleadh a staigh is air thoinneadh anns a' Chumhnant eadar Albainn is an Fhraing a' co-sheasamh, agus a' tarruing gu aona-cheann, mar gu'm b'eadh. An Cumhnant eadar Albainn is an Fhraing, b'e sin, gu fìor, Ban-Rìgh Màiri i féin. Bha gach coire is failuing, gach easbhuidh is dìth, gach buannachd is oirdhearcas a bha ri fhaicinn anns a' Chumhnant so air an samhlauchadh, mar gu'm b'eadh, am pearsa eireachdail ach buaireasach na Ban-Rìgh mhi-fhortanaich so. Tha e air a ràdh gu'n d'thubhairt a h-athair, Rìgh Seumas, nuair a bha e an spàirn a' bhàis gu'n d'thàinig "e"—se sin ri ràdh an crùn aige—comhla ri nighinn, agus, ars e, "falbhaibh e comhla ri nighinn". Gu dearbh, cha robh sinn buileach ceart a thaobh a theaghlach fhéin; ach faodaidh sinn a ràdh le fìrinn mur d'thàinig an Cumhnant eadar an Fhraing is Albainn gus an dùthaich so "comhla ri nighean," gu'n deachaidh e air falbh gu bràth comhla ri nighinn. B'e Ban-Rìgh Màiri a thug sgrios is fuasgladh air a' Bhann so.

B'ann air stéidhean a bha aig bonn a' Chumhnaint eadar Albainn is an Fhraing a chaidh stiùradh air ionnsachadh follaiseach na Ban-Rìgh Màiri; agus nuair a bheachdaicheas sinn gu'n d'fhuir i a h-àrach chan ann an Albainn ach anns an Fhraing, cha ruig sinn a leas ioghnadh a ghabhail gu'n robh còir dhe'n Fhrangach innte na de'n Albannach. Fad mòran bhliadhnaichean roimh so, chaidh cùisean follaiseach na h-Alba a stiùradh ceart mar a bha na riaghladair-ean, agus mar a bha na Rìghrean Albannach (aig an robh am beachdan is an inntinnean ni bu mhò air

taobh nam Frangach na bha iad leis na h-Albannaich) ann a bhi gabhail ri gnothaichean na dùthcha. Agus mais ann mar sin a bha e a thaobh nan righrean Albannach, a fhuair an àrach san dùthaich againn agus a dh'fhoghlumadh leo-san a bha beachdachadh oirnn féin mar fhior Albannaich, cia mar is urrainn dùil a bhi againn gu'n tigeadh a' Bhan-Righ òg, a fhuair a h-àrach anns an Fhraing agus le feadhainn a chaidh a roghnachadh airson sin leis an Righ Fhrangach; a bha 'na h-ainnir neo-chleachdta, gun athair, gun mhathair, agus aig nach robh eòlas air cùisean is air gnothaichean a dùthcha, saor o sin air an robh an Righ Frangach agus a chuid Ministearan làn thoilichte gu'm biodh mion-eòlas aice—cia mar is urrainn, tha mi ag ràdh, gu'n tigeadh leithid sin a neach as a' chruaidh-chàs anns an robh i an lorg an droch àrach a fhuair i, na mearachdan is faillinnean a sinnsearan, agus an lorg tubaistean is mi-riaghailt a dùthcha? Gu dearbh, cha b'urrainn gu'n tigeadh. Dh'fhàs Màiri gu bhi 'na creich fosgailte do sgrios, agus mar tha mi dol a dhearbhadh, cha d'fhuair i féin no iadsan a bha 'na h-eismeil cuideachd sam bith as an nàdur no am beachd a bh'aice.

Tha iomadh aon a dol an aghaidh na Ban-Righ Albannaich, agus tha iomadh neach eile ga dionadh an doigh ceart cho ro dhianach; ach is e mo bharail fhéin gur ann eadar an dà bheachd so a gheibh sinn an fhirinn air a' chùis. Cha robh Màiri mi-nàdurach, 'na culaidh-uamhais, no 'na culaidh-oillt, mar a bha cuid gu neo-reusonta cur as a leth; ni mo is urrainn-ear a chreidsinn gu'n robh i 'na Ban-Naomh is na culaidh-thruais neo-chiontach mar bu mhiann le

feadhainn eile a bhi ag amharc oirre. Air dhi Bothwell a phòsadh, thubhairt am Pàp do neach-eigin agus esan fo dhiomb is chomh-olc nach robh e fhéin saoilinn a' bheag dheth, "ciod a bh'innte ach boirinneach?" Agus anns na briathraibh so theagamh, gu'm faigh sinn làn mhineachadh is soilleireachadh air gach faoineachd is cionta a rinn i fhad sa bha i air cathair-rioghail na h-Alba.

Bha i cràbhach gu leòir 'na nàdur is 'na h-inntinn; ach is dòcha nach robh i idir air a bacadh, no air a cur fo fhiachaibh, mar gu'm b'eadh aona chuid le a creideamh, no le a cuid dleasanasan mar cheann is riaghladair na dùthcha. Dh'fhàs i gu bhi 'na ban-laoch mu dheireadh, eadhon 'na mairtearach a réir barail cuid; ach ma's fìor mo bheachd, cha b'ann le a toil no a miann féin a thachair sin dhi, ach airson aobharan is gnothaichean nach gabhadh seachnadh. "She was not perfect, as the sequel will show all too clearly; but she was never gratuitously irreligious. Though in her religious policy she may sometimes have been inconsistent, sometimes have compromised, sometimes have been regardless of forms which she should have observed; yet we always find her preferring the course which her religion sanctioned, *when she could take it without danger or serious inconvenience.*"¹ Neach air bith aig nach 'eil comas no toil a chreideamh fhéin a dhionadh sa sheasamh ach aig àm nuair is urrainnear sin a dheanamh gun chunnart, gun dragh da fhéin, gu dearbh is duine "air beag creideamh" esan, gun fhiù, is buileach neo-bhunait-each, luaineach, mar an ceudna.

¹ *Papal Negotiations.* Roimh-ràdh, t. 92.

Ged a bha Màiri 'na culaidh-graidh an iomadh rathaid, bàigheil, teò-chridheach, fiughantach is fialaidh na h-inntinn is 'na deanadais, gidheadh faodar a ràdh gu'n robh i air a diteadh, is air a toirt gu sgrios troimh dhà ni cudthromach, mi-fhortanach a bha an taobh a staigh dhi féin. Is iad sin, an droch àrach a fhuair i san Fhraing, agus a nàdur féin, gu h-àraidh a neo-chomas air làmh-an-uachdar fhaotainn air a h-ana-miannan féin. Sgrìobh an t-Athair Hay gus an Roimhe an déigh dhi Bothwell a phòsadh, "cha robh e idir comasach di làmh-an-uachdar fhaotainn air a' ghaol a thug i gu neo-laghail do Iarla Bhothwell." Agus tha e leantuinn, "Se mo bheachd nach bu choir Tosgair no teachdaire a chur d'a h-ionnsuidh do bhrìgh a deanadais féin, a tha cho mi-onorach do Dhia is di féin. Am bitheantas, chan 'eil a comasach earbsa a chur annta-san a dh'fhàs 'nan tràillean do'n ana-miannan féin." "She had as little patriotism as Knox (their Mr. Swinburne),¹ and she was as far from being a devoted Catholic as Knox was a Protestant."

Ach, cha b'iad na Prostanaich a mhàin a tha faighinn coire do Mhàiri anns an dòigh so. Chuir an luaineachd agus an neo-chomas a bh'aice air làmh-an-uachdar fhaotainn air a h-ana-miannan féin deisinn is an-tlachd anabarrach mòr, mar an ceudna, air a' Phàp fhéin. Is ann mar so a tha an t-Athair Hay, C.I., a' toirt soilleireachaidh air a' chùis, agus e sgrìobhadh o'n Roimhe mu thimchiol Màiri mu àm a pòsaidh ri Bothwell. "Cha d'rinn am Pàp riamh milleadh no folach air neach, no mu ni, air bith gus an so, agus cha b'aill leis idir sin a dheanamh

¹ *Miscellanies*, t. 136.

a nis, gu sònruichte mu ni cho cudthromach ri creideamh Ban-Rìgh na h-Alba. Uime sin, is e an ni a tha mhiann orm gu h-àraidh a ràdh gur e a rùn-san gun chàirdeas a nochdadh do'n Bhan-Rìgh sin mur bi nach d'fhuaras e innte comhraidhean na's fearr agus na's soilleire air a beatha is air a creideamh na b'urrainn da fhaicinn anns na làithean a chaidh seachad."¹

An ioghnadh leinn, mata, nach do ghabh am Pàp rithe, nach do chreid e i, nach d'earb e aiste, agus nach robh e idir toileach a bhi 'na charaid di fad ùine mhòir? Air a beothachadh le nàdur cho luaineach, caochlaid-each agus neo-sheasmhach, agus air a bacadh le àrach cho dona is cho carach, cia mar a b'urrainn dùil a bhi againn gu'm biodh ise 'na Ban-Rìgh mhaith is shochair-each do Albainn, gu h-àraidh aig àm nuair a bha barrachd feum aig ar dùthaich air riaghladair seasmhach, laidir, misneachail, duineil na bha riamh aice anns na làithean a dh'aom?

RUARaidh MAC UILLEIM ARASCain is MHàIRR.

(*R'a leantuin.*)

¹ Is truagh nach do ghabh Màiri an deadh chomhairle a chaidh a thairgsinn dhi leis an Athair Roche Mamerot, a bha 'na Athair-faoisid do'n Bhan-Rìgh an Albainn. Dh'innis e dhi nach bu chòir di a bhi smuaineachadh air Bothwell a phòsadh, "o'n a bha bean aige a cheana"; agus nach bu chòir di, is nach b'urrainn i, sin a dheanamh. Ach, cha do ghabh ise an deadh chomhairle sin. Tha Taddeo Botoni, a bha 'na fhear-ionaid aig Diùc Fherrara an Turin, ag ràdh, "a thaobh cùisean na h-Alba, tha e air a ràdh gu'n d'fhàs a' Bhan-Rìgh ceann-làidir, bras, agus gu'm biodh i na's mìosa na Ban-Rìgh Ealasaid an ceann ùine ghoirid". A réir an Athar Hay; bha Màiri "na peacach". Ged nach 'eil Rogerio Tritonio a' tilgeadh mort Dharmlai oirre, chan 'eil e tairgsinn leth-sgeul air bith dhi, airson Bothwell a phòsadh—"Bodvelliun quem perditte amabat".

THE ARTLESS DODGER

THE Artless Dodger of English political life, whose unskilful endeavours to qualify as an expert appropriator of political "wipes" have long been patent to all the universe, save himself, has at last "tumbled" to the fact that his ruses and legerdemain are common property, and that, in the language of the stage and the police courts, "the game is up". The "passing" of Lord Rosebery is neither an unexpected, nor, probably, a wholly unpremeditated performance. The spasmodic and periodical croakings with which we have been favoured from that quarter were, surely, gravely symptomatic of the approaching end. In his self-constituted capacity of political raven, Lord Rosebery has for years been withdrawing nearer and nearer to the extremity of that rotten and antiquated branch which, with all the depraved taste of the feathered scavenger, he has selected as his political abode. The time must soon come when his perch, worn out by age and disease, will refuse to support any longer its discordant and unsanitary burden. The branch will snap, and the dismal bird, deprived of all powers of flight by long years of inglorious inactivity, will fall headlong and helpless to the ground, from which, like a feathered Humpty Dumpty,

"All the king's horses
And all the king's men,"

even should they be fortified by all the resources of "The Durdans" and the "Liberal League," would be powerless to raise him.

The political career of Lord Rosebery, though not of superabundant interest, or the slightest real importance, is worth briefly analysing, as showing to what a pass Unionism can conduct a Scotsman of good parts, though not of superlative understanding. Its simple secret probably consists in the fact that Lord Rosebery was always a bit of a political snob. He loved political purple and fine linen, and to fare sumptuously every day. Should we consult the teeming pages of *Who's Who*, we would surely find that his "favourite occupation" consisted in writing to *The Times* protesting against the dumping of Radicals in the neighbourhood of his political "Durdans". Ostentatiously assuming the lowest seats in the political synagogues of the times, he lived in daily and hourly expectation of being vociferously bidden to go up higher. His happiest hours were passed when, in company of the late Mr. Gladstone, he rolled through Midlothian in a carriage and six, heralded by outriders, acclaimed of the populace, and resplendent in the reflected glory shed by that illustrious orator.

Nature, it is plain, intended Lord Rosebery for an English Whig; but, failing to produce him at the proper season, was obliged to be content with a belated effort, creating in his person the consolatory and congenital creed of "Liberal Imperialism". His real stage, however, was, as we have hinted, the Revolution of 1688, which he would have joined, first as a supporter of King James, and subsequently as an upholder of the "Great Deliverer," with that inflexible regard for the good of his own interests which was the distinguishing mark of the Whig turned

Patriot-at-any-price. As it was, though born out of due season, he succeeded in attaching to himself a number of political spirits equally untimely with himself, some of whom, unfortunately, remain to this day ; but a few, succumbing to the fate they so frequently inflicted on others, are fallen asleep.¹ The rest of the career of Lord Rosebery is the story of the failure of the " Liberal League ".

In a recent oration, Lord Rosebery took unto himself a metaphor, by virtue of which he appears before the public gaze as a croaking raven on a rotten branch ; but a more just and appropriate simile is that by which he would appear as some uneasy mongrel yapping at the glittering orb which dispels the darkness of the night. That he has not encountered that severity with which such currish disturbers of hard-won repose are usually treated, speaks volumes as well for the forbearance as the contempt of his unwilling listeners. But in any event, by at last, though tardily, recognising his own absolute want of political principle, Lord Rosebery has given the *coup de grâce* alike to the expiring remnants of his own career, as to a particularly discordant and disreputable "auld sang".

¹ Of these are Mr. H. H. Asquith, who represents some God-forsaken constituency in the east of Scotland, an imperial party called Haldane, and a dreary handful of others.

PIOBAIREACHD CHAT-AN-FHRAOICH

Is i so an sgeulachd a dh'innseadh dhomh le Domhnall Mac Mhuirich airfeasgar sàmhraidh mu'n tac so an uiridh. Thachair dhuinn a' bhi còmhla air a' mhonadh dhubh a tha os ceann Ghlinn Ruaidh, agus, an deigh dhuinn earrann mhòr de'n làtha 'chaitheamh an sealg nam fiadh, bha sinn 'nar sìneadh air an fhraoch ghorm-dhearg, a' mealtainn le chéile cuaich de dh'uisge-beatha, agus sinn air ar cuairteachadh leis an toit chùbhraidh a bha ag éiridh suas gu sàmhach o ar ploban.

Bha speis mhòr aig Domhnall dhomh-sa, a thaobh bhuaidhean àraidh a dh'ainmich e (agus mise féin a' deanamh farcluais), do chlobair eile a bha a' cur as a leth cairdeas neo-iomchuidh 'thoirt do "bhalach Sasunnach".

"Balach Sasunnach, 'ne a tha thu ag ràdh, a' dhuine?" ghlaodh Domhnall, 's e 'na fheirg,— "b' fheàrrd thu bhi air t' earalas. Cha Shasunnach idir e—tha e 'na Ghàidheal, agus 'na dhuin-ualas a' bharrachd; oir is ann a tha a mhàthair de Chloinn Raonuill, fine cho gaisgeil sa tha anns an dùthaich. Is deas a tha e leis a' ghunna, cuideachd, agus tha a' Ghàidhlig aige ceart cho math riut féin, mur 'eil ni 's fheàrr, Mhic-an-Toisich."

Agus mar sin, an uair a dh'iarr mi air Domhnall innseadh dhomh ciamar a chaidh am frith-ainm, "Mac Chat-an-Fhraoich" a' chur air le muinntir a' ghlinne, is ann a dh'aontaich e le mòr-thoilinntinn ri m' iarrtas, le bhi ag aithris domh an sgeòil fhiadhaich a leanas :—

B'ann air mo shinnseanair a chaidh an t-ainm “ Cat-an-Fhraoich ” a' chur air thòiseach.

Bha Dughal Mac Mhuirich 'na ghaigseach dreach-mhor, eireachdail, a' seasamh còrr agus sia troidhean an àirde ; agus cho dìreach ri saighead. B'urrainn da làn-damh a' ghiulan air a ghuaillibh thar mullach na Beinne-mòire, agus bha e ceart cho beòthail is cho ealamh agus a bha e làidir ; oir am Blàr na h-Eaglaise-brice, 's e anns a' cheud sreath de Chloinn Mhuirich, is ann a leum e an aghaidh steud-each nàmhaid, agus thug e ceann a' mharcaiche dheth le aon bhuille 'chladheimh.

Thatar ag ràdh gu'n do chliùthaich Cluainidh féin e, air an làtha màireach, an làthair an fheachd uile, agus gu'n d'thubhairt e gu'n robh a leum-san coltach ris an duileum a thug Cuchullainn an Cath-na-Faodhla, an Eirinn, 'o chionn iomadh linn, agus gu'm b'e 'ainm-san, o'n àm sin gu bràth, “ Cat-an-Fhraoich,” air son a ghniomharan fuathasach, gaisgeil anns a' chòmhraig.

A nis, cha robh duine air feadh na Gàidhealtachd a dh'fhaoidteadh a choimeas ri Dughal, an treise, no an luathas. Cha robh duine anns an tìr gu léir a bha cho deas leis a' ghunna, no cho ealamh leis a' chlaidheamh sa bha esan. Ach bha aon ni ann air nach d'fhuair e comas idir, ged a bha e 'ga iarraidh thar gach ni eile—b'e sin cluicheadh na pìoba-mòire—agus bha sud 'na chall ro mhòr dha, mar chi sibh an ceann tiota.

A nis, bha aig Donnachadh Camshron, pìobaire Ghlinn Ruaidh, nighean bhoidheach, òg, d'am b'ainm Mòrag, agus bha sealladh a gnùise ni bu taitniche le Dughal na sealladh sleibh làn fhiadh, no abhainn làn

bhradan, agus mar bu chòir is bu nàdurra, bha ise féin an geall air Dughal. Ach, their iad gu'n do bhòidich a h-athair nach tugadh e a nighean am pòsadh do ghille air bith nach cluicheadh a' phìob-mhòr. Bu chruaidh, reasgach, cheann-làidir an duine an Camshronach, agus air an aobhar sin, cha robh dòchas mòr aig Dughal gu'm faigheadh e còir air Mòraig, oir cha b'urrainn da a' phìob ionnsachadh idir, ged is iomadh uair a bhitheadh e a' toirt oidhirp air. Gidheadh, bu toigh le Donnachadh e, agus bhitheadh am piobaire gu tric a' toirt teagaisg dha, ach cha robh feum 'sam bith ann, mar a thubhairt mi a' cheana. Agus cha'n e gu'n robh Dughal 'na ghille slaodach, trom-cheannach idir. B'ann mar gu'n do chuir cuideigin gisreag dhruidheachd air chum a chumail o'n ionnsachadh:—co-dhiù, dh'fhairtlich a' phìob air.

Uair a bha'n sin, their iad, gu'n deachaidh e thar a' bhealaich do thigh seann bhana-bhuidsich d'am b'ainm Brighide, a bha 'chomhnaidh fàisg air an Loch Dhubh. Rinn ise an "car-deiseal" mu'n cuairt dheth, agus chuir i seunan agus ùbagan air, ach annta-san cha robh feum 'sa chruinne, agus bha a dhòchas a' dol an lughaid gach làtha, oir bha làn fhios aige nach pòsadh Mòrag idir e, gun chead a h-athar. Ach, air an làimh eile, cha mhò a phòsadh i fear eile air an t-saoghal, agus b'i a' chinnnte so an t-aon sòlas a mhàin a bh'aige 'san àm.

A nis, thachair dha, air feasgar àraidh, a' bhi an tigh a' phìobaire, agus bha Donnachadh a' toirt leasain da, mar b'àbhaist. Ach cha'n ann ni b' fheàrr a bha e fàs leis a' phìob, ach ni bu mhiosa, agus

aig an àm cheudna bha Donnachadh a' fàs ni b' fheargaiche na bha e riamh roimhe, gus, mu dheireadh, an robh e a' stalcadh 'na chorruich air ùrlar an t-seòmair. Se duine mòr a bh'ann, le falt us fiasagan glé ruadh, agus bha a nàdur co-fhreagarrach,—is e sin ri ràdh, bha e gu math teth! Gu h-obann, ruith e air Dughal, ghlac e uaith a' phìob, agus thilg e gu garg air an ùrlar i. B'e an t-ioghnadh nach do stailc e oirre cuideachd.

“Amadain!” ghlaodh e; “Amadain!”

Dh'eirich Dughal gu mall, a' dearcadh air Donnachadh gu geur eadar a dhà shùil.

“A' Chamshronaich!” deir e, agus b'ann le guth glé chiùn a labhair e,—“Is dubh an tàmailt a chuir thu orm an diugh 'nad thigh féin, agus, creid mise, mur b'e Mòrag, is ann le fuil do chridhe a phaigheadh tu air, an diugh fhéin! Cha b'ann gun aobhar a chan iad rium 'Cat-an-Fhraoich,' agus tha mi nise a' feith-eamh gus an iarr thu orm maitheanas.”

“Corp an diabhuill!” ghlaodh am pìobaire,—“Is fhasa sin a' ràdh na' chur an gnìomh; theagamh nach b'fhasa dhuit an fhuil, a' tharruing na 'n ceòl!—ach si 'n fhirinn a th'agad, a' ghille ghasda, chuir mi tàmailt ort, agus mar is iomchuidh do dhuin uasail, bithidh mi ag iarraidh maitheanas. 'Se gille tapaidh a th'annad, a' Dhughail, agus is toigh leam thu gu dearbh, ach is éiginn domh seasamh ri m' ghealladh. Gidheadh, ma dh'ionnsaicheas tu aon phìobaireachd a mhàin—pìobaireachd sam bith a's math leat—gheibh thu Mòrag, seadh, gheibh thu i eadhon ged nach cuireadh tu gaothaire ri d'bhilibh tuilleadh ri d'bheò—mo làmh dhuit air, a'ghille!”

Rug an dithis air làimh a chéile ; chuir Dughal a bhoineid air a cheann ; ghabh e an cuilbhear fada bha'n oisinn an t-seòmair, agus dh'fhalbh e. Bha a chridhe fo dhubh-bhròn, agus fios aige nach b'fhasa dha aon phìobaireachd a' chluicheadh na ceud dhiubh. B'e a mhiann a' bhi 'na aonar, agus ghabh e roimhe gu brònach, gun aire c'ait an robh e dol. Ach bha cumhachd air chor-eigin, gun fhios da, a' stiùradh a cheumannan troma suas, suas, suas am measg nam beann, agus dh'imich e air aghart gus an d'thàinig e d'a ionnsaidh fhéin le clisg, agus air dha a cheann a thogail, dh'fhairich e gu'n d'ràinig e mullach na Beinne-mòire. Bha a' ghrian a' dol fodha, agus bha a gathan deireannach a' deàrrsadh air a' chàrn mhòr aonarach, agus air do Dhughal amharc air a' charn, is ann a chunnaic e cat mòr fraoich a' mireag is a' leumnaich 'na aonar am measg a' chonaisg. Cha d' thug an cat an aire idir do Dhughal, agus bha tighinn fodha-san cuimseachadh air ; ach leig e sìos an cuilbhear, se fiamh-ghàire gu brònach is a' smuaineachadh ris fhéin “De'n dolaidh a tha an creutair bochd a' deanamh ? Is truagh nach fhaod mi-fhéin a' bhi aighearach, sona mar a tha esan.” Agus thionndaidh e gu teàrnadh do'n ghleann.

An sin mhothaich e gu'n robh ciùineas iongantach, trom ann—sàmhchair eagalach, mi-nàdurra. Gu h-obann chuimhnich e gu'm b'i Oidhche Shàmhna a bh'ann, agus gu'n robh esan an sud leis fhéin, air mullach na beinne, air a' cheart oidhche nuair a bhitheadh an t-àite air a thaghail leotha-san nach còir dhuinn an ainmeachadh—Dia gar saoradh—agus na h-uile seòrsa de nithean oillteil a' dearcadh air as na badaibh fraoich.

Cha robh ann ach còig bliadhntan, an oidhche sin féin, bho'n chaidh oifigeach Sasunnach (thàinig e do'n ghleann le buidheann de na saighdearan ruadha,—mo mhallachd orra !), chaidh e suas do'n bheinn gun aire 'thoirt de rabhadh no de chomhairle, is e air mhisg. Cha d'thàinig e nuas an oidhche sin, agus an làtha 'r na mhàireach fhuaradh e 'na laidhe air an fhraoch aig bun a' chùirn—cho marbh is cho fuar ri cloich. Cha robh leòn no athailt 'sam bith air a chorp, ach air a ghnùis bha dreach cho eagalach is gu'm b'eigin daibh breacan a' chur m'a cheann roimh 'thoirt a nuas, agus is ann mar sin a chaidh 'adhlacadh.

A nise, cha bu ghille Dughal air an cuireadh luasgan preas geilt, ach is math a bha e a' tuigsinn gu'n robh e an àite far nach bu chòir dha fuireach idir. Mar sin, thionndaidh e gu teàrnadh do'n ghleann, agus an uair a rinn e sin, dé a chunnaic e ach bodach beag aosda, a' seasamh dìreach m'a choinneamh, agus a' geur-amharc 'na shùilean. Bha falluinn fhada, dhubh-ghlas uime, coltach ri bian cait, agus bha boineid dhearg, bhiorach air a cheann. Bha a ghnùis buidhe, preasagach, agus fo chlàr-aodainn dhearc dà shùil uaine, lasaraich, mar shùilean cait fhiadhaich ; agus an uair a dh'amhairc Dughal anns na sùilibh sin, thuig e nach b'e creutair de'n t-saoghal so a bh'ann—Dia gar saoradh !

Bu mhiann leis a' Chrois-sheunaidh a' dheanamh, ach dhiùlt a làmh carachadh ; bha e cho lag ri leanabh 'na chreathall. Car mionaid a mhàin, bha oillt fhuar 'na chridhe. An sin chuimhnich se e fhéin, agus an t-ainm a bh'air, agus 'na dheigh sin dhearc e anns an dà shùil lasaraich, gun eagal air bith.

“Is anamoch a tha thu air 'bheinn an nochd, a' Dhughail!” deir am bodach beag, aosda, no an creutair a bha cosmhuil ri sud. Bha'n guth aige mar a' ghaoth anns an luidheir, agus b'ann mar gu'n d'thainig e o àite fad as, is gu'n robh e glè sgith de'n turus.

“Agus cha'n e do ghunna caol,” deir e, “no do chlaidheamh geur, a shaor o'n bhàs thu an nochd. Is math dhuit, a' Mhic-Mhuirich, nach do chiùrr thu gun aobhar an creutair neo-chiontach a bha 'n sin, agus gu'n do chùm thu thu féin o leigeil na h-ùrchrach; a chuireadh crìoch air do làithean sona fhéin air an t-saoghal so. Agus is math dhuit mar an ceudna nach robh geilt ort fo shùilean Cat na Beinne-mòire. Is e do chridhe caoimhneil 's do mhisneach a thear-uinn thu an nochd. A nis, feumaidh thu miann a' thoirt, agus bithidh mi ag ràdh riut gur ann a réir do mhiann a shoirbhicheas leat 'san àm ri teachd,—droch mhiann, droch fhortan!”

Rinn e gàire, agus bha a ghàire, mar gu'm b'eadh, ni b'fhaide as, is ni bu sgithe na 'ghuth.

A nis tha cuid ann a dh'iarradh fearann, agus tha feadhainn eile ann a dh'iarradh òr, ach cha robh an cridhe Dhughail ach smuaintean air sùilean gorma agus òr-fhalt boidheach Mòraig, agus mar sin thubhairt e—“Bu mhath leam nam b'urrainn domh piobaireachd a chluicheadh.”

“Is beag an t-iarrtas e,” fhreagair an seana bhodach crìon, “ach is ro-mhath e, agus an uair a bhios e agad cha bhi tuilleadh gnothaich eadarunn. Gheibh thu miann do chridhe, agus thèid leat fhad 's is beò thu.”

Chuir e a làmh fo 'fhalluinn, agus ann a' bhi ga sìneadh a dh'ionnsuidh Dhughail, thubhairt e,—

“Thoir leat a' phìob so; rach sìos air ball do'n chlachan, agus cluich a' phìobaireachd a' s' fearr a chualadh riamh eadar na ceithir cuantan, agus is i sin Pìobaireachd Chat na Beinne-mòire.”

A nis, bha na h-uile gin a bh'anns a' chlachan cruinn an ceann a' chéile anns an t-sabhull mhòr aig a' Chamshronach, oir b'i Oidhche Shàmhna a bh'ann, mar a bha mi ag ràdh roimh. Bha a' chlann bheaga a' cleasachd air an ùrlar sguabta, agus bha na caill-eachan is na seana-bhodaich a' bruidhinn ri chéile mu na làithean a threig. Bha an òigridh ri fearas-cuideachd is ri cluichean Sàmhna; ach bha Mòrag 'na suidhe an cùil leatha féin, si ag eisdeachd le cluais gheir air son ceum an òigeir air an robh a gaol, agus air son fuaim a làimhe air claidhean an doruis. Dh'fheith i gu tursach ré ùine fada, agus bha fuaim na bruidhne is na gàireachdaich fad air astar leatha is gun bhrìgh, oir is ann a bha a cridhe maille ri Dughal a muigh air a' mhonadh fhiadhaich uaigneach air an dearbh oidhche nuair a bhitheadh droch chumhachd aig creutairean mi-naomha. Bha làn-fhios aice air sin, agus bha eagal cho mòr oirre is gur beag nach deach i an neul le gàirdeachas an uair a chual i a cheum a' tighinn thun an doruis. Ach air dhi sealladh fhaotainn de 'ghnùis, mar a thàinig e a' steach, is ann a chuir i a làmh r'a cridhe, agus uamhas oirre, oir bha e ag imeachd mar dhuine fo gheasaibh, agus bha na sùilean aige ag amharc troimh gach nì bha mu'n coinneamh, gu àiteigin fad air falbh :—ma dh'fhaidte gu Tìr-nan-Og féin.

Thuit sàmhchair marbh air na h-uile dùil a bha anns an àite, agus ghluais Dughal gu mall, ciùin, gus an d'ràinig e meadhon an ùrlair. Bha pìob-mhòr aige 'na achlais nach facadh a leithid riamh bho thoiseach an t-saoghail. Bhitheadh pìobair an Rìgh féin mòr aisde. Chuir e an gaothaire r'a bhilibh gun dàil, agus thòisich e air cluicheadh na pìobaireachd a 's mior-bhuiltiche agus a's uamhasaiche a chualas riamh an rioghachd na h-Alba, is ma dh'fhaidte anns an t-saoghal gu léir. Fhad sa bha e 'cluicheadh b'urrainn do'n luchd-eisdeachd tuigsinn na bha an ceòl ag aithris, agus b'e sin mu gharbh-chòmhraig a chuireadh ud shuas air mullach na beinne eadar dhà fhìne chumhachdaich, o chionn iomadh bliadhna chian, ri linn Fhinn Mhic Cumhail.

Air thòiseach, b'e am monadh, 'na laidhe gu teth fo shùil na greine, agus na seilleanan le'n srann thiamhaidh ag itealaich mu'n cuairt, agus àl nan cearc-liatha a' dùrdail riutha féin am measg nam badan fraoich. Is ann gle shàmhach, shuaineach a bhiodh e, agus bhiodh na fuaimeanan beaga ri 'n cluinntinn gu soirbh, mar is àbhaist air monadh no air machair air làithean gle bhlàtha. Bha a' ghaoth as an àird an iar, sì snàg a nìos o 'n chuan gu ro chiùin, aonarach, sgith; agus shuas, an gorm-chop nan speur, bha a' ghrian lasarach a' beachdachadh na cruinne, agus na h-uile ni, eadar bheag agus mhòr, a bhiodh a' tachairt am measg a' chinne-daoine.

An sin, bho 'n astar chian, thàinig torman puirt-shiubhail gu fann air an t-soirbheas. Thàinig, ni b'fhaisge, agus ni b'fhaisge a' rithisd. B'e port glé aosda a bh'ann, se air a dhi-chuimhneachadh o chionn

fada, mar bha an fhìne d'an do bhuin e, agus thàinig am feachd a' màrsadh thar guala an t-sleibh, agus air ruigheachd dhaibh meadhon a' mhonaidh rinn iad stad an ordugh catha.

Anns an àm cheudna, thàinig sluagh eile thar guala eile de'n t-sleibh, agus an sin sheas an dà fheachd aghaidh ri aghaidh, is iad air mhìre gu còmhstri, is a' feitheamh air eigin àm na h-ionnsaidhe.

Bha na daoine-uaisle agus na gaisgich a' stalcadh air an làr, is an caothach catha a' tighinn gu luath orra. An sin ré aon mhionaid, a bha coltach ri bliadhna, bha tosd marbh ann, agus rinn cridhe gach fìr stad.

Is ann aig àmannaibh mar sud a bhitheas nithean glé fhaoine mar gu'm bitheadh iad cho mòr ris an domhain, agus bithidh duine a' cumail sùla air seill-ean am measg nam fìur, no ag amharc air stiallan tarsuinn a bhreacain, fhad sa tha 'anama ga dhaingneachadh fhéin, is a' feitheamh an fhacail a tha tighinn gu luath is gu cinnteach.

An sin, gu h-obann, thug a' phìob aon sgal eagalach; dh'éirich cath-ghairm nan gaisgeach ris na neòil; reubadh an t-adhar leis an toirm, agus cosmhuil ri feidh fhiadhaich air an ruagadh, bhrùchd an dà bhuidheann ghaisgeach an aghaidh a' chéile.

Bha 'n coinneachadh mar chomh-bhualadh eadar seòl-mara air a chur air chaothach leis a' ghaoith, agus abhainn thuilteach a' sruthadh gu bras le gleann. Bhuail tàrgaid air tàrgaid; dh'éirich sgreadan geura na còmhraig a suas am measg ghleadhraich bhàsmhor nan claidheamh is nan tuagh. Bhristeadh clogaidean is sgiathan 'nam bloighdibh; chualas gromhainean

trom a' bhàis sna h-uile h-àite mu'n cuairt, agus ruith an fhuil dearg gu tiugh am measg fhreumhan an fhraoich ; agus os ceann an luchd-chogaidh, sgriach muinntir fhiadhaich an adhair o measg nan neultan dubha a bha nis a' falach nan speur. Dhealraich an sùilean dearga bho'n dorchadas, agus bha nuallanaich nam ploban mar shianachd iolairean air gaoith-dhoinn—a' gliongarsaich, is a' gleadhraich ; ag eigheachd is a' glaodhaich !

An sin gu h-obann thàinig a' phìobaireachd gu crìch,—dìreach sin, is cha robh tuilleadh dhi—agus bu neònach, fhalamh, an saoghal mòr 'na déigh. Car tamuill bhig, bha tosd marbh air feadh an t-sabhuill. An sin thòisich leanabh beag ri gul le eagal, agus an gliosg bha a' ghisreag briste. Rinn na h-uile gin còmharradh naomh na Croise ; theannaich na mnathan ri cheile, is iad air chrith, agus chruinnich na fir mu'n cuairt de Dhughal, a' cur cheisd air, oir bha e 'na sheasamh air an àite mar dhuine 'na shuain, gun fhreagairt idir 'na bheul, agus sealladh mi-nàdurra fhathasd 'na shùilean.

Ach dh'éirich Mòrag, is i glé bhàn ; thàinig i far an robh e, thug i a' phìob shith gu ciùin bhàrr a ghualne, agus thilg i air an teine mhòr i.

Bha 'n oidhche sàmhach, ciùin, feathail, mar a thubhairt mi ; ach dìreach 'nuair a rinn i sud, is ann a thàinig séid mhòr ghaoithe a nios o'n mhuir, a chuir air chrith ballachan cloiche an t-sabhuill. Bhoillsg an teine gu h-àrd, is e a' lasadh is a' beucaich car mion-aid. An sin, thuit e sìos, agus bha pìob-mhòr na druidheachd air falbh.

Chaidh a' ghaoth seachad thun a' mhonaidh, làn

sianachd mi-nàdurra agus gàireachdaich ifrionnaich, agus mu dheireadh, thàinig Dughal d'a dh'ionnsaidh fhéin, le Mòrag a'deanamh guil r'a thaobh.

Ach is iomadh faire a bhrìst, agus iomadh bliadhna a ghabh seachad, mu'n d'innis Dughal ciamar a dh'ionnsaich e am port suaicheanta leis an do choisinn e a bhean-bainnse. Oir, mar bu dual da, choimhlion an Camshronach a ghealladh, agus phòsadh iad cho luath agus a rinn Dughal 'fhaosaid ris an t-Sagart a' thaobh a mhuinntireachd ris an duine shith. Bha miann a chridhe nis aige, agus shoirbhich leis fad a làithean; ach, ged is doirbh r'a chreidsinn, cha b'urrainn da a' phlobaireachd shith no port sam bith eile 'chluicheadh tuilleadh ra' bheò.

Agus air son plobaireachd na druidheachd—cha b'urrainn do neach air bith pong dhi 'chuimhneachadh, o'n làtha sin suas! Agus tha mi 'smuaintinn nach bu mhòr chall sin, dhaibh-san no dhuinn fhéin; oir, gu dearbh, cha'n eil feum idir aig an t-saoghal air a leithid sin de cheòl.

MAC AN FHEÒIR.

BÀRDACHD IAIN GHOBHA

DEAN dealbh 'nad inntinn air raon mòr mòintich, am farsuinneachd na 's mò na mòran de na siorrachdan Albannach, na's leatha air an taobh a deas, agus a'

fàs lion cuid as cuid caol sa cheann a tuath, le beanntan àrda an so, agus glinn làn de shùil-chrithreach an sud, air bunait de chloich a dh'fhàs nuair a bha na h-Alp 'na naoidheachanan 'agus na h-Imalaias gun a bhi air am breith. Lion a' mhointeach a tha so le lochan, agus eudaich am bruachan le fraoch crìonach. Biodh tonnan uaimhreach a' chuain an Iar a' slachdraich ri' thràigh gus am bheil na creagan air am bleith 'na mìltean de stùcan àrda. Timchioll a' chladaich, suidhich ceithir no coig dusain de bhailtean beaga, agus sin agad Leodhas. Fearann iongantach, fearann anns am bheil tàladh spèiseil eadhon do'n choigreach, fearann a tha an seadh air leth bho'n t-saoghal, agus anns am bheil daoine tha cumail gu treibhdhireach anns gach cùis ri cliù agus eisempleir an sinnsir.

Is daoine iad a tha cosnadh an arain le fallus an gnuise; tha iad a' toirt am beò-shlaint thar muir agus tir. Tha cuid aca mar so an cunnart am beatha gach làtha dh'eireas iad, ach c'àit am faigh thu daoine cho treun is cho misneachail riu? Tha 'n talamh anns a' chuid a's mò de'n eilean bochd agus neothorrach, agus ged a tha iad a' briseadh an cridhe ga àiteach eadar dà cheann na bliadhna, cha'n fhiach na tha e toirt seachad a bhi labhairt air. Shaoileadh coigreach mar sin gu'm fàgadh iad an t-àite neothorrach so, agus gu'n deanadh iad dachaidh an àite sam bitheadh e ni b'fhurasda dhoibh am beò-shlaint a chosnadh; ach mar chaora air a' mhòintich leis an toil a bhi faisg air an àite anns an d'fhuair i am bainne an tòiseach, mar sin tha gràdh sònruichte an cridhe an Leodhasaich do'n eilean sin san d'fhuair e

àrach òg, mar tha an cridhe gach Gàidheal. Arsa “Murchadh an Ceisteir,” “B’e mo mhiann bhi ’s na badan, ’s na chleachd mi bhi òg,” etc.

Chuala mi gu tric gu’m bheil na Leodhasaich air fad math air an teangaidh, se sin gu’m bheil aca gu nàdurra gibht labhairt. Feumaidh mi fhéin àideachadh bho’m fhéin-fhiosrachadh nach do thachair mòran rium nach b’urraim an cainnt a chur an òrdugh snasail réidh agus toinisgeil. Tha, mar an ceudna spiorad na bàrdachd anns gach aon diubh ach beag; agus ged nach cluinn sinn mòran mu bháird Leodhais, gidheadh bha, agus tha ann daoine anns an robh fìor spiorad na bàrdachd; agus is iomadh òran gasda Gàidhlig a rinneadh an Eilean Leodhais, air am biodh féill gu leòr nam biodh iad air an toirt gu solus. Ach is ann a tha bhochdainn ann nach faigh-eòr an diugh daoine anns am bheil eud gu leòr airson bàrdachd ar cànan a chumail air chuimhne, agus, air an aobhar sin, tha smior ar bàrdachd a breothadh sa grodadh le cion eud airson a toirt beò.

Am measg bàird Leodhais air fad, cho fad agus a’s aithne dhomhsa na chuala mi, dleasaidh Iain Gobha an t-àite a’s àirde. Rugadh e an Iarshiadar an sgrì Uige, sa bhliadhna 1848. B’e athair, Padruig Gobha, am fear aig an robh tuathanachas Iarshiadar aig an àm. Bha e ’na dhuine gleusda, tuigseach, agus ’na dheadh bhàrd, cuideachd; agus tha mi a’ creidsinn mar sin, gur h-ann bho dhualachas a fhuair Iain, a mhac, am gibht bàrdachd a bh’ aige. Bhuineadh a mhàthair—Seonaid Dhòmhnallach—do bhaile h-Aclaid am Bearnaraidh. Fhuair Iain Gobha tòiseach fhòghluim an sgoil bheag Chrulibhic. Bha e geur air a

sgoil, is trang gu ionnsachadh, mar is tric leo-san a tha 'nam bàird, ged a bha an spiorad so fhathast falaichte ann.

Aig ochd bliadhna deug a dh'aois, chaidh e 'Steornabhaigh do'n sgoil. Cha robh an Steornabhaigh an uair sin ach sgoil bheag a thog an Eaglais Shaor, ach is iomadh duine comasach chaidh fhòghlum innte. Bha e an so dà bhliadhna.

Tha e coltach gur h-ann mu'n àm so a thòisich spiorad na bàrdachd ri e féin fhoillseachadh an tòiseach. Bha nàbaidh àraidh aige da'm b'ainm Calum Gobha. Rinn Calum rud-eigin air nach do chòrd ris agus is ann a theann am bàrd ri aoireadh. Is e am " Pullaidh " an ainm a tha e toirt do Chalum anns an òran so. (Tha mi creidsinn gu'n robh am bàrd a' ciallachadh *bully*, no " gaisgich," leis an fhocal so.) Co-dhiù, tha e toirt luaidh air treubhantas a' Phullaidh, gu'n briseadh e sìos a nàimhdean 'nan ciadan, gu'n robh buille bho làimh chumhachdaich mar bhuille bho òrd mòr a' Ghobha, gu'n robh crios òir mu mheadhon, mar onair is mar chliù air a' bhuaidh an gleachd ; agus ged do thigeadh tréin-laoich thar chuain, nach bu chomasach iad air a thoirt uaithe. Comhla ris gach cliù a bh'air, b'e misneach na Reiseamaid Ghàidheal-aich air leathad Alma, agus le eagal roimh theich fir Shasuinn, agus thug iad an casan leo, agus esan a' frasadh nan cinn gu làr le claidheamh a' chinn òir. An déigh do'n bhàrd Calum a thogail do'n treas neamh mar so, tha e nis 'ga leagadh chum an làir air ball. Ars' esan :—

“A Chaluim, cha b’fhiach tha na fhuair thu,
 ’Se fanaid an t-sluaigh a bha ann.
 ’S ann air Morsgail a thogadh tu suas,
 Le stapag is fuarag ghann.
 Nuair thigeadh do nàmhaid dhuit dlùth,
 ’S tu ’g amharc na ghnùis le greann.
 Cha b’fhearr am Pullaidh na ’n cù.
 Cha deanadh e tùrn ’san àm.”

Nach b’fhurasd aithneachadh gu’n robh làithean mòra bàrdachd a’ feitheamh air fear sam bith a dheanadh aoir de ’n t-seòrsa so aig sia bliadhna deug?

An déigh dha sgoil Steornabhagh fhàgail, chaidh e do dh’ Oil-thaigh Dhùneidinn a dh’fhòghlum airson an eòlais-leighis. Bha so mu thimchioll na bliadhna 1870. Ré chuairt anns an Oil-thigh dh’ oibrich e gu cruaidh. Bha deadh cheann aige, ach bha e air a chumail air ais le cion nan sochairean mòra sin a bhi aige ’na òige, a bha aig na fòghlum-aichean sin a bh’air an ionnsachadh an sgoilean mòra an Taoibh-deas. Coma co dhiù, bhuadhaich e anns a’ chiad cheasnachadh; agus an déigh sin, chaidh e air aghaidh airson fòghlum na dotaireachd. Bhuadhaich e-anns a’ chiad cheasnachadh airson lighichean, agus cha b’ann gun stri. Ré nan cuig bliadhna bha e an Dùneideann, cha robh e aig an taigh ach da ùair, a’ sealltuinn nach b’ann diomhain a bha e cur seachad ’ùine. B’e an t-Urramach Mr. Mac Neacail a bha ’na chompanach agus ’na charaid dha. Tha e toirt an cunntais a leanas air an ùine chaith iad cuid-eachd. “B’e sgoilear Laidinn a b’fhearr na mise, agus bha déidh mhòr aige air leughadh—gu h-àraidh

bàrdachd. Bu toigh leis a bhi leughadh eachdraidh ar dùthcha cuideachd. Is ann glé ainneamh a chunnaic mi diombain e, agus is iomadh àir a thuirt mi ris, nuair a chithinn e cho trang ag obair, nach b'urrain do 'bhothaig seasamh ris, mur gabhadh e tàmh agus mur d'hoireadh e an aire air a shlàinte." Mar a thubhairt b'fhior: bhris air a shlàinte an ceann nan cuig bliadhna. Rinn tuilleadh sa chòir a dh'ionnsachaidh an gnothuch air. Bha e làidir gun teagamh; ach ghabh e cus bràtha air a neart. Cha do shaoil e fhéin no càch gu'n robh an gnothuch cho dona sa bha e an tòiseach. Nuair a thòisich e ri gearain r'a chòmpanach, theireadh esan ris, "A lighiche, leighis thu féin!" a' fiachainm ri misnich a thoirt da, ach cha robh math sam bith an sin. Thromaich air cho mòr is gu'm b'fheudar da Dùneideann fhàgail, agus 'fhoghlum a thoirt suas. Thòisich pian 'na thaobh, agus theann e ri cur a mach na fala. Cha robh e fhéin airson gabhail ris cho dona sa bha e; agus, mar sin, cha robh e toirt an aire bu chòir dha air fhéin. Thàinig e dhachaidh do dh'Iarshìadar, àite 'bhreith agus 'araich: chuir e seachad seachd bliadhna fada an sin mu'n do bhàsaich e, timchioll air a bhliadhn àir 1881, aig trì bliadhna deug thar fhichead a dh'aois, air a bhriseadh sìos an tòiseach a làtha, nuair a bha' ghrian fhathast an àird nan speur.

Chan 'eil ni san bith a tha toirt soluis cho math dhuinn air inntinn duine ri sgrìobhaidhean 'na bhàrdachd ma tha sin ann; oir tha an Sgrìobtur Naomh ag ràdh, "à lanachd a' chridhe, labhraidh am beul". Mar sin, tha fìor inntinn agus thograidhean Iain Ghobha air an toirt a mach gu soilleir 'na bhàrdachd,

agus tha mi smaoineachadh nach 'eil duine a leughas òrain nach fhaic aon chruth co-dhiù d'a inntinn a' dealradh a mach anns gach ceathramh a chuir e r'a cheile,—se sin a chomh-fhulangas ri luchd-dùthcha air an robh foirneart mòr air a dheanamh le uachdaran agus bàillidh; agus gu bhi deanamh so ni 's soilleire, beachdaichidh sinn air staid sgrì Uige, agus gu h-àraidh Bearnaraidh, agus tir mòr aig an àm.

Bho aimsir chian, bha muinntir sgrì Uige, 'cur an cruaidh gu àraidh air a' mhointich san t-samhradh. A nuas gus a' bhliadhna 1872, is ann aig Beannaibh a' Chuailein, faisg air crìoch na h-Earradh, bha àiridhean Bhearnaraidh agus na tir-mòr mu choinneamh. Bha iad a' faighinn na mointich so leis na croitean gun tuilleadh màil a phaigheadh. Anns a' bhliadhna 1871, thàinig fios do'n ionnsuidh bho'n t-seumarlan, Dòmhnall Rothach, gu'n robh Beannaibh a' Chuailein gu bhi air an toirt uatha airson an cur a staigh ri frith fhéidh; ach 'nan àite gu'n robh iad a' dol a dh'fhaotainn mòinteach Iarshiadair. Bha mòran deasbiorachd agus rannsachaidh a' dol air adhart mu thimchioll so eadar na croitearain agus an seumarlan, gus mu dheireadh na bhuadhaicheadh air an tuath so an làmh a chur ri paipeir an oifis an t-seumarlain an Steornabhagh. Thuirt Dòmhnall Rothach riu gu'n robh làmh a chur ris a' phaipeir so a giulain ann, gu'n robh iad gu toileach a' leigeil uatha Beannaibh a' Chuailein, agus a' gabhail 'nan àite mòinteach Iarshiadair, agus gu'n gleidheadh iad sealbh air sin fhad sa phaigheadh iad màl, agus a ghiulaineadh iad iad féin gu cubhaidh. Bha so a nis daingnichte mar gu'm b'ann le mionnaibh, agus cha robh dùil aca gu'n cuirte an còrr dragha orra.

Air an cosg fhéin thog iad gàradh—seachd mìle dh'fhad—eadar mòinteach Iarshiadair agus frith Scaliscro, gun taing gun duais bho'n oighreachd. Phàigh iad am màl gu cunabhalach, agus ghiulain iad iad féin gu modhail, a' creidsinn gu'm bitheadh iad air am fàgail an sìth. Bha mòinteach Beannaibh a' Chuailein ni b'fhearr air gach dòigh, agus ni bu mhò na monadh Iarshiadair; ach cha d'thugadh sgillinn ruadh sìos dhoibh as a' mhàl. Bha so glé chruaidh air na daoine bochda; ach dh'fheumadh iad strìochdadh do bhrìgh is nach robh suidheachadh seilbh aca air a' mhonadh so. An déigh dhoibh a bhi an sealbh air a' mhòintich so fad bliadhna gu leth, thàinig fios do'n ionnsuidh uile nach bu leo mointeach Iarshiadair ni bu mhò—gu'n robh i gu bhi air a toirt uapa, agus gu'n robh iad a' dol a dh'fhaighinn baile h-Aclaid am Bearnaraidh 'na h-àite. Cha robh iad a' dol a dh'fhaighinn bònn-a-sé dhioladh dhoibh airson na seachd mìle de ghàradh a rinn iad air an cosg féin. Bha'm fearann a bha iad a' dol a dh'fhaighinn mòran ni bu lutha na Iarshiadar; agus air a shon sin, dh'fheumadh iad an sumachadh a lughdachadh, ach a dh'aindheoin sin uile, cha robh màl gu bhi sgillinn ni bu lutha. Thòisich deasbaireachd mhòr eadar am bàillidh agus na croitearan,—na croitearan a' diùltadh gabhail ris a chùmhnannt so, do bhrìgh gu'n robh e briseadh a' chumhnaint a chaidh a dheanamh riu roimh, agus an seumarlan a' maoidheadh orra gu'n cuireadh e sìos iad leis an arm. Cha b'urrainn iad seasamh ris an fhoirneart so ni b'fhaide. Dh'eirich iad ceart a comhla: thug iad Steornabhaigh orra,—ciad gu leth gaisgeach tapaidh le piobair air an ceann, agus troimh aon diubh fhein—Aonghas Macar-

tair nach maireann, à Circibost am Bearnaraidh, mar eadartheangair — dh'innis iad focal air an fhocal do'n uachdaran, Sir Seumas Mac Mhathainn, mu'n fhoirneart a rinneadh orra. B'ann gun fhios do'n uachdaran a thachair gach ni bha so; agus nuair a chual e an gearain, ghabh e riu gu càirdeil. Chuireadh fios air Dòmhnall Rothach, an seumarlan, airson gu'n d'thoireadh e cunntas air an obair bhrùideil so a rinn e. Thugadh gu Cùirt e, agus fhuair eadhon ciontach e. Tha fhios aig an t-saoghal gu'n d'thàinig crìoch bho chaid air.

Mar a thubhairt mi mar tha, tha cò-fhaireachduinn Iain Ghobha, ri 'cho-luchd-dùthcha sa chùis so ri fhaicinn 'na òrain uile. Dleasaidh *Spiorad a' Charthannais* a' chiad àite measg a bhàrdachd. Tha 32 rann anns an òran so, agus ochd sreath-sgrìobhaidh anns gach ram. Nuair a leughas neach na roinn so, cuiridh e 'na chuimhne air uairibh bàrdachd Iain Mhilton am *Paradise Lost* agus am *Paradise Regained*. Tha e labhairt ri spiorad a' charthannais mar gu'm biodh duine ann, agus ag innseadh dha gach ni ion-mholta tha r'a innse mu'n cuairt da. Tha e tionndadh gu cor a dhùthcha, agus gu euceartan Dhòmhnuaill Rothaich an seumarlan air an d'rinn sinn iomradh mar tha. Tha e sealltuinn gu soilleir nach robh gné spioraid a' charthannais an goill rògach an duine so, nuair a b'àill leis gu'm biodh gach Leodhasach air am fògradh do na choill; ni mo bha spiorad caoimhneis anns na bàillidhean agus anns na tighearnan a chuir ar Gàidhealtachd fo fhéidh is bho chaoraich, air chor is gu'm bheil tir ar dùthchais an diugh 'na fàsach dòbhaidh truagh, 'na leabaidh aig an fhiadh is an ruadh-chearc.

Tha a chridhe goirt a chionn gu'n do chuir iad fo naosgaichean an tir a bha alùinn, is gu'n do bhuin iad cho mi-dhaonntachail ri daoine bha cho suairce; an aon fhocal, gu'm bu mhiosa na bruid Bhabiloin an diol a rinneadh orra. Anns na roinn mu dheireadh, tha e tionndadh gu seumarlán Leodhais a rithist, agus a' cur an céill meud a dhorch-bheartain, agus tha'n rann so air aon cho buadhmhòr sa sgrìobh e. Ars' esan "O criothnaich measg do shòlasan". Tha e sin ag ràdh gu'm bheil cumhachd ann a's mò na seumarlán Leodhais, do'm feum gach glùn lùbadh, agus gach teanga aideachadh, gur h-e so Esan a bheir do gach neach a réir a thoillteanais; agus ged bu mhòr a chuid-san de 'n t-saoghal, nach fhaigheadh e aig àm a bhàs, ach léine is dà cheum de thalamh.

"'N sin molaidh a chruidh-shnàigeach thu
 Cho tàireil sa bhios t'fheoil
 Nuair gheibh i air do chàradh thu
 Gu sàmhach air a bòrd
 Their i 'Se fear miath tha so'
 Tha math do bhiasd 'nan còs
 Bho'n rinn e caol na ciadan
 Gu e fein a bhiathadh dhomhs."

Bheirinn an dara h-àite do *Spiorad an Uamhair*. Anns an òran so, tha 37 rann le ochd sreath-sgrìobhaidh anns gach ceathramh. Tha'm bàrd anns an dàn so a' leantuinn a chùrsa th'aige an *Spiorad a' Charthannais*, se sin a bhi labhairt ri cuspair a bhàrdachd mar gu'm biodh e bruidheann ri duine. Is e so an seòrsa bàrdachd ris an can iad *Apostrophe* anns a' Bheurla; agus tha Iain Gobha glé dheidheil air.

Ghabh e cùrsa dha fhéin nach fhaic mi bàrd Gàidhealach sam bith eile a cleachdadh, agus mar so tha ùrachadh agus atharrachadh taitneach anns a bhàrdachd seach a chuid a's mò tha luaidh air gaol, a' mhuir, agus am bàta, am monadh, am fraoch, an crodh is an àiridh, agus na caileagan gràdhach, le "gruaidhean mar ròs bho bhlàth". Is e so gu bitheanta na cuspairean bàrdachd a th'aig mòran d'ar bàird Ghàidhealach; ach tha bàrdachd Iain Ghobha, a' sealltuinn comais agus breithneachaidh inntinn a tha dol fada na's doimhne na so, gu bhi gairm air cuspairean gun bheatha, 'cur anam a annta airson tiota, agus a luaidh air an cliù mar gu'm biodh iad fo chomhair.

Ann a bhi gabhail thairis air a bhàrdachd, chan fheum sinn di-chuimhne a dheanamh air *Am Brosnachadh*. Tha seachd rann deug anns an òran so, agus ochd sreath-sgrìobhaidh anns gach rann. Is e aon ni a tha an againn an aghaidh a bhàrdachd, gu'm bheil gach òran a's fheàrr na cheile ro fhada; agus nan éiridh neach a sheinn aon diubh, rachadh gach duine mach ma's biodh e ullamh. Chan éisd ar n-oigridh an diugh ri bàrdachd dhomhain thròm, bhreithneachail: tha i car tioram leotha. Dh'fhàs sinn mar Ghàidheil lag agus sgianach nar n-inntinn, agus chan urrainn sinn smuaintean tròma sòlumaichte ar n-athraichean a shlugadh le tlachd. Ach canaidh sinn, nach 'eil Gàidheal a chluinneadh am *Brosnachadh* air a sheinn gu fonnmhor air séist "Eileain an Fhraoich" nach bu chòir gairdeachas a bhi 'na chridhe gu'm bheil againn iadsan a thogas ar cliù mar shluagh.

Chan 'eil cùntas againn gu'n d'rinn e mòran de

dh'òrain aotrom, ach na tha againn, tha iad gasda. Feumaidh sinn a ghleidheadh nar cuimhne gur h-ann an déigh dha tighinn dachaidh á Dùneideann, agus a shlàint air briseadh, a rinn e chuid bu mhò de na h-òrain ; agus nuair a bhitheas neach breoite tinn, agus anshocrach, airtneulach 'na inntinn, cha bhi togradh aige ri sùgradh. So a's aobhar gu'm bheil cho beag againn a dh'òrain spòrsail am measg a bhàrdachd. Is e *Oran an t-seann-ghille* chuirinn air thoiseach am measg 'òrain aotrom. Is e nàdur a dh'aoir tha so, do'n t-seana ghille, agus moladh air an staid-phòsda. Tha e labhairt air na nithean matha dheanadh an òg-bhean-taigh a chumail cofhurtail, glan, suibhire, biadh a fir a dheasachadh, an crodh a bhleothan, cuideachd a chumail ri fear, agus a chumail blàth air an oidhche, is gnothaichean mar sin. Tha e rithist a' tionndadh air an t-seana-ghille, am fear a th'air dùil thoirt thairis. Tha truas aige ris. Nuair a thig e dhachaidh, bithidh a thaigh gun teine gun tuar, feumaidh e fhéin a bhiadh a dheasachadh, is aodach a chàradh, sa leine nighe. Nuair thig an aois air, gun duine a sheallas ris, dé ni e? Chan fhaigh e searbhannt 'na sgalach ; chan 'eil e comasach air obair a dheanamh, agus feumaidh e dhol an eiseamail airgid nan cailleach.

Bu mhòr a spéis do eachdraidh a dhùthcha, agus am measg nan òran a rinn e an co-cheangal ris eachdraidh saorsa na h-Alba fo chùing Shasuinn, tha *Allt a' Bhonnaich*, cunntas a' chath fhuileachdaich sin a bha 'na mheadhon air a bhi cosnadh saorsa dhùthchail dhuinn. Ged nach' eil an t-òran fada, tha e cur an céill buadhan inntinn a tha làidir, domhainn, leirsinn-

each, agus, mar an ceudna, eòlas mionaideach air ar n-eachdraidh mar rioghachd. A' moladh an curaidh Riabeart Bruce, tha e ag ràdh :—

“ A Bhrusaich iomraidich nam buadh
 'S ann ort fhéin tha sgeul r'a luaidh
 Tha cliù do dhùthch' dol mar riut suas
 Gu Talla bhuan de shith.”

Agus tha e crìochnachadh le bhi ag ràdh :—

“ Na seall a nuas, a spioraid threin !
 Ma faic thu dial do dhùthaich féin
 Tha'n gleanntan làn do ' bhracsaidh ' breun
 Na gaisgeaich threig an dùthaich.”

Tha mòran de na h-òrain aige chaidh air chàll, agus tha eagal orm nach gabh iad lorg. Is mòr an rannsachadh a rinn mi mu'n d'fhuair mi na tha agam dhiubh. Tha e glé iongantach nach do sgriobh e fhéin iad uile, ach tha e coltach nach robh e dìreach ach a' cur seachad na tìde 'na thinneas le bhi cur ri cheile na h-òrain so. Tha fhios nam biodh beachd aige an clò-bhualadh, gu'n robh e air an sgrìobhadh uile. Na chaidh an sgrìobhadh dhiubh, chailleadh cuid aca, ach tha leth-bhreac de chuid eile ri 'faotainn aig duine no dhà am Bearnaraidh fhathast. Tha mu'n cuairt air ceithear chiad deug sreath-sgrìobhaidh agamsa a dh'òrain, agus nach bu mhòr an call mur cuirte an clò iad. Chan 'eil ni a dhith oirnn ach tòiseachadh ri smaoineachadh air; agus tha sean-fhòcal ag ràdh “ far am bi toil, bithidh gnìomh,” agus ma tha Comunn Gàidhealach seach a chéile da'm bu chòir an guallain a chuir ris a ghnothuch so, tha mi smuaineachadh gur e Comunn Leodhais agus na

h-Earradh. Chan 'eil teagamh sam bith nach biodh féill gu leòir air a bhàrdachd na faighte an clò i aon àir, agus an ni 'dheanamh follaiseach. Car son a tha ar Comuinn Ghàidhealach ann ach airson bàrdachd agus litreachas ar dùthcha chumail air chuimhne, agus a thogail suas ri aghaidh an t-saoghail. Chan 'eil sinn idir a' deanamh na dh'fhaodamaid airson ar cànan a chumail beò. Mur bi ar litreachas a meudachadh, bàsaichidh ar cànan gun teagamh; agus bàsaichidh sinne leatha mar Ghàidheal; agus tha mi creidsinn nach' eil duine a tha ga leughadh so leis am bu mhath an làtha sin fhaicinn.

J. N. M.

AT THE BACK OF THE WIND

ON or about the 25th of May, the Very Rev. Father Campbell, S.J., sails for Canada on a Gaelic mission to our kinsfolk *thar a' chuain*. This mission is of vast potential importance—a Canadian priest writes to us, “grand things for God and Gaelic may be expected”—and it flatters us to reflect that we have been an humble instrument whereby this gratifying arrangement has been set in train. Father Campbell goes to Canada as the guest of a number of the Canadian clergy of Scots descent; and better ambassador than that zealous, accomplished, patriotic,

and energetic priest we make bold to say no cause or individual could possibly desire or possess. Our thanks are due, firstly, to Rome, which sanctioned the project ; secondly, to the Canadian clergy, who so generously gave the invitation ; and, thirdly, to Father Campbell himself, for consenting to go. Alluding to Father Campbell's mission, the *Tablet* of 6th April last says :—

Readers of *Guth na Bliadhna* may recognise in this mission an object lesson in the policy set forth in its pages, which breathe a spirit at once intensely Catholic and intensely patriotic. And it is surely no wonder that in the heart of the Catholic Gael these two should be as one. In the Western Isles, where the music of the old tongue is still heard, and the old literary traditions linger longest, the fire of Catholic faith has never failed. And though in other parts of the land there are Gaels who have adopted the new religion that came in from the Saxon Lowlands, all the olden glories of Highland history are associated with Catholicism.

The artful printer is ever jealous of his page ; and the page which is well and truly laid—if our readers will pardon the mixed metaphor—if not a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, possesses certain very definite æsthetic attractions. So beautiful a language as Gaelic—which, as a German professor recently remarked, is probably the most musical speech in Europe—should look equally beautiful in type ; but unfortunately, owing a certain corrupt and depraved style of orthography, this is not so much the case as, doubtless, it should be. We do not disguise our opinion that where combinations of consonants—such as *dh*, *gh*, etc.—occur (especially at the end of words), *and they are silent*, such combinations should be excluded from the written word. They are unnecessary, and are not ornamental. So why retain

them? But a more serious obstacle to the acquisition of those typographical amenities which we would claim for the language of Eden consists in the bad habit most of our authors possess of dashing out the brains, as it were, of nearly half the words they write. Vowels are sacrificed in this manner in really appalling fashion; and to what great lengths this hideous and barbarous practice is commonly carried our readers may judge when we say that, elsewhere of course, the name of this periodical is frequently written "Guth na *Bliadhn*"! The highly objectionable and grossly ignorant practice of mutilating words in the cruel and unsightly manner denoted by these observations is entirely a modern accomplishment; and for our parts we mean to do our best to discourage it. We are also of opinion that far too many apostrophes are commonly used in the composition of Gaelic; and, in the interest of the printed page, as well as the æsthetic senses generally, we plead for greater care in this respect, and more regard for tradition and appearances.

The people who went into the kailyard to see a cabbage cut wherewith to make an apple-pie wherewith to celebrate the passing of the Union of 1707 seem to have had no great run of their spectacular teeth after all. With that genius for distinguishing the main chance which characterises the Teutonic Scot in general, and the inhabitants of "Auld Reekie" in particular, the celebration in question, the "cake and wine banquet," the civic parade, and all the rest of it, were made the occasion, not for a glorification of the Union and its results, but of a demand for

the modified form of Home Rule known as Devolution! No wonder the English papers, which went out in haste to see a prophet and more than a prophet, returned precipitately with the melancholy intelligence that nothing was to be seen across the Border save a canny Scot charging sixpence per head for a sight of a reed shaken by the wind! No doubt, it is his unrivalled capacity of combining business with pleasure which makes the non-Celtic Scot the sonsie, well-found chap he is. The action of the town (Peebles, we think) which esteemed the erection of a public lavatory as the best means of commemorating the jubilee of the late Queen Victoria, typifies the spirit in which modern empires of industry are conquered. Here's a health to you, honest Jock! Learn the national language, turn patriot, cultivate a sense of humour, and, man, you'll be a braw Scotsman yet!

One May, a Baptist minister, has lately been treating the inhabitants of Inverness to a series of laudatory expositions in regard to Oliver Cromwell. This is a free country, and tastes notoriously differ; but we should have thought the "Capital of the Highlands" rather an odd place to select in which to preach the gospel according to the Puritan Hammer of the Scots and the organiser of quite a respectable number of anti-Gaelic *pogroms* in Ireland. Nowadays, however, we are all philosophers, and Inverness would doubtless rejoice to hear a lecture on, say, the Culloden massacres by a prince of the blood royal with the same desire to make the best of things (and, maybe, an honest sixpence or two into the

bargain) as she now listens to the humbler rhapsodies of Mr. May. There is no reason, of course, why Mr. May, who is, we suppose, an Englishman, should not praise Cromwell who, at all events, was a patriot. What strikes us, however, as odd is that he should have selected our only Gaelic "capital" as the locality in which to unbosom himself. But, perhaps, if we knew our Inverness a little better, we should be surprised neither at this, nor at any similar thing that might happen there.

As for "old Noll," apart from his *pogroms* and private assassinations, the only thing we have ever heard against him is that he has been made the subject of a panegyric by Lord Rosebery.

The thanks of all Gaels are due to Mr. Galloway Weir, M.P., who "after thirteen years of persistent endeavour"—we quote from a contemporary—"has reaped the reward of his labours, inasmuch as he has induced the Government to arrange under the new Education Bill to extend the School Board franchise to all persons entitled to vote for the County and Parish Council elections". Hitherto, as our readers are aware, persons whose rentals did not exceed £4 have been excluded from the School Board electorate. This, as our contemporary justly observes, is "an old grievance," and we are heartily glad that it is at last in a fair way to be removed. Under the existing system, the poorer people have no voice whatever in the education of their children, and to what great extent this injustice presses on them is proved by the fact that in the island of Lewis alone only about 300 out of 3,000 Parliamentary voters are entitled to vote

at School Board elections. The broadening of the franchise in the direction indicated will, no doubt, have a favourable effect upon the educational status of the Gaelic language throughout the schools in the *Gàidhealtachd*; for the poorer classes are undoubtedly well disposed towards the tongue of their ancestors. We cordially echo the sentiments of the *Highland News*: "Let our School Board electors remember this" (our contemporary is here referring to Mr. Birrell's panegyric on the Gaelic language, its beauty and usefulness) "when the time for the creation of new Boards comes round again, *and let them make their support conditional on the candidates promising to promote the movement for the use of Gaelic in the schools, and the granting of suitable remuneration to teachers for the teaching of that language to their pupils*".

The Scottish Nationalist has not, as a rule, a particularly high opinion of Clan Societies and the like; and we cannot but think that the action, or rather inaction, of those bodies is not infrequently calculated to heighten his unfavourable impression. Many of these Societies (of which there are a surprising number in Scotland) might do good work, but accomplish it not by reason of the fact that they are "run" on antiquated "lines" or "bossed" by incapables. Latterly, however, some of these lubberly craft have passed into younger, more capable, and more energetic hands; and it is doubtless owing to this fact that a few of them seem to be making at last some sort of attempt to answer their helms, which, by the way, are usually inscribed with the legend "Launched for the purpose of preserving

the Gaelic language". Still, the number of these Societies is out of all proportion to the good they do; and we press for further reform where reform is so manifestly long overdue. The addresses and lectures delivered from time to time before members of clan and county Societies are, more often than not, of the feeblest description, and are frequently based upon information quite unfit to be named save in connexion with an old-age pension. We have particularly in mind a lecture delivered a few months ago on the subject of the Culdees, in which all the stale old exploded Protestant myths and conceits were solemnly resurrected and trotted out once more for the edification, presumably, of an audience which, oblivious of either time or tide, has refused to be either informed or comforted. Poor Saint Margaret, one of the best friends, and, perhaps, the most generous benefactor the Culdees ever had, was represented as plotting their suppression! whilst the Celtic Church, in conformity with theories which may have been fashionable at the Flood, but which could scarcely have survived that destructive cataclysm, was represented as a kind of glorified conglomeration of Conventicles, in which the Shorter Catechism and Psalm-singing *à la* John Knox and Jacob Primmer were the dismal order of the day! Surely it must be patent even to members of these somnolent societies that this kind of thing tends to bring discredit upon Celtic learning and institutions in general; and when we find "Highland" newspapers solemnly reporting stuff of this sort at great length, and apparently under the impression that such

lectures are really valuable contributions to the literature of their respective subjects, we need not trouble to wonder that many educated people are under the impression that the Gaelic cause, and everything and everybody connected with it, are obsolete.

We allude elsewhere to the grievous loss which Gaelic letters and native scholarship have sustained through the death, at a comparatively early age, of Dr. MacBain, of Inverness. His true place was, as Professor Kuno Meyer justly observed, "the University," and, probably, in any other country throughout the civilised world (save, of course, Scotland) at "the University" he would have been found. But the old zeal for learning—our erstwhile honourable love of letters—has declined with the decay of our patriotism; and with the disappearance of all national spirit, the ancient faith in learning and what the "humanists" style politeness, seems to have altogether deserted us. Glasgow University, which should have a chair, has now but a Celtic Lectureship, and there is a solitary Professorship at Edinburgh; but, pray, what is the rest of the country doing for native scholarship and letters? Nothing that we know of. The same hateful cause (*viz.*, the Union) which has sucked dry and hollow our national, social and political systems has also reduced our educational centres to a condition of flabby and fibreless provincialism. Compared with its ancient status, the present condition of Aberdeen is that of a sixth-rate Grammar School to an ancient University. Judged by the same standard of national ideal and endeavour, St. Andrews is in just as parlous a condition. At both these Universities a number of

Gaels—evidently, however, of the soft-roe kind—are entertained; but of course no provision for Gaelic studies is yet in force at either of them. Scottish learning and scholarship have to go to Italy, France, Germany, or some other foreign country to obtain that honour and respect which are barbarously denied them at home. Truly, what a parcel of fools and blockheads in a nation!

We are pleased to observe that the grand old game of Camanachd is becoming increasingly popular throughout the *Gàidhealtachd*; and we hope that the patriotic efforts of these who are encouraging it will encounter the success they deserve. Camanachd is a fine game, typically Gaelic, and with an interesting history—some of which, at least, we hope to give at a future date in these pages. We understand that the expense of the game has hitherto somewhat militated against its more general adoption throughout Scotland; but the present revival, by tending to spread the cult of the game, should also assist to bring down the price of its accessories, which are presently admittedly too high. Those who are in search of a healthy, manly game, in which skill and endurance count for much; those, moreover, who love their country and would preserve its characteristics, could not do better than “take up” Camanachd; and if they are not already devoted votaries, we venture to prophesy that it will not be long before they become such. They will find Camanachd a far more healthy and in every way invigorating pastime than loafing around with a gun, whether it be a shot-gun for slaying rabbits, hares, gillies and other creeping things or

such a weapon as our military maniacs across the Border would like to smuggle into the country (under manifold disguises and with all manner of cunning sophistry) with the idea of raising up seed to Thomas Atkins.

A patent and particularly flagrant scandal to which we wish to draw attention is the habit some individuals, Societies, and civic bodies have of presenting testimonials, etc., couched in the English instead of the Gaelic language. Outside the *Gàidhealtachd*, of course, one does not expect that formal addresses, testimonials, and so forth should be drawn up in Gaelic, and embellished in the Gaelic manner; but that the English speech and English embellishments should be used for this purpose *by Gaels for Gaels* amounts, as we have said, to a scandal and a nuisance. The other day Locheil who, we understand, has been educated, was presented on the occasion of his coming of age with a public address of welcome by the town of Fort William. The local Nicol Jarvies, however, instead of composing their address in the language of the Gael, used English throughout! No doubt, the simple explanation of the circumstance is that Bumble, as made in Fort William, has received no education to speak of. Ignorant of Gaelic himself, it would clearly be demanding too much of his ignorance to expect that he should refrain from being a cause of backsliding in others. What we mean is, that if the civic rulers of Fort William felt unequal to the task of composing a simple straightforward address of welcome in their mother-tongue, they should have enlisted the services of some one to whom that dizzy height of learning

would have appeared less inaccessible. By presenting an English address, they have not only revealed the intellectual nakedness of Fort William to the gaze of the world, but, as it appears to us, they have insulted the descendant of the "gentle Lochiel". Why, also, are not the common announcements of births, deaths, and marriages such as appear in the daily and weekly Scottish Press drawn up in the language of the Gael? This continued submission to the national tongue of the Predominant Partner is neither dignified nor edifying. It seems to us that those who mete out the scurviest treatment to the Gaelic language are the Gaels themselves.

We observe that our erstwhile friend the Anglo-Saxon is "at it again". We had thought that he would certainly not have survived the San Francisco earthquake, assuming that he was able to escape the devastating shafts of the inimitable Mr. Dooley. But he is, it appears, rather more in the nature of a hardy annual than we had anticipated. At all events he turned up recently in Rome (of all places in the world), where he is said (by the English papers) to have gone to petition the Pope to give him a Cardinal or two all to himself. "The Anglo-Saxon race (which includes the people of Scotland, Ireland, America, etc.) is annoyed (we read) because the Pope has not appointed any Anglo-Saxon cardinals of late, the more so as it is notorious that the Anglo-Saxons give far more money to the Papacy than all the Latin countries put together." We should have thought that even an Anglo-Saxon would have hesitated before penning such abominable trash; but the

execrable taste displayed in the last allusion settles it. Undoubtedly the Anglo-Saxon of the newspapers is on the war-path again; and this time, as formerly, by his vulgarity and insolence you may know him. It is really no concern of ours what Anglo-Saxons may think or have to say touching the appointment of cardinals or anything else. What, however, we do very strongly object to is the impudent appropriation on the part of the Anglo-Saxon and his mouth-pieces in the press of races and peoples to which he and his are, racially, anathema. We are not Anglo-Saxons; and have not the slightest desire to be confused with such. Indeed, if the worst came to the worst, and it became a question whether we should pass in the world as Anglo-Saxons or Hottentots, we would unhesitatingly plump for the men with the top-knots. The latter may be beastly savages; but at all events they are not Anglo-Saxons.

PORTACHALA ¹

THA e air a ràdh gu'm bu chòir do gach fìor American-ach baile Pharis fhaicinn roimh àm a' bhàis; agus an déigh dhuinn an leabhar so leughadh, se ar beachd gu'm bu chòir do gach fìor Ghàidheal Portachala nam beann is nan glac a thoirt air, roimh an àm sam bheil e air ordachadh dha gu'n d'thoir e suas an deò. Is i so aon de na dùthchannan a's boidhche agus a's torraiche a tha air uachdar an t-saoghail gu léir; agus ged a tha seòrsa de Ghàidhealtachd innte—mar a tha sinn dol a dhearbhadh—gidheadh cha robh sinn féin fìor-eòlach oirre.

Ach, an tòiseach, cia as a thàinig am focal so *Portugallia*? Tha cuid ag ràdh gur ann o fhocal Laideann, *Portus Gallorum* (is e sin ri ràdh Cala nan Gall, nam Frangach), a tha e tighinn a mach; ach, air an làimh eile, tha e cinnteach gu'n deachaidh am focal a sgrìobhadh anns na làithean a dh'aom an dòigh nach 'eil idir a' cordadh ris a' bharail so. Thachair gu'n robh baile beag ann, faisg air an amhainn ris an canar *Douro*, agus e air a shuidheachadh air cnocan àrd, coillteach, is do-shreapta. An tòiseach, thug iad *Cale* mar ainm air a' bhaile, agus an déigh sin, *Portu-calia*. Ach, dh'fhàs am baile beag 'na bhaile mòr, mar a bha na bliadhnaichean a' ruith seachad air, gus, mu dheireadh, dh'fhàs e cho mòr is gu'n d'thàinig e gu bhi anabarrach iomraiteach, ionnus gu'n robh e air

¹ *Through Portugal*, le Martin Hume. London: E. Grant Richards.

a dheanamh 'na chathair-easbuig. An déigh sin, shloinn na h-Easbuigean iad féin *Portucalenses*, agus, an ùine ghoirid, thugadh an t-ainm so air an dùthaich gu léir. Tha e soilleir gu'm bheil am focal *Cale* 'na fhocal Gàidhealach. Tha e ciallachadh “Cala,”¹ agus se ar beachd gur e an dreach a's ceirte agus a's freagarraiche a's urrainn duinn a chur air an fhocal so, “Port-a' Chala”.

Ged a tha Portachala na rioghachd bheag eadhon aig an làtha an diugh, gidheadh is cinnteach gu'n robh i mòran na's lugha air tùs.² Tha na h-eachdraichean Spàinnteach is duthchasach ag ràdh gur e Don Alfonso, Rìgh Leoin is Chastille a thug làmh a nighinn Donña Teresa am pòsadh do choigreach àraidh uasal, ainmeil, d'am b'ainm Don Eanruig; agus, comhla ris a' nighinn, thug e seachad do Dhon Alfonso roinn mhòr de'n rioghachd aige, agus sin cho ro bhoidheach, torrach is buileach taitneach do'n t-sùil is gu'n d'thugadh *Medulla Hispanica*—se sin ri ràdh “Smior na Spàinne”—mar fhrith-ainm dhith. Mar sin, chaidh Rioghachd Portachala a chur air bonn; ach mòran bhliadhnaichean roimh linn Rìgh Eanruig 'sa mhna bha'n dùthaich so aig na Gàidheil.

Gu fìor, is beag a's aithne dhuinn de roimh-eachdraidh na dùthcha taitniche so. Tha fios aig a h-uile fear gu'n do ghabh na Gàidheal seilbh oirre aig àm cho anabarrach tràth is nach 'eil eadhon iomradh againn air anns na h-eachdraidhean a's sine. Coma

¹ Tha “Calais” anns an Fhraing a' ciallachadh an ni cheudna.

² Tha mu choig muillion sluaigh innte.

co-dhiù, bhris na Romhanaich a steach thar crìochan na dùthcha “là de na làithean,” mar a their sinn féin ; agus, ged bu mhòr is fada an strì a rinn iad 'nan aghaidh, gidheadh, mu dheireadh, thàinig na Gàidheil gu bhì 'nan tràillean dhoibh. Ach, ma thàinig, cha robh e idir comasach do na Romhanaich fuil nan Gàidheal atharrachadh, agus a tarruing as na cuislibh aca. Chaidh an creachadh is an sgrios leo ; agus mo thruaighe ! chuireadh an cànan bhlasda féin fo smachd leis an nàimhaid cheudna. Ach, mu na nithibh so, is fearr gu'n leagamaid le'r n-ughdar a smuaintean fhéin a chur an céill. Deir esan, “the Celtic element was less intimately mixed with the Iberian in the north-western part of the Peninsula than elsewhere, and the tribes in this part of the country were those which withstood longest the imposition of the Roman bureaucratic system after the assassination of the patriot Viriatus and the fall of Numancia in the second century B.C.”

Is dòcha gu'n deachaidh a' chuid a's mò de na cleachdainnean duthchasach a bha aig na Gàidheil air chall is air dhith an déigh dhoibh dol, a dheòin no a dh'aindheoin, fo chuing nan Romhanach ; ach is dòcha, cuideachd, gu'n do ghleidheadh cuid dhiubh 'nam measg airson mhòrain bhliadhnaichean an déigh sin. Faodaidh a bhì gu'n do ghleidheadh eadhon an cànan féin fad mòran ùine. Coma co-dhiù, fhuair sinn iomradh anns an leabhar so air neach àraidh d'am b'ainm Mir, sa bha 'na rìgh air roinn de'n dùthaich sa bhliadhna 559. Tha e soilleir gur e focal Gàidhlig a tha'n so. Bha Mir 'na rìgh air na Suevonaich, a bha 'nan treibh am Portachala aig an àm ud ; agus

tha eachdraichean ag ràdh gu'n robh iad, maraon 'nan sluagh Gàidhealach.

Ach, is mithich dhuinn a bhi ag éiridh o bheachd-smuaineachadh air na seann nithibh so agus dol air ar n-aghaidh anns a' bhad. Leig leis na h-aimsirean a chaidh seachad am mairbh féin a thiodhlaiceadh. Chan 'eil Portachala 'na dùthaich aig na Gaidheil na's mò, agus théid sinn an urras nach bi i mar sin fhad is beò sinn féin co-dhiù.

Is mòr agus is àrd am moladh is an cliù a tha Major Hume a' toirt air Portachala, agus air an dream a th'ann; agus se ar barail, an déigh dhuinn an leabhar taitneach so leughadh, gu'n d'fhuair e fìor bhonntachas anns a h-uile rathad air a' bheachd aige. Eisdibh cìod a tha'n t-ùghdar ag ràdh mu thimchioll muinntir na dùthcha: "The absence of vociferation and vehemence in the people did not mean sulkiness and stupidity, but was the result of the intense earnestness with which their daily life was faced. In all my wanderings I have never met, except perhaps in Norway, a peasantry so full of willingness to show courtesy to strangers without thought of gain to themselves as these people of North Portugal, almost pure Celts as they are, with the Celtic innate kindness of heart and ready sympathy, though, of course with the Celtic short-comings of jealousy, inconstancy and distrust."

Tha so uile mar bu chòir (ged nach 'eil sinn a' tarruing tlachd as na tha Major Hume ag ràdh mu "thri mallachdan nan Gaidheal" am Portachala), agus is tric a tha Major Hume a' cur a' chiùil feadh na fìdhle anns an dòigh cheudna. "The manners of

these people of North Portugal, indeed, are irreproachable. So courteous are they that it seems almost rude of the stranger to note too closely the quaint garb of the working people around him. . . . There are no indications anywhere of excessive drinking and even smoking is not conspicuous amongst the working men and boys in the streets; they seem, indeed, too seriously busy for that, except on some feast day, when with their best clothes on they are gay enough, though not vociferous even then, as most southern peoples are."

Tha mòran ag Major Hume ri ràdh mu thimchioll muinntir na dùthcha, agus mu dheidhinn an dòigh anns am bheil iad am bitheantas a' deanamh am beò. Thug e fainear nach robh Portachala à tuath a' sealltuinn glé thorrach, ged is fìor gur e fonn a's siolmhoire agus a's tarbhaiche a th'ann air feadh na dùthcha gu léir. "North Portugal, though cultivated like a garden wherever possible by a peasantry probably unrivalled in Europe for self-respecting independence and laboriousness, *thanks largely to causes that have made them practically owners as well as tillers of the soil*, does not strike a casual observer as being naturally fertile. For miles together, and as far as the eye reaches, pine-clad hillsides stretch, . . . but closer view shows that down in the sheltered valleys between the hills, and on the lower slopes there nestle hundreds of little vineyards and fields of maize and rye, the staple breadstuffs of the people. The peasantry live well in their villages and are not content with inferior food. Not for them is the poor makeshift of white bread and the fat cold bacon of the English

farm hand. The bread of rye with an admixture of maize flour, the *broa* or *broua*, as it is called in North-Western Spain, is dark in colour and coarse in texture, but it is a fine sustaining food, upon which, in Galicia, I have often made a good meal. The ever-present dried codfish, *bacalhau*, cooked with garlic and oil, and sometimes with rice, flavoured with saffron, is also not by any means a food to be contemned, unpalatable as it is to those who taste it for the first time. But this although forming the staple fare of the Minho peasant and small farmer, does not exhaust his *menu*. There is for high days and holidays the savoury *estofado* of stewed meat and vegetables, of which the Portuguese peasant housewife is pardonably proud; there are olives, onions, and fruit *ad libitum*, and good sound new wine, tart, but not unpleasant, at the price of the cheapest small beer in England."

Anns an treas Caibideil tha cunntas tapaidh aig an leughadair nach 'eil fìor-eòlach air a leithid sin de dh'fhoghlum, agus nach 'eil 'a dol aon uair a' bheag sam bith thar thuigse, air an turus a ghabh Major Hume gu Citania—àite ris an abrar am "Portugese Pompeii" leis na ùghdar so. Anns a' cheàrn so de'n dùthaich, sheas na Gàidheil a mach an aghaidh nan Romhanach mòran na's fhaide na rinn iad an iomadh àite eile. Tha'n t-eachdraiche Romhanach, Valerius Maximus, ag ràdh gu'n robh daingneach Ghàidhealach ann faisg air beinn àraidh an Lusitania, agus tha e a' moladh gu mòr na muinntir a bha gabhail còmhnuidh mu'n cuairt di, agus a bha ga dìonadh gu treun an aghaidh gach ionnsaidh a rinn feachd nan Romhanach oirre. Tha'n t-ainm a tha aig Valerius air an àite so "Citania,"

agus dh'ainmich àrsaidhean a' bhaile mu'm bheil sinn a' labhairt a nis mar sin, o'n a chaidh a chreidsinn leogur e so agus an t-àite do'n d'thug an t-eachdraiche Romhanach "Citania" mar ainm 'nan daingnichean ceudna. Ge b'e air bith cia mar tha sin, tha a'cheàrn so de'n dùthaich làn de laraichean briste agus de dh'aitreabh buileach fàsachail, a chaidh a thogail anns na làithean a dh'aom leis na Gàidheil. Ach, cha d'éirich duine eadhon gus an là an diugh aig an robh spéis dha is eòlas sam bith air a leithid sin de nì. B'e an t-Ollamh Sarmento an ciad fhear a thug iad fo làimh mar gu'm b'eadh; agus bhuilich e orra ùine is airgiod nach gabh cunntas; oir cha robh mòran sluaigh am Portachala air fad aig an àm ud a bha idir toileach no comasach air a leithid sin de ghnòthach a thoirt air adhart. Ach, air an stéidh so, is fearr dhuinn leigeil le'r n-ùghdar a sgeul fhéin innseadh.

"All over the plain for many miles around, the ruins of Celto-Roman villages have been found, and in many cases partially explored by Dr. Sarmento and others; the objects discovered having been deposited in the museum at Guimarães belonging to the explorer, but in consequence of his death, henceforward to be a public institution subsidised by the State. . . . The great interest of the hill stronghold, indeed, consists in the fact that we have here practically an unspoilt Celtic or Celtiberian town, in which Roman civilisation had but little part. It will be seen by the objects actually unearthed that the place was inhabited after the Roman influence and language had dominated the district, as late, indeed, as the time of Hadrian; but of purely Roman remains, so

plentiful elsewhere in the district, there are in Citania hardly any; the construction and plan of the houses having much in common with the Irish and Scotch *Cashels*, and the absence of all indications of Christianity being complete."

Ach, ged is taitneach leinn a bhi rannsachadh an leabhair so, gidheadh is mithich dhuinn a bhi tarruing ar cuid briathran gu crìch. Air dha Citania fhaicinn agus fhàgail, ghabh Major Hume sgrìob as an rathad aige gu Guimarães, far am bheil an Taigh Neònachais a chaidh ainmeachadh mu thràth air a shuidheachadh. Chuireadh anns an aitreabh so gach uile ni air an d'amaid iad nuair a bha Sarmento sa chàirdean a' cladhach mu bhallachan briste Chitania. Ach, mo thruaighe! cha d'fhuair Major Hume iad an deadh-òrdugh idir. "The collection is at present in a state of chaos, which may possibly be remedied when the reconstruction of the house is completed by the authorities. The number of objects is immense, though by far the greater part of them came from other places in the neighbourhood than Citania. . . . The death of Dr. Sarmento has, of course, put an end to his self-sacrificing life-task, leaving by far the greater part of the exploration of the outer zones of Citania unattempted. It is almost too much to hope that any other similarly public-spirited Portuguese will provide the funds needed for the purpose, for there is little enthusiasm for such subjects in the country; but if funds could be obtained to excavate extensively the lower slopes of the hill on the south side where numerous hillocks suggest that sepulchral remains may lie beneath, it is probable that discoveries of

great importance in Celtiberian civilisation would be made, and perhaps the riddle of the Celtiberian alphabet solved."

Is truagh nach 'eil còrr ùine againn airson mhòrain nithean air an d'thug Major Hume iomradh anns an leabhar thaitneach so a chur an céill aig an àm. Foghnaidh a ràdh, gidheàdh, gu'n deachaidh a sgrìobhadh an deadh mhòdh, agus gu'n deachaidh a dhealbhadh, mar an ceudna, an dòigh air nach bi e soirbh buaidh no bàrr fhaotainn. Ach, san dealachadh, faodar a ràdh a ris gu'm bu chòir do gach fìor Ghàidheal Portachala nam beann is nan glac a thoirt air uair-eigin, agus se ar comhairle air an àm gu'n toir e *Through Portugal* comhla ris.

AM FEARANN

FAODAR aideachadh nach do chaill Sir Eanruig Caimbeul-Bannerman agus a chàirdean an taobh a staigh na Pàrlmaide Sasunnaich mòran de dh'ùine ann a bhi toirt a staigh Bille an Fhearainn as ùr do Thaigh nan Cumantan. Thàinig e air beulaobh an Taighe anns a' cheart chruth, ach beag, anns am facas an uiridh e. Tha aon ni a tha toirt mòr sholais dhuinn, agus is e sin gu'n deachaidh laghdachadh air an rùn

leis an rachadh ceangaltas eadar Cùirt nan Croitearan agus Mòd nan Crichean Domhail. Cha robh e idir aona chuid iomchuidh no freagarrach gu'm biodh ceannachd an fhearainn is toirt a mach binn air nithean an fhearainn anns an aon làimh, mar gu'm b'eadh. A réir a' Bhille ùir, thugadh seachad an t-aon ni do Chùirt an Fhearainn ùir, agus an ni eile do'n Chomhairle Aitaich na h-Alba. Tha so ceart mar bu chòir. Tha sinn toilichte, mar an ceudna, nach 'eil am Bille idir toirt seachad do Chùirt an Fhearainn am fearann a cheannach o na h-uachdarain, chum a bhi ga reic ris an t-sluagh. Is e cumhachd ciorramach a bhiodh an so ; agus tha sinn a' cur làn aonta ris na tha aon de ar luchd-comh-aoiseach ag ràdh mu'n chùis so. Gu dearbh, "tha am pailteas uachdarain againn, mar tha, agus r'a sheachdnadh, gun a bhi gan deanamh na's lionmhoire".

Tha so 'toirt oirnn a radh gu'm b'e ar n-iarrtus féin, greim a thoirt do'n Stàid air an fhearann agus an greim sin a mheudachadh is a dhaingneachadh cho mor sa ghabhas deanamh.

Gu dearbh "tha pailteas uachdarain againn" a cheana ; ach se ar beachd nach biodh e chum saorsa no feum, gu'm biodh na h-uile fear 'na uachdaran air fhearann fhéin.

Bu mhaith leinn féin fhaicinn an Stàid an àite an uachdarain an iomadh cùisibh, agus sin airson iomadh reuson math. Chan 'eil sinn dol an aghaidh nan uachdaran *mar uachdarain* ; ni mò a tha sinn dol a chur ar seul ri beachdan creachach is tur neònach nan Còmunnairean. Gidheadh, se ar barail féin gu'n deachaidh tuille sa chòir de fhearann na dùthcha a

thoirt seachad do na h-uachdarain anns na làithean a dh'aom ; gu'm bheil am pailteas, agus r'a sheachdnadh, aca fathast ; agus, gu h-àraidh, gur e dleasnas na Stàide a greim féin air an fhearann a mheudachadh agus a dhaingneachadh anns a h-uile rathad a's urrainn i chleachdadh, agus a tha ceart is freagarrach. Mar a tha fear-rannsachaidh àraidh ag ràdh, “ fhuair na tighearnan math agus feum an fhearainn ré iomadh làtha agus linn, agus tha e làn cheart gu'n gabhadh iad a nis cuid d'a dhragh. Ach, bha an dream so riamh a' cleachdadh a bhi mealtainn nithean maith na beatha-sa, agus tha e duilich leo a nis a chreidsinn gu'm feum iad an searbh a ghabhail maille ris a' mhilis. Nach daoine iadsan eadhon mar chàch ? Nach còir dhoibh dleasnasan a choimhlionadh cho math ri sochairean a shealbhachadh ? Ach, an déigh gach gearan is monmhur a tha iad a' deanamh, chan fhuiling iad call sam bith an lorg a' Bhille ùir. Gheibh iad deadh mhàl as gach acair a théid a thoirt do'n t-sluagh. Ma théid gabhalaichean mòra chaorach, agus frithean fhiadh, a bhriseadh a sios gu croitean, cha téid na màil isleachadh. Riamh o'n a theann Cùirt an Fhearainn ri màil chothromach a shocrachadh do chroitearan, bha am fonn a bha an làmhnan na tuatha so air fhàgail moran na bu daoire no'n talamh a bha an làimh thuathanach chaorach. Tha fios aig gach neach gu'm bheil so fìor. Is ann a bhiodh e mòran na bu bhuannachdaile do na h-uachdarain an cuid fearainn a bhi gu lèir fo chroitearan an àite a bhi fo thuathanaich. Pàighidh an croitear barrachd màil, agus chan iarr e taigh, no drochaid, no gàradhdroma a chur suas dha. Chan 'eil e furasda thuigsinn

car son a tha na h-uachdarain an aghaidh nan tuathanach beaga, oir chuireadh iad tuille airgid 'nam poca sa tha dol ann an ceart-uair."

Thubhairt sinn a cheana gu'm bu mhaith leinn féin an Stàid fhaicinn an àite sam b'abhaist do'n uachdaran a bhi. An iomadh dùthaich eile tha so mar chleachdadh dhoibh mar tha, agus, gun teagamh, tha am maith ann. Tha na tuathanaich socrach is sealbhach gu leòir, agus daonnan anabarrach trang a' cur an innealan agus an cuid fearainn am feabhas, do bhrìgh gu'm bheil làn shuidheachadh a thaobh an cuid gabhalaichean, agus gu'm bheil an Stàid gam brosnachadh is gan cuideachadh an iomadh dòigh eile.

Far am bheil an Stàid an làn ghreim air an fhearann, chi sinn gu'm bheil na tuathanaich soirbheachail, agus eudmhor gu dol air an aghaidh 'nan gairm. Tha e reusonta gu leòir gu'm bheil an Stàid mòran na's cumhdachdaiche, beartaiche, agus na's eòlaiche na tha uachdaran sam bith, ge b'e air bith rathad a tha e cleachdadh chum tighinn air soirbheachadh is eòlas nuair a tha e buntainn ris an fhearann. Ach a' bharrachd air so, buinidh am fearann gu fìrinneach do'n Stàid, agus is còir gu'n tarruingeadh i buannachd fhreagarrach as. Chan 'eil so fathast comasach dhuinn féin, do bhrìgh droch laghanna is nòsan a tha bacadh an rathaid a dh'ionnsaidh ath-leasachadh an fhearainn; ach an iomadh dùthaich eile chan 'eil a' chùis idir mar so. An sin, tha a' chuid a's mò de'n fhearann an làmhan na Stàide, agus faodar a ràdh nach beag an cumhachd agus an cliù a tha tighinn oirre an lorg sin. Coma co-dhiù, tha an cleachdadh so cur pailteas a dh'airgiod am poca muinntir Un-

garaidh, agus an iomadh dùthaich eile far am bheil an riaghailt so suidhichte a nis. Anns an dùthaich ud, buinidh am fearann air fad an tòiseach do'n Stàid, ged a tha na tuathanaich air bonn greimeil daingneachail gu leòir a thaobh an cuid gabhlaichean. Ach a thuille air so, tha an cleachdadh mu'm bheil sinn bruidhinn a' toirt seachad do'n Stàid cumhachd air iasadan a dheanamh do'n t-sluagh, agus sin troimh feadan an Taighe-Thasgaidh, a chaidh a chur air chois air sgath a' cheart ni sin.

Fhuair anns am *Financial Review of Reviews* airson a' Mhàirt so a chaidh cunntas a chaidh a sgrìobhadh gu maith agus an dòigh anabarrach taitneach air na Taighean-Tasgaidh so, agus cia mar a tha iad air an stiùireadh. B'e Barran Julius von Madarassy-Beck (a tha e fhéin air ceann an Taighe-Thasgaidh a's mò a tha an Ungaraidh air an làtha an diugh), a sgrìobh an cunntas so aig iarrras Fir-dheasachaidh an *Financial Review of Reviews*, agus a tha ag innseadh dhuinn mòran de nithean feumail is fiosrachail mu thimchioll an fhearainn, is Thaighean-Tasgaidh an Fhearainn an Ungaraidh. Bha, aon uair, am fearann air fad an làmhnan na Stàide, agus thug so làn chumhachd dhoibh, chan e a mhàin ceist an fhearainn a fuasgladh mar bu mhàith leo féin, ach cuideachadh a thoirt seachad do na tuathanaich troimh feadan nan Taighean-Tasgaidh a chuireadh air bonn airson an aobhar sin. Thug so buannachd dhà-fhillte 'na lorg. Shocraich e an sluagh air an fhearann, agus thug e seachad dhoibh, mar an ceudna, buannachd maith do'n cuid airgid.

A thaobh an dara nithe, tha Barran Julius von

Madarassy a' mineachadh san aiste a sgrìobh e anns am *Financial Review of Reviews* an dà chuid cia mar a tha Taighean-Tasgaidh an Ungaraidh air an seòladh, agus carson a tha iad a' toirt seachd do luchd-tasgaidh air feadh mor-thìr na Roinn Eòrpa a' chothroim airson cuir a staigh an airgid annta. Mar a tha am Barran ag ràdh, anns an dùthaich againn féin, is mòr is àrd na caochlaidhean a tha do ghnàth tighinn air eadhon na tasgaidhean a's aithnichte agus a's dìongmhalta a th'ann; agus, aig a' cheart àm, is fìor bheag an riadh a tha luchd-tasgaidh am bitheantas a' factainn asta, air sgath an cuid tasgaidhean.

An Ungaraidh, air an làimh eile, chan 'eil a' chùis idir mar so, mar tha Barran Julius von Madarassy-Beck a' mineachadh gu soilleir dhuinn anns an aiste a sgrìobh e.

"The chief reason why the non-speculative class of securities, which we have on the Continent, do not fluctuate to any great extent is that we have in our land mortgage bonds, which are a form of security non-existent in Great Britain, an ideal kind of trustee security, which, on account of its unimpeachable safety and the manner in which it is issued, constitutes it a really pure investment bond, absolutely unsuited to any kind of speculative purpose, and therefore the purest type of stability in existence. All our issues of bonds of this description are made gradually. At the time of issue these bonds do not pass through the hands of any company-promoting middleman, but the bonds go directly from the issuing bank into the hands of the private investor. This procedure precludes the possibility of any considerable bulk of them coming into the hands of speculators who might sway their price for their own ends. Furthermore, the value of these bonds is so stable and well ascertained that there is no margin or reason for either the inflation or the depreciation of their quoted value; so that, in their case, the wings of speculation are cut."

Tha'n lagh Ungaraidh toirt seachad làn chead do

na Taighean-Tasgaidh cumanta, agus do na Cuid-eachdan-Urrais, agus do na leithidean sin de chomunn, an airgiod a chur a staigh do na Taighean-Tasgaidh so—ni a tha gan cuideachadh gu mòr, agus gan socraicheadh mar ionadan-tasgaidh dùthchasach.

“This, therefore, opens up a wide field for market-ability, and at the same time removes these mortgage bonds from the ordinary influence of Stock Exchange markets, and it is only on the rarest occasion that any appreciable fall takes place in their market value. In addition, every town of any size in our country has what we call one or a number of bankers, whom, however, in Great Britain would likely be called money-changers, as these people deal in investment securities somewhat after a similar manner to ordinary retail dealings in sugar, coffee, or any other merchandise. They keep a shop and have a stock of bonds on hand. An investor desires to purchase. He goes in and states his requirements, passes the money over the counter, and takes his investment home with him. On the other hand, if he desires to sell, the money-changer, or banker as we would call him, is extremely glad to purchase. As, of course, there is a large competition in this business, the difference between the buying and the selling price has been fined down considerably. In no case is there a brokerage paid when the goods demanded can be immediately supplied. The denominations in which the bonds are issued are, as a rule 100 crowns, 500 crowns, 1,000 crowns, 5,000 crowns, 10,000 crowns (about 24 crowns are equal to £1), and upwards. Consequently, on account of their handy size they are equally accessible to the largest and the smallest investors. This is another point which tends to popularise this medium of investment.”

A los an dòigh anns am bheil Taighean-Tasgaidh an Fhearainn an Ungaraidh air an stiùradh a chur an céill, thugamaid fainear cia mar a tha'n *Ungarischen Hypotheken Bank*—is e Barran Julius Madarassy-Beck a tha 'na Fhear-stiùraidh dha—air a riaghladh leis. Chaidh an Taigh-Tasgaidh so air bonn sa bhliadhna 1869. Tha aige aig a' cheart àm 40,000,000 crùn mar earras, agus iad air an roinn gu codaichean a

tha air an deanamh a suas de 200 crùn do gach neach. Faodaidh neach air bith na codaichean so cheannach airson suim na's lugha na 525 crùn am fear, agus, aig a' cheart àm so, bheir iad a steach mar theachd a staigh suim a tha ionann ri sia crùn thàr fhichead do gach neach.

"The bank works upon the principle of granting mortgages to private owners of land and issuing, as and when such mortgages are granted, bonds for the amount of the loan. In addition to granting loans on land the bank also lends money to counties, corporations, and townships, and issues mortgage bonds to the identical amount of such loans. There two forms of business, namely, loans on real property to private individuals, on the one hand, and loans to corporations, towns and municipalities, on the other hand, constitute the whole business of the bank; no other class of banking being entertained. Our bank does not discount bills, and in any other kind of loan transactions, beyond the two classes described above, they do not engage, so that the business of our bank is entirely non-speculative in character. In this way the actual capital of the bank remains as a security to the bond-holders whilst every bond which is issued really forms part of a mortgage advanced upon real security, or the security of a corporation, town or municipality."

Ma tha a' mhiann air ar luchd-leughaidh barrachd fhios fhaotainn air a' chùis so, feumaidh iad an aiste so leughadh air fada. Faodar a ràdh co-dhiù, agus sin ann a bhi dealachadh ris a'chuis aig an àm, gu'n deachaidh a sgrìobhadh an dòigh anabarrach taitneach is tur soilleir, agus gur e ar beachd-ne nach bi tuath sheasmhach, shona, is shealbhach againn gus am bi sinn air ar fuasgladh o na laghannan fearainn a tha againn a nis, agus gus am bi Taighean-Tasgaidh an Fhearainn againn, mar a tha iad aig tuath chòir, shealbhach, is dhìchiollach na h-Ungaraidh.

AN T-OLLAMH MAC BHEATHAIN NACH
MAIREANN

Is brònach da-rìreadh an sguel a tha r'a luaidh gu'n do chaochail an Gàidheal ceanalta so ann an treise a làithean air a chòigeamh là de 'n Ghiblein. Dh'fhàg e Ionbhar-nis làtha no dhà roimh sin a dhol do Shruithla a dh'fhaicinn a charaid, Aonghas Macaoidh, mu leabhar ùr a bha e toileach a chlà-bhualadh. Fhuair e marbh e anns a' mhadainn; b'e spad-thinneas a b'aobhar.

Rugadh Alasdair Mac Bheathain ann an Gleann-fesidh, ann an sgìreachd Rat-amhurchais anns a' bhliadhna 1855. Chuir e seachad làithean 'òige ann am Bàideanach far an d'fhuair e a sgoil, agus air dha bhi math g'a togail, thog e air gu Oil-thigh Abar-eadhainn far an d'rinn e falach-cuain air na bha còmhla ris, agus choisinn e'n t-urram M.A. anns a' bhliadhna 1880. An ath-bhliadhna chaidh a chur air ceann na sgoile ainmeil sinn ann an Ionbhar-nis ris an abrar *Rainy's School*. Rinn e obair eireachdail anns an sgoil so a' teagasg mòran ghillean tapaidh às gach ceàrna de 'n Ghàidhealtachd a bha air an rathadh do na h-oil-thigean. Anns a' bhliadhna 1894 chaidh an sgoil so chur fo ùghdarras Bòrd-na-sgoile, agus chaidh Mac Bheathain a chur aig ceann earann shònraichte de 'n Sgoil-Ard. Anns a' bhliadhna 1901 chuir Oil-thig Abareadhainn urram air le dheanadh 'na Ollamh (*LL.D.*), agus anns a' bhliadhna 1905 thug an Rìgh duais bhliadhnail dha airson an obair

mhór agus luachmór a rinn e às leth na Gàidhlig agus Litricheas nan Gàidheal.

Ged a bha làn-churam na sgoile air a ghuailllean, agus cha do rinn e riamh dearmad air 'obair, ghabh e gach cothrom air e féin a dheanamh foirfe ann an cànan a dhùthcha, agus anns na cànainean eile a bha tagairt càirdeas rithe. Ged nach b'aithne dha ach "faochadh gille a' ghobhainn—bho na h-ùird gus na builg," rinn e bùrach nach bu bheag a dh'fhaotainn eòlais air freumh nan cànainean Ceillteach, agus le mór shaothair

“Chuir e riaghailtean air Gàidhlig,
Agus snas air cainnt a dhùthcha.”¹

Sgrìobh e mòran òraidean air caochladh chuspairean, a tha làn foghlaim agus geiread inntinn. Tha mòran dhiu ri fhaotainn anns na Leabhraichean a tha air an cur a mach bho àm gu àm le Comunn Gàidhlig Ionbhar-nis. Anns a' bhliadhna 1892, còmhla r'a charaid, an t-Urramach Iain Ceanaideach, ann an Arainn; chuir e mach dà leabhar somalta de 'n obair mu litreachas Gàidhlig a bha an t-Ollamh Alasdair Camashron ris ré a chuid a b'fheàrr de bheatha. Anns a' bhliadha 1896 chuir e mach am Foclair ris an abrar "*Etymological Gaelic Dictionary*," anns am bheil e lorgachadh gach focal Gàidhlig gu 'bhun, ni nach d'rinneadh riamh gus a sin. Choisinn so dha, chan e mhàin cliù nan Gaidheal Albannach,

¹ Tha na focaill so sgrìobhta air clach-chinn Sheumais Munro, sgoilear Gàidhlig eile, a tha 'na shuain teann air Gearrasdan-dubh Ionbhar-Lòchaidh.

ach cliù dhaoine fòghlimte na Roinn-Eòrpa. Mar so choisinn is chum e an ceum toisich am measg Ghàidheal na h-Alba. Chuir e mach leabhraichean eile mu Eachdraidh na Gàidhealtachd, agus sgrìobh e thall sa bhos mu Ainmean àiteachan sa Ghàidhealtachd, is mu Ainmean is shloinnidhean nan Gàidheal, agus bha e bràth a' chloich-mhullaich a chur air 'obair le leabhar mór a chur r'a cheile anns am buineadh e ann an dòigh iomlan ris na cùisean so, ach mo thruaigh thàinig am bàs air gu h-obann :—

“Tha a bheul a nis dùinte,
 Cha'n 'eil leirsinn na shùilean—
 'S fuar an cridhe 'bha mùirneach,
 Anns an ùir 'se gun deò.”

Ged a bha an t-Ollamh Mac Bheathain làn eòlais, cha robh e cruaidh 'na mosach uime, ach bheireadh e seachad à stòras inntinn gu fiallaidh grinn, dhaibhsan a bha 'n tòir air foghlum no fiosrachadh. Is lionmhor ministear agus lighiche anns a' Ghaidhealtachd a bha 'na eisimeil air son a chuid a's feàrr de'n fòghlum agus a rachadh astar math às an gabhail a chur clach 'na chàrn.

Nach fhaod sinn uile ar caoidhrean brònach a thogail ann am briathran Eòghain Mhic Lachuinn nach maireann :—

“Och nan och ! mar a tà mi ;
 Thréig mo shùgradh, mo mhànràn 's mo cheòl !
 'S trom an aiceid tha'm chràdh-lot,
 'S goirt am beum a rinn sgàinteach 'am fheòil ;

Mi mar ànrach nan cuantan,
A chailleas 'astar feadh stuadhan 'sa cheò ;
O'n bhuail teachdaire 'bhàis thu,
A charaid chaoimh bu neò-fhailteumach glòir.

“ Gun smid tha'n ceann anns na thàrmaich
Bladh gach eòlais a b'àird' ann am miagh ;
Gliocas eagnaigh na Gréige,
'S na thuig an Eadailt bu gheur-fhaclaich brìgh !
'S balbh fear-réitich gach teagaimh
Anns a' bheurla chruaidh, spreigearra, ghrinn !
'Nuair bhios luchd-fòghluim fo dhubhar,
Co na d' ionads a dh'fhuasglas an t-snaoim.”
A chuid de Phàrras dha !

FIONN.

LITIR

SOME GAELIC SONGS—THEIR ORIGIN AND HISTORY

SIR,

In your last issue I observed a Gaelic article entitled "Orain Ghàidhlig," in which the writer, "J. N. M.," sought to give the origin and history of some of our more popular Gaelic songs. I read that article with interest, and my object in writing is to correct some evident mistakes therein, as it is desirable to have the history and authorship of as many of these songs as possible settled before it is too late. It is curious to note that the majority of our most popular Gaelic songs are anonymous.

I observe that your contributor, "J. N. M.," ascribes the beautiful poem "Cuachag nan Craobh" to William Ross, the Skye bard. I am aware the poem appears in the second edition of this poet's works which was edited in 1834 by John MacKenzie, the compiler of the *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, first published in 1841. The song also appears in the "Beauties" where it is ascribed to Ross—and where it is prefaced by a beautiful story regarding the circumstances which called it forth. Despite this, the poem is so unlike the songs of William Ross, that doubts were frequently expressed regarding its alleged authorship. Some years ago I was privileged to examine what is known as the MacLaggan Gaelic MS., compiled over a century ago, and there I discovered a version of "Cuachag nan Craobh" care-

fully dated 1764—two years after William Ross was born! I made the discovery known through the Highland press at the time, and since then every one feels satisfied that whoever composed this poem, it was not William Ross.

As regards the popular Skye song, “O, c'àit, an caidil an Ribhinn?” your contributor ascribes it to a person of the name of MacQueen from Troternish, Skye. There are MacQueens in Skye, but there are also “Mac Cuitheins,” who make MacDonalds of themselves, and it was a person of this name who composed the song in question. A few years ago a controversy was going on in one of our Highland weeklies regarding the authorship of this song—which was finally settled by Rev. A. Maclean-Sinclair, Prince Edward's Island, who has done so much to preserve Gaelic song. He wrote as follows: “Bha Dòmhnall og Mac Cuithein—Dòmhnall mac Fhionnlaidh, an còmhnuidh an Tota an Trotarnis 'san Eilean Sgitheanach. Dh'fhag e Tota is chaidh e dh'fhuireach do Chille-Mhoire mu'n bhliadhna 1824. Phòs e Peigi Pheutan, Peigi nighean Fhearchair Bhreabadair, agus bho cóignear chloinne aige rithe, Alasdair, Iain, Dòmhnall, Màiri agus Peigi. Rugadh Iain mu'n bhliadhna 1809. Rinn e 'C'àite 'n caidil an nionag?' mu'n bhliadhna 1828. Rinn e òrain eile cuideachd. Bha e 'na dhuine laidir foghainteach. Chaochail e mu'n bhliadhna 1835. Goirid an deigh bàis Iain thàinig athair 'sa mhàthair, Dòmhnall a bhràthair is a dhithis pheathraichean do Cheap Bhreatunn. Dh-fhuirich Alasdair 'san t-seann dùthaich. Bha e chòmhnuidh aig Port-Cheasaig. Bha Alasdair Peutan

a chòmhnuidh am bràighe Chille-Mhoire. Thainig e do Cheap Bhreatunn mu'n bhliadhna 1829. B'ì Catriona a nighean, an nionag air an do rinn Iain Mac Cuithein an t-oran."

This seems to settle the authorship of this popular song. It was composed by John MacDonald, otherwise known as "Iain Mac Cuithein," and the heroine was Catrina, daughter of Alexander Beaton, or Bethune, Kilmuir, Skye.

"Farewell to Fiunary." This song is alike popular in Gaelic and in English. The original English song is by Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., senior (1783-1862), known to Highlanders everywhere as "Caraid nan Gàidheal". In a recently published work called *Songs of a Highland Home*,¹ edited by Anne C. Wilson (A. C. Macleod), a grand-daughter of the author of "Fiunary," its origin is given as follows: "This song owed its origin to an amusing competition between Dr. Norman Macleod and Mrs. Macgregor, a lady who lived at Campbeltown, Argyllshire, of which parish Dr. Macleod was then minister. The lady, who was of a literary turn, was spending the evening at the manse. In the course of the evening, she and Dr. Macleod challenged one another as to which of them could write the best verses in the shortest space of time. Dr. Macleod retired, and shortly afterwards returned with the now well-known words. He had just returned from a visit to his old home

¹ *Songs of a Highland Home*. Edited by Anne C. Wilson (A. C. MacLeod), co-editress of *Songs of the North*. Music arranged by Arthur Somervell. London: Joseph Williams (Limited), 32 Great Portland St., W. Price 4s. net.

Fiunary, the name of the manse of Morven, and the words gave expression to the wealth of affection, associations and memories with which his heart was filled. The song was never intended for the eye of the public, and no one was more astonished than its author to find it first sung in the street by some local singer, and from this lowly beginning rapidly spreading over the Highlands of Scotland and from thence to the Colonies, known at first only orally, then published by others. 'Farewell to Fiunary' was written in 1808, and was first printed by Morehead in 1824."

The song has been translated into Gaelic more than once, but the most popular rendering is that by the late Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow, a native of Mulindry, Islay, who died in 1870. He was the father of the late Archibald Sinclair, printer, Glasgow, who died in 1899, the compiler of that excellent collection of Gaelic songs called "An t-Oranaiche".

"Fear a' Bhàta." Your correspondent, while of opinion that this song is old, says that the general opinion is that all that we have now of the original composition is the first verse:—

"'S tric mi sealltainn o'n chnoc a's àirde," etc.

I think this song first appeared in print in the brother Stewarts' collection of 1804,¹ where it is entitled "Oran gaoil do mharaich, le maighdean àraid". There

¹ *Cochruinneacha Taoghta de Shaothair nam Bard Gaelach*. A choice collection of the works of the Highland Bards, collected in the Highlands and Isles, by Alexander and Donald Stewart, A.M. Duneidin: Clodh-Bhuailt le T. Stiuart, 1804.

are in all ten verses and a chorus; the first verse begins :—

“‘Stric mi sealltainn,” etc.

This is the version that has been copied by John MacKenzie, of the *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, and subsequent collectors. Your contributor seeks to connect it with a shipwreck at the Butt of Lewis where “Fear a’ bhàta” was drowned. There is internal evidence in the song, as printed in 1804, that it is the composition of one who “loved not wisely, but too well”. I think this disposes of the “Sine nighean Iain Aindrea” authorship of your contributor.

“A Mhàiri bhòidheach.” In old collections such as *Ceillearan Binn nan Creagan Aosda*, 1819, the authorship is attributed to “a schoolmaster in North Uist,” but the Rev. Archibald MacDonald, Kiltarlity, who edited *The Uist Bards*,¹ in giving the song prefaces it with the following note : “The author of the following song was Alexander Stewart,² editor of a

¹ *The Uist Collection*. The poems and songs of John MacCodrum, Archibald Macdonald and some minor Uist bards, edited with introductions and notes by Rev. Archibald MacDonald, Kiltarlity. Glasgow : Archibald Sinclair, 1894.

² The following paragraph from the *Inverness Journal*, 28th August, 1807, will be read with interest : “The Highland Society of London have sent Mr. Alexander Stewart, the editor of a recent collection of Gaelic poems, on a tour through the Highlands for the purpose of collecting such fragments as are still extant of the poetry, music and historical tales of the ancient Caledonians. An inquiry into the topography of the dominions of Fingal; of the places of birth, residence and interment of the Invincible Chief, his warriors and bards; of the scenes of their exploits; together with the remains of their buildings, tumuli, etc., form also a part of his

well-known collection of Gaelic poetry, who was for a time schoolmaster in North Uist. The lady to whom it was composed was Maria Macqueen, daughter of the Rev. Allan Macqueen, minister of North Uist. Her mother was a daughter of William MacDonald III. of Valley." It may be added that Mr. MacDonald, Kiltarlity, is a native of North Uist.

"Maili Bheag òg." As far as I am aware this song first appears in Stewart's collection of 1804, already referred to, where it is called "Oran cumhaidh le fleasgach òg". In 1836 there was published by Duncan MacVean, Glasgow, a *Collection of the Most Popular Gaelic Songs*, which was edited by John MacKenzie of the "Beauties". In this collection we have the song as it appears in Stewart's collection with one additional verse beginning:—

"Di-dòmhnach anns a' ghleann duinn," etc.

To the song we have the following note: "This beautiful song was composed by an Irish youth who fell in love with a nobleman's daughter in the Highlands. Having received the lady's consent he eloped with her. Her two brothers pursued them on horseback and found them on a Sunday morning in a glen where they had passed the night. The struggle commenced between the young gentlemen and the unfortunate lover, who had the unexpressible anguish

mission." The other year some Gaelic MSS. were discovered among the papers of the London Highland Society, and they are probably some of the poems collected by Mr. Stewart about a century ago. It would be well if they were examined by Gaelic literary experts, and such portions of them as are valuable and not already in print, should be published by the Society.

of killing his sweetheart in the contest with his own sword. He was taken prisoner, and carried to jail where he composed this melting song a few days before his execution. The second stanza, which was not in the copy formerly printed, is now given and the song is now printed correctly for the first time."

Five years later MacKenzie, in giving the same version of the song in the *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry* attributes its authorship to "a young Highland officer who had served under King William on the Continent soon after the Revolution. He was the son of a respectable tenant in the Highlands of Perthshire. . . . Our neighbours, the Irish, claim the air as one of their own, but upon what authority we have been left in the dark. Sir John Sinclair establishes its nativity in Scotland." (Can any of your readers inform me where this reference to Sir John Sinclair's statement regarding the song "Maili bheag òg" is to be found?)

Dr. Norman MacLeod (1783-1862), "Caraid nan Gàidheal," writing in *Cuairtear nan Gleann* in 1841, says he knew people in Kintyre who had conversed with the author of the song "Maili bheag òg"—Lachlan Ogie. This Lachlan Ogie was an Irishman, handsome in person and well educated. He could converse in Gaelic, English, French and Latin. He fell in love with the daughter of some magnate, but was too poor to ask her hand in marriage. The girl was deeply attached to him, and they vowed to be faithful to one another until death. Lachlan entered the army, and served several years in Flanders. He returned to Ireland an officer about the year 1740.

He was a dexterous swordsman. During his absence his sweetheart had refused several eligible suitors. Immediately after his return, finding her father still obdurate, he ran away with the object of his choice. They were pursued by her friends, and overtaken in a lonely glen on the Sabbath day. The girl clung to her lover. Her pursuers took hold of her and endeavoured to tear her away from him. Our hero drew his sword, but, unfortunately, a blow aimed at one of his opponents laid his *Mali* dead at his feet, she having rushed between her brothers and her lover. On seeing what he had done, he surrendered at once, saying he had no wish to live any longer. He was imprisoned and was to be put to death. It was whilst in prison that he composed "*Mo Mhaili bheag òg*"—My Bonnie Young May—one of the saddest, most pathetic and most beautiful poems in the language. The broken-hearted poet became insane, and was set at liberty. He crossed over to Scotland, and wandered about Argyllshire for many years. He lived to be an old man.

Such was Dr. MacLeod's statement. In confirmation thereof I may state that near Kilchrenan, Lochawe, on the banks of *Uisge-Chille* is a little chasm known as *Eas Lachainn h-Ogie*—Lachlan Ogie's Chasm. This was a favourite resort of his, and in this lonely spot he gave vent to his life-long sorrow by singing the praises of his "*Maili bheag òg*". The air seems to be a variant of the Irish "*Gramachree*" or "*Molly Ashtore*".

It is interesting to note that John MacKenzie had heard of this Lachlan Ogie, for in the *Select Songs*

already referred to he attributes the authorship of the song "Ochòin, mo chailin 's mo shùil a'd' dhéigh" to "Lachunn Hogie, Duin'-uasal Eireannach".

My interest in the subject of Gaelic song is my apology for trespassing on your pages.

I am, etc.,
FIONN.

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Guth na Bliadhna

LEABHAR IV.]

AN SAMHRADH, 1907.

[AIREAMH 3

AN GAIDHEAL AN CANADA

BHA e 'na chleachdadh aig na daoine o'n d'thainig sinn nuair a bhiodh iad a' dol a mach gu cogadh no gu creach deiseal a ghabhail mar ghuidhe air soir-bheachadh is fortan air an turus fhaotainn; agus ged a chaidh an cleachdadh sin a chur gu taobh mar sheòrsa de shaobh-chràbhaidh is de amaideachd, o chionn mòran bhliadhnaichean, gidheadh is sinne a dheanadh ar dicheall anns an t-seann ghnothach ud nuair a chaidh fios a chur oirnn gu'n robh an t-Athair Caimbeul dol a null do Chanada air turus-chràbhaidh d'ar càirdean thar a' chuain mhòir. Ach ma is ann mar sin a bha sinn smuaineachadh car tamuill, rinn sinn ar dicheall anns a' chùis an dòigh mòran na's fheàrr agus na's éifeachdaiche na chaidh ainmeachadh leinn; agus se ar beachd gu'm bi sàr aslachadh aig gach fìor Ghàidheal do'n Tì a's Airde airson fortain is soirbheachaidh fhaotainn do'n sgrìob a thug an t-Athair Caimbeul a null gu Canada.

Anns a' chiad àite, chaidh an t-Athair air faon-dradh gu Canada air sgath a' chreidimh Chaitlicich. Fhuair e cuireadh bho chuid de an Sagairtean

Canadach gu dhol a nunn gu Canada chum “an Soisgeal a shearmonachadh,” mar a thuirt iad féin anns na paipearan aca. Tha fios aig a h-uile neach gur e a’ bhuidheann Chaitliceach an Canada a’s lionmhoire agus a’s cumhachdaiche, eadar Gàidheal is Frangach. Tha muinntir Chanada a tha ’nan Caitlicich dìongmhalta, daingeann gu leòir a thaobh an Creidimh, as am bheil iad a’ gabhail uaille mòir, freagarraich, mar an ceudna. Tha mòran dhiubh so ’nan Gàidheil, agus o’n a tha spéis mhòr, bhuan, aca do’n “t-seann dùthaich,” mar a their iad rithe, nach ’eil e tur nàdurra, taitneach, is freagarrach gu’m biodh toil aca an Soisgeil a chluinntinn air a shearmonachadh dhiobh ann an cànan féin ?

Is e so an ceud aobhar airson an d’ thug an t-Athair Caimbeul Canada nan Coilltean air ; agus is maiseach agus priseil thar tomhas e da rìreadh an ar sùilibh-féin. B’ann airson so a mhàin a thug Colum Cille agus iomadh Gàidheal cràbhach eile dùthchannan céin thar a’ chuain orra. Chan ann gu dearbh do dhùthaich mhi-mhodhail, mhi-bheusach, agus do mhuinntir bhorb, allabharrach, ain-diadhaidh, ach do Chanada mhòr nan Eaglaisean, is d’a chuid ionmhuinn fhéin, a thriall an t-Athair Caimbeul. Gu’n soir-bheachadh leis, A Dhia, tha sinn gu h-iriosal ag achanaich !

Tha aobhar eile ann airson an d’ thug an t-Athair Caimbeul sgriob gu Canada, agus is e sin gu’n cuireadh e an céill, is sin fa chomhair a luchd-éisdeachd, ciamar a tha cùisean Gàidhealach a’ dol air adhart anns an t-seann dùthaich. Is e am beachd aige dol air faon-dradh air feadh na Gàidhealtachd Canadaich, a’ cuairt-

eadh gach ceàrna dhith as am bi cuireadh aige dol air chéilidh rithe, los mòd-chràbhaidh a chumail san ionad sin, no òraid mu chùisean Albannach a thoirt seachad. Tha fughair aige e a bhith as an dùthaich so fad ceithir, no coig, miosan; agus is cinnteach leinn nach leigear air falbh e le ar càirdean thar a' chuain gus am bi crìoch làn is bhuadhach air a thurus.

A nis, tha ni no dhà ann air am bu chòir gu'm biodh iomradh againn aig an àm, agus sin nuair a tha Tosgair nan Gàidheal Albannach fathast a' cuairt-eachadh Chanada. Is fìor thaitneach leinn, agus leis gach neach an Albainn air fad, an naigheachd a fhuair sinn o chiann car greis mu ar-a-mach is éiridh nan Gàidheal Canadach air sgath an càinain is an seann chleachdannan féin. Fhuair sinn fios o iomadh àite mu'n chruinneachadh mòr a thachair an Halifax, agus an iomadh ceàrn eile, le sùil ri cumail suas agus cuir air adhart na Gàidhlig 'nam measg. Tha sin ceart gu leòir, agus 'na aobhar cliù is meas nach beag do'n fheadhainn a bha gan tionail, agus a bha gan deanamh a suas. Is ro thaitneach leinn uile cluinn-tinn nach e beachd no miann aig na Canadaich a' Ghaidhlig a chur gu taòbh, agus ar nòsan dùth-chasach a chuir as, no a leigeil air di-chuimhne ma's urrainn doibh a bhacadh. Tha so ceart gu leòir; ach faodaidh sinn innseadh co-dhiù nach ann anns an dòigh so, is e sin ri ràdh le gairm cruinneachaidh mhòir, le deanamh òraidean, agus le cuir Chomuinn Gàidhealach air bonn a bhos sa thall, a bhitheas sàr shoirbheachadh anns a' chùis. Faodar na nithean so uile bhi ann, agus a' Ghaidhlig gun a cuid féin. Chan 'eil sinn a' connsachadh, no ag àicheadh, nach bi feum

uair-eigin is àite-eigin anns na h-innealan so ; ach chan 'eil iad a' cur criche iomlain socraich air a' ghnòthach air fad. Tha iad feumail is cliùiteach gu leoir a réir mar a tha iad ruighinn air am meud féin, agus a réir mar a tha iad air an cleachdadh gu maith ; ach ma's miann le ar càirdean thar a' chuain an làn dhicheall is an uile dhleasnas a dheanamh anns a' chùis, feumaidh iad a' Ghàidhlig a chur a staigh do na sgoilean cumanta aca cho trath sa dh'fhaodas iad. Faodar a ràdh, san dol seachad, nach biodh-e iom-chuidh no freagarrach a' Ghàidhlig a bhi anns gach ceann agus air a h-uile bheul gun ionad sam bith a bhi aice anns na sgoilean cumanta, agus chan 'eil e comasach cànan sam bith a chumail beò aig an làtha an diugh mur a bi àite freagarrach aice anns na h-ionadan foghlumta. Tha a' Bheurla is an Fhraingis, gun tighinn air mòran chànan eile eadar beò is marbh, air an ionnsachadh anns na sgoilean Canadach ; agus carson nach bi àite freagarrach air a chur air leth anns na h-ionadan ceudna airson cainnte nam beann ? Nach cainnt na's foghlumte, na's sine, na's binne, agus na's modhaile na sin, a' Ghàidhlig ? Ciod a tha bacadh Gàidheil Chanada o bhi buntainn r'an cànan féin ceart mar a tha sluagh eile a' deanamh air sgath an teangannan-ne ? A' Ghaidhlig bho chd ! Is e do mhuinntir féin a tha do ghnàth a' tilgeadh ort an cuid fanaidean faoine, is le di-mheas, is an ana-cothruman libideach ; agus iadsan gun a bhi airidh eadhon iall do bhròige fhuasgladh ! Chan 'eil dhi-se ach a bhi toilichte airson nan tròcairean a's lugha. Eadhon ann ar dùthaich féin chunnaic sinn an làtha anns nach fhaidte focal Gàidhlig idir a labhairt an

taobh a staigh de bhallachan an taighe-sgoile. Chunnaic sinn gu tric—ùairean gun àireamh—clann air am peanasachadh airson focail Ghàidhlig a leigeadh a mach gun fhios doibh; agus ged a tha leasachadh ann a thaobh an nì so agus suidheachadh na Gàidhlig anns na sgoilean againn, gidheadh tha fios aig a h-uile neach nach 'eil sinn féin coimh-lionta anns a h-uile càs agus air fad. Coma co-dhiù,

“Thig sinn beò an dòchas ro mbath,
Gu'm bi chuis na's fheàrr an ath là.”

Chuir sinn a' Ghàidhlig a staigh do mhòran de na sgoilean againn, agus tha sinn an dòchas gu'm bi a' Ghàidhlig air a h-ionnsachadh anns gach sgoil air feadh Gàidhealtachd na h-Alba an ceann ùine nach bi fada.

Ach, chan 'eil na Canadaich ach a' toiseachadh air an gnothach so, agus faodar iad a' cuimhneachadh gur e na sgoilean a' chiad nì. Gun sgoil, gun Ghàidhlig! Agus a bhàrr air sin, nach 'eil sinn fo fhiachaibh troma mòra, a thaobh ar cànan fein? Is ann, am bitheantas, tha sluagh eile a' gabhail uail ceirt is freagarraiche as an teanga féin. Carson nach dean sinn mar sin? Ged nach robh ar cànan ach 'na cainnt bho ch, mhi-mhodhail, leibideach, b' e ar dleasnas fathast a seasamh, agus a cumail beò. Ach tha cànan ghasda, bhinn, fhoghlumte againn, mar tha fios aig an t-saoghal gu léir, agus mur seas sinn i, mur dìon sinn i, mur àrdaich sinn i, agus mur buin sinn rithe mar nì làn airidh gu bhi air a steidheachadh gu là bràth ann ar measg, an sin, mata, bhiodh sinn 'nar daoine leibideach is buileach faoine, mar ghealt-

airean faoin-cheannach, gun bheus gun tuigse no toiniseag sam bith, agus gun bhi airidh ach a bhi air ar saltairt fo chasaibh le cinneadh is dùthchannan eile.

Tha ni eile ann air am bu chòir gu'm biodh iomradh againn aig an àm. Bu mhath leinn féin fhaicinn réite no cumhnant bhlath-chridheach air a chur air bonn eadar Gàidheil Chanada agus na Frangaich anns an dùthaich ud. Tha iad anns an aon chàs, a thaobh gu'm bheil iad air am bacadh le cànan is le cleachd-ainnean nach buin idir dhoibh. Carson, mata, nach seasadh iad a mach mar aon duine agus an guaillibh a chéile air sgath cainte is nòsan dùthchasach? Is bràithrean a thaobh creidimh Gàidheil Chanada is na Frangaich Canadach. Carson nach biodh càirdeas dlu-cheangalach eatorra? Is e aonachd am bann a's cumhachdaiche do'n fheadhainn a tha seasamh an guaillibh a chéile. Tha na Frangaich 'nam muinntir mòran na's lionmhoire agus na's cumhachdaiche na na Gàidheil an Canada. Gidheadh, bhiodh am muinntir a chaidh ainmeachadh mu dheireadh 'nan aobhar de misnich agus cumhachd nach beag do'n dream eile nan rachadh aca a dhol am bad comhla ris na Frangaich. Coma co-dhiù, chan fhaodar àicheadh nach e buannachd an dà dhream so iad féin a tharruing ri chéile gu aona-cheann, o'n a tha iad anns an aon àite. Air feadh an t-saoghail gu léir, tha daoine aingidh, ain-diadhaidh, a' deanamh ionnsaidh air a' Chreidimh, agus a' tilgeadh air gur e cràbhadh a tha mi-chleasach, neo-fhallain, aosmhor, is gun fheum. Is daoine air bheag tuigse an fheadhainn so, agus tha làn fhios againn gu'n d'thubhairt an t-amadan o sheann, "chan 'eil Dia ann". Ach, chan

fhaodar aicheadh nach 'eil an saoghal air fàs na's ain-diadhaidh, agus na's neo-chreideach mar a tha e air fàs suas am bliadhnaichean. Bu chòir, mata, gu'm biodh aonachd aig a' bhuidhinn Chaitlicich air feadh an t-saoghail los casg a chur air na h-ionnsaidhean a tha luchd-mi-chreidmheach do ghnath a' deanamh air an Eaglais. Is ionann Gàidheil Chaitlicich Chanada is na Frangaich an Canada air beulaobh Dhé, a chionn gu'm bheil gur iad mar bhràithrean do chach a chéile a thaobh an creidimh-san, agus mur dean iad an dicheall chum aonachd a chur air adhart nam measg, bithidh tubaist agus coire fathast anns a' chuis.

Ach chan ann air sgath a' Chreidimh a mhàin a tha sinn a' sparradh air na Caitlicich Canadach, eadar Frangach is Gàidheal, aonachd is cairdeas bhlath-chridheach a dheanamh eatorra féin. Tha 'n dithis so an cunnart, mar an ceudna, o cheàrnan eile. Tha aig càch an cànan is an cleachdainnean féin a chumail suas, agus a dhion bho na h-ionnsaidhean a tha cànan is nòsan eile gun stad a' deanamh orra. Agus a thaobh an ni so, bu chòir gu'm biodh co-oibreachadh r'an leithid-ne aig na Gàidheil Chanadach a tha 'nam Prostanach, do bhrìgh gur luchd comh-fhaireachduinn iad-san agus na Caitlicich a thaobh an ni so. Tha sinn an dòchas, mar an ceudna, gu'm bi na h-Eirionnaich cho eud-mhor is gu'n d'théid iad an sreathan a chur an an ordugh chum dol a mach comhla ris na Gàidheil Albannach an Canada agus na Frangaich a los bogadh nan gad. Aobhar na's fheàrr na so—ar-a-mach airson Dé is Teanga—chan urrainn a bhi aig dream no aig cinneadh air bith.

Agus, tha éiridh a suas mar ghealladh is mar fhia-chaibh air a h-uile neach aig am bheil a' mhiann sealltuinn air a' Ghàidhlig ag éiridh as ùr, agus a h-ionad freagarrach a ghabhail aon uair eile. Tha e air a ràdh nach comasach *omlette* a dheanamh gun uibhean air am bristeadh 'nam bloighibh. Ni mò tha e comasach blàr no cogadh a chur airson teanga is nòsan dùthchasach gun a bhi bogadh nan gad. Tha cànanain is cleachdainnean shrònruichte againn mar chinneadh air leith. Am b'àill leinn iad a bhi daonnan fo smachd chàch? Tha spéis is gràdh do dhùth-aich air fàs suas am measg chinneach eile, air chor is gure Dùthchasachd a tha gairm a' chiùil air feadh an t-saoghail gu léir; agus am bi sinn am feasd cho fad air ar n-ais anns a' chùis? Tha eadhon muinntir India, na h-Eiphitich, agus sluagh eile air leth-chois mar sin a' dùsgadh a suas, agus a' deanamh stri airson tir is teanga; agus is olc a fhreagaireas e do'n Ghàidheal uaibhreach tuiteam air dheireadh anns an réis. Na Sasunnaich—am bheil iad 'nan luchd cumail suas an dùthcha is an cinneadh féin? Is ann mar sin tha sinn féin. Am bheil teanga is nòsan is rian srònuichte is beachdan dùthchasach aca? Is ann aig sinn féin a tha na seilbhean ceudna. Feudar a ràdh, gu dearbh, nach 'eil ni ann nach buin do na Sasunnaich, agus a tha gan comharradh a mach mar mhuinntir air leth, nach 'eil Dia a' bhuileachadh oirnn mar an ceudna. Carson, mata, tha sinn nar seasamb, fad an làtha, diomhain air a' mhargadh? An ann do bhrìgh gu'm bheil eagal oirnn roimh na Sasunnaich agus an Iompaireachd, agus gu'n deachaidh ar cur fo ghisreagan leo-san? An Gàidheal uaibhreach—fear-suidheachaidh

Iompaireachd a bha beò fad linntean roimh tighinn a mach a' chiad Shasunnaich as a chuid boglaich is lòin—air a chur fo eagal roimh na Sasunnaich, agus air a chur fo gheasaibh leis a' chinneadh ceudna! Theagamh, nach ann mar so a tha e idir, ach gur ann airson taingealachd a mhàin a tha Gàidheal Chanada a' caitheamh nan gad. Taingealachd! Is meònach am focal sin da rìreadh. Ach, beachdaicheamaid, car tamuill, air a' chùis.

Anns a' chiad àite, ciamar a fhuair na Gàidheil suidheachadh air tìr-mòr Chanada? Theagamh gu'm bheil cuid ann a tha creidsinn gur ann airson a' ghraidh is na spéis a bha aig Sasunn do'n taobh gu'n deachaidh an carachadh a dh'ionnsaidh na tìre ud. Theagamh gur ann, ach ma chaidh am fògradh mar sin, is fada gu dearbh o'n a chuala sinn e. Is e ar beachd féin gu'n deachaidh am fuadach a mach a chionn gu'm b'e toil is miann an luchd-foirneart sin a dheanamh; agus cha do bhacadh iad. Cha robh rùm no ionad aig an taigh aca do bhrìgh dhaoine aingidh is féinealach a bha gam mealladh is gan creachadh; agus chuir iad an cùl gu bràth ri dùthaich an gaoil an aghaidh an toil. Mar a thubhairt Donna-chadh Bàn Mac an t-Saoir, dh'fhuadachadh iad a mach,

“Gun taighean ach na làraichean,
Gun àiteach ach na raointean.
Chan fhaigh gille turasdal,
Ach buachaille nan caorach.”

Is gann gu'm bheil ceàrna de Ghàidhealtachd Alba as nach d'fhuadaich na h-uachdaranan an sluagh 'nam miltean. Chaidh na fogaraich thruagha so thairis mar eilthirich gu Canada, gu Albainn Nuadh, gu

Australia, gu New Zealand, agus do iomadh dùthach eile; agus tha an dachaidhnean aig an taigh an diugh 'nan làraichean anns gach ceàrna de'n dùthaich.

Dh'fhuadaich na h-uachdaranan an sluagh a mach 'nam miltean, ach ma dh'fhuadaich carson nach deachaidh bacadh a chur orra? Bha Sasunn is na Sasunnaich ann, agus cumhachd chum bacadh am pailteas aca: carson nach d'thug iad an aire do'n luchd-foirneirt so los casgadh a chur orra? Cha robh cumhachd aig Albainn rùn nan uachdaranan a thoirt gu neo-ni, a chionn nach robh Pàrliamaid aice 'na làimh féin. Sin dh'fhuadaich na Sasunnaich as an dùthaich mòran bhliadhnaichean roimh so; agus is ann an sàs agus air buileach eisimeil ri Sasunn a bha Albainn bho chd aig an àm ud. Ach, tha fios aig a h-uile neach nach 'eil e comasach do aon dhùthaich riaghladh a dheanamh gu ceart agus gu buileach airson té eile; agus ged a bhiodh an toil ann (ni nach 'eil furasda a chreidsinn, oir tha eachdraidh a dol an aghaidh a muigh agus a mach), chan urrainnear dòighean is meadhonan airson sin a bhi ann. Agus a bhàrr air sin, cuine no cionnus a nochd na Sasunnaich riamh càirdeas is meas, spéis is ùrram, do na Ghàidheil? Am feàrrd sinn gu'n deachaidh Aonadh a dheanamh eadar Albainn is Sasunn, agus gu'n do chuir sinn stiùradh ar dùthcha an làmhnan choigreach? An d'thàinig soirbheachadh oirnn, is buaidh is piseach leis gach ni—mar tha cleachdainnean is cànan—~~a~~ tha gar chomharrachadh a mach mar mhuinntir air leth an lorg na chaidh air a dheanamh leinn airson nan Sasunnach agus an cuid Iompaireachd? Ciod e cor

nan Gàidheal *mar Ghàidheil* air feadh an t-saoghail gu léir? Eadhon an Albainn is an Eirinn féin aig an làtha an diugh, chan 'eil e comasach ar cànan a thoirt a staigh do na sgaoilean againn gun a bhi deanamh stri mhòir air a son an aghaidh luchd na Stàide an *Lunnainn*! Rachaibh staigh do dhùthaich no cinneadh air bith air feadh Tir-mòr na Roinn Eòrpa, agus feòraichibh air a' cheud duine a thachras oirbh co e Gàidheal, dé a' chànain a th'aige, agus cait am bheil e a' comhnuidh, agus na gabhaibh iongantas (ma's urrainn sibh), as an fhreagairt neònaich, chlisgich a gheibh sibh! Bha sinn a' leughadh am paipear Eireannach—*An Claidheamh Soluis*—o chionn ùine ghoirid mu dhuine àraidh, Eirionnach, a bha gabhail sgrioba feadh na h-Eadailt, agus e anns an each-iaruinn a' leughadh a' phaipeir aige—*An Claidheamh Soluis*. Thachair air, nuair a bha e mar sin, Eadailteach, duine làn thuigseach, a ghabh an aire is an sin iongantas mòr as na bha esan a' leughadh. B'e duine buileach cùirteil, àrd-mhodhail, mar an ceudna, a bh'anns an Eadailteach; ach dh'fhairtlich air fad ùine mòire ceist a chur air an fhear eile dé seòrsa cainnte a bha e leughadh le toil-inntinn cho ro shoilleir is follais-each. Mu dheireadh thall, thubhairt e, "Le'r cead, dé a' chainnt a tha sibh a' leughadh? Chan fhàca mi riamh a leithid roimh so." Fhreagair an t-Eirionnach, agus thuirt e gu'm b'e paipear Eireannach agus gur e cànan dhùthchasach na h-Eirinn a bh'ann; agus nochd e am paipear dha, agus o'n nach *b'aithne do'n Eadailteach nach robh cànan shònruichte, duth-chasach aig na h-Eirionnaich*, dh'innis e dha mòran ni mu'n chainnt sin, agus mu'n stri a tha na h-Eirionn-

aich a' deanamh aig a' cheart àm air sgath tire agus teanga.

Is furasda fhaicinn le so—is fìor thachartas e—gur e an nì a tha bagairt oirnn mar chinneadh air leith aig an àm so, dol as an t-sealladh gu buileach. Ghabh sinn ar rathad gu sgrios cho fada is nach 'eil eadhon fios aig a' choigreach gu'm bheil a' Ghàidhlig ann idir! Caite, tha sinn a' feoraich, am faigh sibh air feadh an t-saoghail gu léir a leithid sin de thàmailt is de nàire? Feuchaibh dhuinn cinneadh eile mu'm bheil e comasach a ràdh, “chaidh an dream so cho mòr as is nach 'eil eòlas aig daoine tuigseach gu'm bheil cànan dhùthchasach idir aca!” Chan 'eil e comasach sin a ràdh mu thimchioll eadhon nan *Hottentots*!

Thig an làtha nuair a thilgeas na Canadaich dhiubh braighdeanas Shasuinn, dìreach mar a rinn America roimh so. Ciod an taobh air am bi sliochd na feadh-nach a chaidh fhuadach as an dùthaich so? Dh' fhalbh Iompaireachd na Gréige agus an Roimhe, agus, gu cinnteach, falbhaidh Iompaireachd Shasuinn là-eigin, mar an ceudna. Is e ar dùrachd aig an àm-sa gu'm bi làn chuimhne aig na Gàidheil Canadach air an cron is an diol a chaidh a dheanamh air an fheadh-ainn a thàinig mar a thàinig iadsan, nuair a bhristeas là an diolaidh ud. Agus, airson na h-aimsir a tha f'ar beachd, tha sinn ag aslachadh orra iad a bhi ag éiridh suas, agus a bhi làn dichealach chum deanadais.

AT THE BACK OF THE WIND

THE increasing importance attached to the study of history by civilised nations is a sign of the times which should not be lost upon those charged with the duty of educating the youth of Celtic Scotland. National and racial efficiency is being more and more sought for through the medium of history, whose strengthening and stimulating properties are now generally recognised. The French attach immense importance to the study of history: so do the Germans, the Japanese and other leading nations. Dispossessed nations like the Poles, the Finns, the Jews, etc., practically subsist on their national story; and it is significant of much that it is really from the smaller and less prosperous peoples, such as those last mentioned above, that the great nations have learned the educational value and importance of historical study as a means to race preservation and national efficiency. How does the Gael stand in this respect? Not very prosperously, we fear. There are a number of kind people going about nowadays willing to teach him history of a sort—a weird mixture dubbed “British”—but little or none of the true Gaelic article, we are afraid. Gaelic history requires, in the first place, a particular knowledge of the various threads traversing Gaelic politics in the past, a good knowledge of the national tongue, and a broad and sympathetic outlook—qualifications hard indeed to find amongst the modern Gael and impossible to be looked for, at all events as regards

the first two, outside his own limits. And yet, though few even of the Gael seem to be aware of it, we have our own history, just as we have our own tongue ; and a right, proper, stirring story it would be, if only we had men competent to interpret it for the benefit of our youth. Much of this story is unwritten : it is yet in solution as it were, in the shape of tradition, legend, *sgeul* and so forth, and requires precipitation before it can be rendered fit for serious historical purposes. Our readers, perhaps, will not be unmindful of our own humble efforts to do something to build up the history of our race and country from the native point of view. We are desirous to extend our efforts in this direction ; and believing that some at least of the floating historical data previously alluded to would come our way provided some pecuniary inducement were forthcoming, we are prepared to offer a prize of £1 each quarter for the best historical treatise that shall reach us. Essays, which are not limited as to length, must be in the national language, and though, in adjudicating, due regard will always be had to style, technique, and so forth, yet *the value and authenticity of the historical information imparted* will in all cases constitute a first charge upon the judge's consideration, whose decision, by the way, must be considered as final. Intending competitors for this prize are informed that a coupon for the purpose will be found provided in our advertising pages ; and that such coupon is only available for the quarter for which it is dated. Authors desirous to have their MSS. returned to them must in all cases accompany their essays with stamped and directed envelopes.

The successful papers will appear in the pages of this magazine.

Of late we have been hearing a good deal about Glen Coe. First, there was the sale of a document closely associated with the massacre ; next, a popular lady novelist rushed in with a book all about that horrid event ; and, lastly, we have had, and, in a measure, still have, quite a little series of controversies arising out of the two events above mentioned. With regard to Miss Bowen's book, so far as it is history at all, it follows, of course, Mac Aulay, whose anti-Gaelic bias is nowadays sufficiently well known, and discounted. The massacre was a massacre ; and there, as a certain well-known character observed, "is an end o't". Our Gaelic readers will not be unmindful of the graphic description contributed to our pages some time ago by the very Rev. Father Campbell, S.J., whose traditionary account was obtained in Glen Coe itself. The Gael, who was the only sufferer and victim, said his last word as to that affair years ago ; and as his view of the massacre has everywhere supplanted Mac Aulay's, he is not likely to be greatly troubled about either Miss Bowen or her book.

There is a certain tiresome type of person abroad, generally a Teutonic Scot, who would really appear to have "Britain" on the brain. Thus, a Professor Goldwin Smith, a Canadian, we believe, writing in a Toronto paper *à propos* of this very affair of Glen Coe, flaunts his "symptoms" in the following extravagant fashion. "William had Europe on his hands, and allowed himself to be guided by his Scottish advisers. In fact, the crime was in character neither English

nor Scottish, but clannish. The clans were still unsubdued and uncivilised, as, perhaps, they might have long remained had the British not been united with the Scottish power." For ignorance and prejudice, and as a brazen attempt to bring off the Whig Idol—the "Great Deliverer"—from the just condemnation due to his own villany and misdeeds, we stigmatise this choice extract as absolutely unmatched, even in the unblushing annals of rampant Whiggery. But apart from its grotesque mendacity, what are we to make of the fatuous assertion that the clans might have long been kept "unsubdued and uncivilised" if the *British had not been united with the Scottish power*? The "British" nuisance has hitherto been strictly confined within the limits of the Act of 1707, and if there is anything that could ever make us feel in the least degree grateful for that Act, it would certainly be that fact; but this Canadian excursion would seem to indicate the existence of a dire and widespread conspiracy to let "Britain" loose all over the place. If this sort of folly is to succeed, we shall, doubtless, soon witness "England" actually going where many excellent people are of opinion that she has long been bound—namely, to the dogs. "Britain" will be here, there and everywhere, to the constant confusion of history, and to the unspeakable vexation and perplexity of every one who is not in league with the devil to force this odious and ridiculous fashion upon us. Have our perspiring "Britons" no bowels of compassion, even if the history of their absurd campaign conclusively proves that they are utterly destitute of sense and imagination? Where is the Public Prose-

cutor? It should really be made an indictable offence for any one to use the words "Britain," "Britons" and "British" outside the meaning of the Act of 1707. We have never disguised our opinion that the use of those terms is, even as sanctioned by that Act, indefensible; but in the name of all that is national, racial, consistent and historical, spare us, O ye "Britons," and eke ye Bore-stone Patriots, our "Scotland" and our "England" at least as they subsisted before the passing of the charter on which you base, and from which you date, your verbal licences—the Union! We have no desire to indulge in minatory language; but we would exhort our readers to consider that prevention, in the shape of a shot-gun, is more likely to prove efficacious, in the case of a hardened "Briton," than cure, however kindly meant and heroically persisted in.

Since our last number was in the press, there has passed away one who, in his time, and in his manner, did yeoman service in the cause of the Scottish Gael. We refer to the late Rev. John Mac Ruary, a Presbyterian minister in Skye. Mr. Mac Ruary translated the *Arabian Nights* into excellent Scots, as well as another popular work, namely *Robinson Crusoe*. He also compiled several religious books, chief amongst which is *Eachdraidh Beatha Chrìosd*—a work which has a considerable popularity amongst members of the Presbyterian communion. Mr. Mac Ruary was also a pretty regular contributor to the national press as well as to the compilations of various learned societies, such as the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and so forth. A graceful obituary notice of the de-

ceased minister appeared in the *Oban Weekly News*. We have pleasure in quoting the following from it. "Tha bhàs a' fagail bearna am measg chàirdean na Gàidhlig nach 'eil furasda lionadh. Cha robh e a' gabhail mòran gnothaich ri comuinn Ghàidhealach —ach Comunn Gàidhlig Inbhirnis a mhàin—ach, cha mhòr idir a bha cho dicheallach ris an treabhadh an iomaine bh'air thoiseach air. Rinn e a dhleasnas anns an rathad so gu math, agus gu ro mhath; agus leig e ri càch a bhi bualadh an drumma mhòir. Cha do shanntaich e riamh urram no glòir gun an cosnadh. Cha robh gnothach aige ris a' mhuinntir do'n creud mòran a ràdh is beagan a dheanamh. Bha e 'na deagh bhàrd."

We are glad to extend a prospective welcome to *Alba*, the new penny weekly Nationalist journal which is to appear this autumn. We would bespeak for it the cordial support of all those (and their name, nowadays, is legion) who take more than a passing interest in the national tongue of Scotland. A special feature of *Alba*, we understand, is to be the presentation of foreign news, of course in national garb; and this is a departure whose wisdom appears to us assured. Apart from the fact that they give relatively little Gaelic, an outstanding fault of all the newspapers presently circulating in the Gàidhealtachd is, it seems to us, that their views, as their news, are, perhaps necessarily, provincial. Even big daily papers like the *Glasgow Herald* and the *Scotsman* do not contain nearly as much foreign intelligence as do their corresponding contemporaries in London; whilst the lesser Scottish papers contain little or

none. It is not intended, of course, that *Alba* (a modest weekly) shall seek to compete with the daily press of England in this respect; but what is intended, and we think the conductors of the new venture are well advised, is to give interesting information from time to time, by persons on the spot, relative to the movements of other subject races, such as Poles, Finns, Indians, Egyptians, Czechs, and the like. The aim will be to teach the Gaels of Scotland to de-provincialise themselves, and to draw them to a head by showing them what other races not a whit more gifted than themselves have accomplished, and still aspire to accomplish. The fact that the new venture is to take a firm attitude on the land question should secure it the support of all who wish well to the Gaelic. What we want to see in Scotland is a peasantry such as they have in Northern Portugal—numerous, prosperous, energetic and independent. And the only way to achieve that result is to oust feudalism, and to restore some at least of the land to those to whom it belonged under the Gaelic system, namely, to the people.

Those of us who follow the Irish Movement (and it is no exaggeration to say that every zealous Scottish worker does), must have observed with pleasure the changes and improvements recently introduced into the weekly organ of the Gaelic League, *An Claidheamh Soluis*. We take it that these improvements reflect the success which has hitherto attended the efforts of that patriotic and energetic management; and we sincerely hope that assuming that our belief is correct, there are more good things, and in an ever-increasing

ratio of abundance, in store for us. We have no desire to disparage home products; but we could wish that a little of the "go," the breadth of view, and the technical skill displayed in the production of the *Claidheamh* could be transferred to Scottish soil.

In spite of a good deal of somewhat hollow newspaper vociferation, it cannot be said that the bicentenary of the Union of 1707 has occasioned much stir. In fact, the fireworks, bonfires and flag-waving commonly considered as appropriate to occasions little understood of the people, but infinitely dear and precious to the heart of every official and semi-official dead-head and Jack-in-office throughout the land, has entirely, we think, been confined to the Press, newspaper and otherwise. The most solemn performance in the way of commemorating the casting of this rusty and antiquated piece of legislative ordnance has taken the shape of a symposium of "views," historical and otherwise, issued by the proprietors of the *Glasgow Herald*, a Unionist paper, and therefore hardly a source from which one would expect to derive sentiments whose political colour would appear unsatisfying to the *scrutin exigeant* of the average Primrose dame. There is a certain trick in compiling these historically soulful encomiums of the Union of 1707 which we intend to expose. In order to produce the required impression, the hundred years between the accession of James VI. and the Act of Union are taken for the purpose of striking the necessary comparison. Now, every one knows who knows anything that the hundred years in question were about the most wretched and miser-

able that could possibly be in the history of any country and of any race. Throughout that century Scotland undoubtedly presented the spectacle commonly provided for her in John Bull's own particular version of the *Beggar's Opera*, being needy, necessitous and wretched beyond compare. The Union follows, and, after a time spent with befitting national caution (say our historical pageant makers) in canvassing its merits, the thing is accepted and develops into a huge success. Scotland is "switched on again" to the "European Movement" (whatever that may be); the country ceases to be "isolated"; the dollars, as the platitudes, begin to flow (any equable arrangement ensuring Scotland decent government and reasonable protection for her trade would have produced similar results), and (most splendid result of all) every good little Glasgow boy goes nightly to bed in solemn gratitude to God for Dr. Hume Brown and the enterprising yet withal "patriotic" proprietors of the *Glasgow Herald*. The thing, of course, is a trick, and once one knows how it is done, it becomes, like most things built that way, merely *splendide mendax* with the epithet left out. The real comparison (which, of course, *can always be only relative*) to be drawn should be between the Scotland of, say, the reign of James IV., when her prosperity was proverbial and her power and influence in Europe out of all proportion to her size, and the Scotland since the Union; or between the Scotland of the Alexanders and the Scotland of any of the "fools and blockheads called George". Such a comparison would be highly interesting, and, politically, of the

greatest value and importance; for it would undoubtedly show that though the Scotland of our own times is a vast improvement upon the Scotland of the hundred years preceding the Union of 1707, yet her relative prosperity, *her actual power*, were infinitely greater when she had kings of her own and, to use the Gaelic phrase, she was *air a bonn fèin*, than they are in the present year of grace.

We would bespeak a numerous and hearty response to the proposed memorial to the late Reverend Father Allan MacDonald of Eriskay, whose demise, at a comparatively early age, constituted one of the most grievous of the many blows which Gaelic scholarship and letters have recently sustained by reason of the unwelcome attentions of the Reaper whose name is Death. We feel sure that the suggestion to commemorate in some permanent and suitable manner the memory of one so generally esteemed and beloved as was the late Father Allan will be warmly approved by Catholic and Protestant alike. We feel sure, too, that many will share with us the earnest desire that the promoters of the proposed memorial may be enabled, through the generosity of the public, to adopt some means of keeping Father Allan's memory green with all posterity which shall be at once useful, and characteristic of the man. A mere monument of stone and lime is not required; but a memorial which shall be such as the deceased Father would himself have approved, as being designed to forward the cause of Gaelic scholarship and letters, is one which, unless we are greatly mistaken, will evoke the heartiest and the readiest response.

There must be many at home and beyond the seas to whom the placing of a stone, however moderate in dimensions, on Father Allan's cairn will be esteemed a bounden act of love and respect for a departed Gael of ripe scholarship, saintly character, and lovable disposition. We are requested to add that subscriptions towards this worthy object should be sent to John Fraser, Esq., banker, Lochboisdale, by Oban.

A' BHAN-RIGH NEO-EIFEACHDACH

II.

A BEACHDAN STÀIDEIL

B'ANN air an 19mh là de'n Lùnasdal 1561 a ràinig Màiri tràighean Alba. Bha comhla rithe san t-soith-each buidheann Fhrangach, agus anns a' chùis so chi sinn air a sàmhachadh, mar gu'm b'eadh, an rian dùbailte leis an deachaidh stiùradh air an dùthaich o shean. Thuir Froude gu'n robh "rùn cho seasmhach ris na reultan" aig Màiri aig an àm so—is e sin ri ràdh an Creideamh Caitliceach a chur air bonn air Albainn air fad; ach, mar tha an t-Athair Pollen agus each-draidhean eile ag ràdh, chan 'eil a' chùis mar so idir. Chan 'eil dearbhadh a's lugha againn gu'n robh a h-inntinn anns a' chor sin.

Thuir Froude gu'n do thilg i féin am measg na

dream a's buaireasaiche agus a's draghaile a bha r'am faotainn an Roinn Eòrpa air fad a los gu'n tarruingeadh i iad air ais le a cuid geasan a dh'ionnsaidh a' Chreidimh Chaitlicich. Ach, anns a' bheachd so, tha dà mhearachd againn. Anns a' chiad aite, cha robh làn-an-uachdar fathast aig na Proстанаich nuair a thàinig Màiri air a h-ais gu Albainn sa bhliadhna 1561. Agus anns an dàra àite, cha b'ann idir mar so a bha a' Bhan-Rìgh òg a' tighinn le a deòin, agus a' gabhail ri cùisean a dùthcha. Gus a' bhliadhna so, chaidh stiùradh air a saoghal le feadhainn eile. Cha robh làn chomas fathast aice air a làtha féin a dh'orduchadh mar a b'àill leatha féin; agus, mar tha eachdraiche Sasunnach ag ràdh, "as yet her character, even if at all definitely formed, had hardly had an opportunity to reveal itself".¹

Ach, a thaobh na puinc so, mar an té eile a thug mi fainear, tha dearbhachd chinnteach an eachdraidh againn. Is gann gu'n robh Màiri aig an taigh a ris, nuair sgriobh i litir a dh'ionnsaidh Diùc Ghuise, bràthair a màthar, anns am bheil sgathan diomhair againn a thaobh a h-uile ni a bha dol thairis air a cridhe is air a h-inntinn aig an àm ud. Chi sinn le so nach robh Màiri a' beachdachadh orra féin mar Bhan-Rìgh air an robh e mar fhiachaibh an Creideamh Caitleacach a chur air bonn as ùr, no'n rioghachd aice a chumail suas a dh'aindheoin na h-uile. Cha robh i beachdachadh air Bain-Rìgh Ealasaid mar nàmhaid di, ach mar charaid, do'n robh mòr spéis aice, agus bha i làn mhiannach is deònach cairdeas a nochdadh dhi agus coimh-cheangail blath-chridheach a chur air

¹ *Mary Queen of Scots*, le T. Henderson, L. i. t. 199.

adhart. A réir Mhr. Lang, b'e a rùn-sa aig an àm ud "ruighinn air nithean a's mò troimh mheadhon a' phòsaidh"; agus, an drasda, "cead no saorsa a thaobh chreidimh di féin is do fheadhainn eile fhaotainn". Ars e, "her desire, doubtless, was to make Scotland a stepping stone to higher things".¹ Is dòcha nach robh gràdh-dùthcha idir aice do bhrìgh a tuineachaidh fhada anns an Fhraing, agus an t-arach a fhuair i aig cuirt an Rìgh Fhrangaich. Feumaidh sinn cuimhneachadh, mar an ceudna, nuair a tha sinn a' tighinn air an stéidh so gu'n robh i òg, 'na boireannach, car luaineach, agus anabarrach miannach air àrd inbhe. "Cha robh Màiri riamh 'na boireannach-Staide," ars Mr. Henderson; ² agus, mur a robh, cha robh i idir 'na ban-laach, mar a thug mi fainear a cheana. Cha robh i idir cosamhuil ris a' Bhan-Rìgh ainmeil sin Iseabal Chaitleacach leis an rachadh cuid mìle rioghachd air dhith na eadhon aon Aifrionn a leigeil air falbh.

Nuair a thàinig De Gouda, Tosgair a' Phàpa gu Albainn,³ fhuair e éisdeachd o Mhàiri, agus ged nach 'eil e tilgeadh air a' Bhan-Rìgh gu'n robh i féin meagh-bhlath, neo-eudmhor, gidheadh chan 'eil e cantuinn gu'n robh i dianach agus a dh'aon inntinn a thaobh creidimh. Is cinnteach, mar an ceudna, gu'n do ghabh e diombadh nach beag as an sgriob a ghabh e aig iarrtus a' Phàpa, oir fhuair e cor na h-Eaglaise an Albainn air mòr mhi-riaghailt, agus a cùisean féin air dol air dhith. Fhuair e a' chuid a's mò de'n dùthaich fathast 'nan Caitlicich, ach iad a mach air a chéile, agus mar chaoraich sgapta gun

¹ *History of Scotland*, L. ii. t. 104.

² *Ibid.*, L. i. t. 135.

³ 1562.

bhuachaille sam bith. Dhiùlt Màiri eadhon pearsa-eaglais a chur a dh'ionnsaidh na Comhairle aig Trent do bhrìgh “cor aimhreiteach, trioblaideach, is tubais-teach na dùthcha aice,” ged nach robh ceannairc idir ann aig an àm no airson fad an dèigh sin. Agus ann a bhi gabhail leth-sgeòil d'a fein do bhrìgh nach deachaidh fathast mòran a dheanamh aice, thug i fainear gur e sin a miann (seach a deanadas féin), air am bu chòir fios a bhi aig a' Phàp. Ach, cha d'thug so leighis air creuchdan is lotan na dùthcha. Dhiùlt Easbuig Rois De Gouda fhaicinn, a' cantuinn, mar leth-sgeul, nach robh ùine aige air a shon! Ghabh an duine bochd eagal cho mòr roimh Thosgair a' Phàpa is nach deachaidh a dhiùltadh fù le sgriobhadh chuige! “Mo thruaigh esan!” arsa De Gouda, le tàir 'na ghuth.

Bha Easbuig Dhunblàthain an Dùneideann aig an àm, agus dhiult esan, mar an ceudna, Tosgair a' Phàpa fhaicinn. Chaidh a dhiùltadh leis-san eadhon ged a rachadh De Gouda fo chòmhdach-meallta chuige! Nuair a threig an dà Easbuig so e, an sin thoisich De Gouda ri cantuinn ris fhéin, “ciod e feum a ni an leithid sin de fheadhainn dhomh? Ma tha na daoine so 'gam fhàillneachadh ciod an duil a's còir a bhi agam ri càch?” Agus dh'fhalbh e an rathad as an d'thàinig e.

Nuair a thàinig Màiri gu cathair na h-Alba, bha dà bheachd shònruichte aice. Is iad sin an Cumhnant ris an Fhraing a chumail suas, agus càirdeas ri Sasunn is Ban-Rìgh Ealasaid a beothachadh. B'iad na nithean so an dà chùis a b'uachdraiche 'na cridhe is 'na h-inntinn aig an àm ris am bheil sinn a'

buntuinn. A' chiad ni, bha e dualach is nàdurra gu leòir ri Màiri. Ghabh i ris a' Chumhnant eadar Albainn is an Fhraing do bhrìgh gu'n robh e maireann nuair a thàinig ise gu h-aois; agus chaidh a h-àrach òg innte mar an ceudna. Bha an dàra ni rud-eigin di mar staidhrean do phòsadh uasal, agus do gach rùn àrd a bh'aise a thaobh a h-inbhe féin. Bha i sealltuinn oirre féin mar an ceudna mar oighre d'a deagh bhana-charaid Phrostanaich Ealasaid; agus ged nach robh Ban-Rìgh Shasuinn idir toilichte Màiri a ghabhail gu follaiseach mar oighre dhi, gidheadh b'ann le gealladh neo-sheasmhach neo-shònruichte mar so a bha i cur na ribe mu'n cuairt air Ban-Rìgh na h-Alba. Feudar cuimhne a dheanamh, cuideachd, gu'n robh i aig an àm so air a stiùradh le daoine a bha air am brieadh le Ban-Rìgh Shasuinn, agus a bha seasamh a mach anns an dùthaich aca mar chàirdean do Shasunn, agus mar fhir-cuideachaidh a' chreidimh Phrostanaich. Is dòcha gu'n robh a' Bhan-Rìgh òg an sàs leis a' bhuidhinn so nuair a bha i fathast anns an Fhraing; oir air dhi Easbuig Lesli fhaicinn, a thàinig d'a h-ionnsaidh à Albainn airson cùisean nan Caitliceach a chur an céill di, dhiùlt i gu buileach gabhail ris ged a bha e cantuinn rithe gu'm biodh ise air ceann fheachd mhòir de dhaoine Caitliceach nan togradh i; agus an ceann ùine ghoirid 'na dheigh sin, theann i a mach gu Albainn comhla ri Iarla Mhorai, an nàmhaid a's miosa a bh'aise riamh, agus a bha air ceann nam Prostanach agus 'na fhear-brathaidh aig Ealasaid aig an dearbh àm ud. Ghabh Màiri mar leth-sgeul airson a giulain neònaich féin gu'n robh eagal oirre roimh Huntli, agus nach

robh i idir toileach a gabhail ri taobh seach taobh. Cha robh earbsa aice ann-san idir, agus a thaobh sin faodar a ràdh nach ruig sinn leas ioghnadh a ghabhail; oir de na h-uile shlaoightire cealgach, carach, a bh'ann an Albainn san linn ud, is dòcha gu'n robh an t-Iarla sin 'na chrochair cho diblidh agus cho cuilbheartaiche sa bha ri fhaotainn. Coma co-dhiù, cha robh feum aig Màiri air bad nam Prostanach, airson feallsachd Iarla Huntli. Bha a' bhuidheann Chaitliceach maraon lionmhor is comasach an Albainn, agus mur robh Huntli 'na cheannard speiseil is earbsach, chan urrainnear a ràdh nach robh an ceannard Prostanach na's fheàrr na esan. Chan 'eil fhios fathast againn ciod a chaidh air adhart aig coinneamh a thachair eadar Màiri sa bràthair mu'n deach i air a turus a dh' Albainn; ach o'n a thàinig Moiri d'a h-ionnsaidh à Sasunn (far an deachaidh gabhail ris leis a' Bhan-Righ Shasunnaich am modh anabarrach càirdeil is fialaidh); agus o'n a dhiùlt Màiri na bha air a chur roimpe le Lesli agus na Caitlicich, feudar a ràdh nach robh a' choinneamh so tur fhortanach an dàra chuid do Mháiri féin no eadhon do'n dùthaich thrioblaidich gus an robh i triall.

Aig a' choinneimh so, is dòcha gu'n do chuir Moiri a bheachdan is a rùintean féin mu choinneamh na Bain-Righ óig, a' sparradh gu teann oirre gun i féin a cur an làmhan nan Caitliceach. Thubhairt e gu'n robh e fìor gu'n robh Huntli 'na shlaoightire neo-earbsach, gun fhiù, is anabarrach carach. Thuirt e gu'n robh Ealasaid làn thoileach a bhi 'na caraaid dhi; agus nach robh sin idir comasach gun Mháiri a bhi

sealltuinn car càirdeil do na Prostanaich an Albainn ; gu'n robh a càirdeas ri Ealasaid agus na h-earbsa a bh'aise ri crùn is leantuinn-rioghail Shasuinn an eise-meil air an dòigh anns an giulaineadh i i-fhéin nuair a bha i air cathair na h-Alba ; gu'n robh càirdeas Ealasaid mar fhiachaibh oirre nan rachadh am pòsadh uasal, àrd, leatha ris an robh a duil ; agus, mar sin, air adhart. Feudar sinn a bhi cinnteach leis na thachair an déigh so gu'n d'thug brathair Màiri sàr bhreith air gach uile phuinc a bha comasach gu pròis is spiorad na Bain-Rìgh òig a bhrosnachadh, agus sin a chum a tarruing air falbh a dh'ionnsaidh a bheachdan mheallta, feineil fhéin. Is anabarrach duilich giulan Màiri a dheanamh soilleir an dòigh sam bith eile ; oir, mar a tha mi dol a dhearbhadh, cha robh cor nan Caitliceach air dhith—cha robh crùn na h-Alba eadhon an cunnart—nuair a dh'fhàg Màiri an Fhraing agus a thill i gu Albainn.

Bha an Albainn nuair a thill a' Bhan-Rìgh òg, tri bhuidheann air leth. Is e sin ri ràdh, na Gàidheil, na Caitlicich, agus na Prostanaich. A thaobh na ciad té, b'ann do'n t-sean Eaglais a bhuineadh na Gàidheil aig an àm ud. Cha robh luchd-sgaoilidh a' chreidimh is bheachdan Shasuinn fathast 'nam measg, ged a bha iad a' deanamh stri chum faighinn a staigh innte. Bha an dàra buidheann air a deanamh suas de fheadhainn a bha 'nan Caitlicich, ged nach robh iad 'nan Gàidheil. B'ann dhiubh so, bha Iarla Huntli sa chàirdean an taobh an ear na h-Alba. A thaobh na té mu dheireadh, b'iad na Prostanaich a mhàin, agus bhuineadh iad do na bailtean agus do na machraichean. B'ann do dh'fhuil nan Sasunnach

is coigrich eile an taobh a staigh do Albainn a bhuineadh iadsan.

A nis, de na buidhnichean so uile, b'i an té a chaidh ainmeachadh mu dheireadh 'na buidheann a's teirce, agus a's laige a bh'ann. Bha an dàra té comasach gu leòir, ged nach robh aice an cumhachd-cath sin a bha aig na fìor Ghàidheil. An té a chaidh ainmeachadh an toiseach, se sin na Gàidheil, b'i sin a' bhuidheann a's lionmhoire agus a's cumhachdaiche a bha an Albainn air fad. Mo thruaighe, Màiri bho chd nach robh fios aice air sin! Mo thruaighe Albainn bho chd nach robh duine innte aig an robh an comas is an t-bil chum seasamh a mach mar charaid di fad nan làithean trioblaideach fuilteach sin a bha nis tighinn thairis oirre mar bhrat dubh an ana-muich!

B'ann air an 6mh là de'n Samhainn—mu dhà bhliadhna roimh àm tilleadh Màiri a dh' Albainn—a thug feachd nan Caitleacach buaidh air na Prostanach faisg air Dùneideann, gam fuadach a mach, agus a' toirt orra am baile sin fhàgail am measg fhochaidean is maslaidh an t-sluaigh uile. Chan fhaodar àicheadh nach robh cùis is aobhar nan Prostanach car neo-mheasail ris a' chuid a's mò eadhon de mhuinntir nam bailtean Albannach aig an àm ud. Tha eachdraiche àraidh ag ràdh, "the truth is, and almost every page of contemporary history bears witness to the fact, that the Lords of the Congregation profoundly dis-trusted their own cause. Protestantism was un-doubtedly weak, both in the measure of support it received throughout the country, and in the temper of many of its professed adherents. It was a growing

force in some of the towns . . . but it had absolutely no hold on the peasantry ; and the nobles who almost all professed the true faith for reasons peculiar to themselves, were feebly supported by their vassals.”¹ Agus ann a bhi toirt iomradh air a’ bhlàr a chaidh a chur faisg air Dùneideann eadar luchd-leanmhuinn na Bain-Rìgh agus na Prostanaich, tha na briathran a leanas aig an eachdraiche ceudna : “ There is little trace of that enthusiasm and tenacity of purpose which we are wont to associate with the idea of a religious war ; and the Lords were so entirely sceptical as to the power of Protestantism to win their support that they sought more and more to shift the course of the dispute into another channel. . . . Distrust of France had indeed long been sapping an Alliance which was the growth of centuries ; but in the absence of any palpable act of aggression, the process could proceed but slowly. One would suppose, too, that these asseverations of patriotic fervour must have sounded somewhat hollow in the mouths of the Protestant Lords. They were the representatives of a party which in recent years had shown itself singularly obtuse to the dictates of the national honour—a party which had incited Hereford to his merciless devastations, and which even in the dark days after Pinkie had offered to take service with the English invader.”²

Gu fìor, ann a bhi beachdachadh air cor is suidh-eachadh ar dùthcha aig an aimsir ud, feumaidh gach neach ioghnadh a ghabhail nach robh na buidheannan

¹ *Politics and Religion*, L. i. t. 66-67. ² *Ibid.*, t. 68.

Albannach mòran na's iomaganaich, deanadaiche na bhà iad air tùs. Eadhon an deigh àm tilleadh Màiri gu Albainn, nuair a bha na Prostanach mòran na's lionmhoire agus na's cumhachdaiche na bha iad roimh, cha robh làmh-an-uachdar fathast aca air feadh mhachraichean na h-Alba. Bha iad an dàra cuid lionmhoir is comasach anns na bailtean, ach a thaobh muinntir na dùthcha, cha do ghabh iad fathast idir gu caoimhneil ris a' chreideamh ùr agus a luchd-sgaoilidh. Tha fios aig a h-uile fear nach robh gabhail ris an lagh sin a chaidh a chur air chois los bacadh a chur air cleachdadh cumanta a' chreidimh Chaitlicich eadhon an Dùneideann féin—fior dhaingean aig na Proстанаich. Chuir an t-Athair Hay fios gu Borgia, agus e air a sgrìobhadh sa Chéitein 1566 chuige, gu'n robh “ mòran na's mò na 9,000 sluagh a fhuair Comanachadh gu follaiseach an Eaglais na Bain-Rìgh agus sin aig àm an Caisg so chaidh”. Agus tha e ag ràdh, “Fhuair mi fios gu'n d'rinn mòran sluagh eile an nì ceudna air feadh na Rìoghachd”. “Chi sinn le so (ars e) nach bu duilich an sluagh so uile a tharruing air an ais gus an dleasannan, agus gu uchd na h-Eaglaise.” Thug fear de na h-Easbuigean deadh chomhairle seachad do Mhàiri, mar an ceudna. Spàrr e gu teann oirre Albainn a saoradh o eiriceachd, agus an Creideamh Caitliceach a chur air chois as ùr. Thuirt e gu'n robh mòran Chaitlicich ann a bha toileach éiridh air a son, nan rachadh ise air an ceann, agus gu'n rachadh maraon airgid is daoine am pailteas a chruinneachadh air sgath a leithid sin de dh'aobhar. Ach, dhiùlt Màiri sin gu buileach, ag ràdh nach robh ise idir toileach

fuil a sluaigh fhéin a dhòrtadh ;¹ agus gu'n robh Ban-Rìgh Shasuinn a' beachdachadh oirre mar oighre do'n chrùn aice—ni nach d'aidich Ealasaid riamh—agus gu'n do ghabh ise a cheana mòran chòmharraidhean srònruichte blath-chridheach de'n bhlas is de'n spéis a bha aig a' Bhan-Rìgh ud d'a taobh féin.

Dh'fhàg De Gouda, mar an ceudna, dearbhadh seasmhach eile againn nach robh na Caitlicich cho tearc agus cho eu-comasach sa tha cuid d'ar n-eachdraichean a' creidsinn. Sgrìobh e gus an Roimhe mu'n àm so gu'n robh mòran Chaitlicich fathast ann, chan ann a mhàin am measg muinntir na dùthcha, far an robh iad lionmhoir gu leòir, ach “eadhon am measg nan uaislean agus luchd-riaghlaidh na Stàide”. Tha e dol air adhart, “chan eil ar nàimhdean-ne ro lionmhoir : ni mò tha iad cho cumhachdach, dianach, sa tha mòran a' creidsinn”. Ach ged a bha buidheann chumhachdach is lionmhoir an Albainn aig an robh toil is comas éiridh air sgath Màiri, gidheadh chaidh am bacadh is am mi-mhisnicheadh leis a' Bhan-Rìgh féin. “Is beag a' chumhachd a tha aig a' Bhan-Rìgh,” deir an t-Athair Hay, is e sgrìobhadh gu Laynez. Agus ann a bhi sgrìobhadh gus an Roimhe, dh'innis Easbuig Dhunblàthain do'n Phàp gu'n robh “feum

¹ Gu cinnteach, leth-sgeul tur faoin, gun bhrìgh, a bh' aig Màiri, ma ghabhas sinn sàr bheachd air na thachair an Albainn 'na dhéigh sin. Cha robh i idir cho poncail mu dhòrtadh na fala nuair a chaidh-i a mach an aghaidh Huntli aig iarrtus a bràthar, am Fear-diòlain. A thaobh Ban-Rìgh Ealasaid faodar cuimhneachadh gu'm b'e an rùn a bha aig Moiri is aice-sa, Màiri a mhealladh anns an dòigh so, eagal ma dh'fhaoidte gu'm fàsadh i ceannulaidir, agus ga cur féin air ceann Chaitlicich na h-Alba is Shasuinn gu briseadh a staigh do'n bheachd aca, agus, mar sin, gu'n rachadh an còrdadh eadar Moiri is Ealasaid air dhith.

mòr aig Màiri air deadh chomhairle, agus, mar sin, air luchd-comhairle maraon diadhaidh is glic". Agus, aig an àm cheudna, tha e spàrradh air a' Phàp Ard-Easbuig Ghlaschu¹ a chur a dh'ionnsaidh Alba, los cùisean na dùthcha a ghabhail os làimh, agus cor is suidheachadh a' Chreidimh a chur am feabhas.

Ach, ged a bha na Prostanaich, le Moiri air an ceann, fo cheangal aig Ealasaid Mairi is an Creideamh Caitliceach a sgrios le chéile is gu buileach, cha b'ann idir mar nàimhdean di féin no d'a dùthaich a bha i gabhail riu. Chaidh buidseachd a chur oirre leis a' bheachd a thug a bràthair leis à Sasunn; agus is dòcha—nan robh smuaintean riamh aice air a' chùis—gu'n do smuainich a' Bhan-Righ gu'n rachadh stiùradh air Albainn ceart mar a rinn e nuair a bha Màiri Ghuise air ceann na dùthcha. B'ann mar so a bha mathair na Ban-Righ a' cumail a greim air stiùir na Stàide—an Cumhnant eadar Albainn is an Fhraing a chumail suas, agus cead no saorsa a thaobh creidimh a thoirt a staigh do na h-uile neach. Ach, cha robh Màiri mar a bha a mathair-sa, ged nach robh Màiri Ghuise anabarrach glic is gearr-sheallach mar bhoirionnach-Stàideil: ni mò tha e comasach a ràdh gur b'ionnan an suidheachadh a bha aig Màiri, agus aig a màthair. A bharrachd air sin, cha robh suidheachadh na Frainge is na Roinn Eòrpa, cuideachd, ceart mar a bha e nuair a bha Màiri Ghuise air ceann na h-Alba. Bha na Prostanaich anns an Fhraing a' deanamh upraid nach beag, ga tarruing a thall sa bhos ann a bhi toirt oidheirp air làmh-an-uachdar air an dùthaich

¹ A bha 'na Thosgair aig Albainn do chùirt na Frainge.

sin fhaotainn ; agus, sin a thachair anns an Fhranig, bha e gabhail àite aig a' cheart uair air feadh Tir-mòr na Roinn Eòrpa. B'éiginn do Mhàiri seasamh a mach 'na h-aonar a nis. Cha robh cuideachadh as an Fhrang a' tighinn chuite, ni mò bha duil aice ri sin ; agus ged a bha, is dòcha nach gabhadh sluagh na h-Alba idir ris. Chaidh an dùsgadh a thaobh a' Chumhnaint sin.

Ach, mu dheireadh thall, agus nuair a bha sin ro anmoch, is mi-fheumail, ghabh Màiri aithreachas as an dòigh air an robh i tighinn beò : dh'fhosgladh a sùilean-sa, agus chaidh car eile a chur an cuibheal fortain na h-Alba. Nuair a chairicheadh an lion mu'n cuairt di, dh'aithnich i gu'n robh i an cunnart mhòr, eigineach—an cunnart o Ealasaid, an cunnart o na Proстанаich, an cunnart o Mhoiri is na Sasunnaich agus air a bagradh le nàimhdean an taobh a staigh agus an taobh a muigh de'n dùthaich aice. An sin, thoisich i ri breabadh an aghaidh nan dealg. Thug i fainear mu dheireadh gu'n dh'fhairtlich gu buileach oirre réite a dheanamh agus a chumail suas eadar nam Prostanach agus buidheann nan Caitliceach Albannach. Dh'innis i do'n Phàp air an litir a sgriobh i gus an Roimhe air an 31mh là de'n Fhaoilteach 1565-6 gu'n do chuir i riompe an Creideamh Caitliceach a chur air bonn as ùr ; agus gur e am beachd aice oidhirp a thoirt air a' ghnòthach sin gun tuille dàil a chur ann, a chionn nach robh Moiri sa chàirdean an Albainn aig an àm ud. Ghairm i Rizzio gus a comhairle féin,¹ agus an ùine ghoirid chaidh a chur os

¹ A réir coltais, cha robh Màiri freagarrach airson deadh chomhairle. Ann a bhi sgriobhadh gus a chàirdean anns an Roimhe,

ceann Alba mar fhear-stiùraidh di. Car tamuill, agus shoirbhich a rùn leatha : chaidh gach ni air adhart gu réidh, agus gu ro mhaith. Thòisich an dùthaich ri ullachadh airson éiridh maille ri Màiri, agus is dòcha gu'm bitheadh crìoch làn shoirbheasach air a' chùis, nuair a ghabh Darnlai amharus is eud anabar-rach mòr do thaobh Rizzio. Mu'n robh an làtha air ciaradh, chaidh an truaghan mharbhadh, agus, aig a' cheart àm, thuit gach ni a bha an eisimeil ris gu làr. Thill Moiri gu Albainn, agus, aig an dearbh uair sin, chaidh binn a mach, mar gu'm b'eadh, an aghaidh Màiri is an aghaidh Alba.

RUARaidh Mac Uilleim, ARASCain is MHàirr.

(*R'a leantuinn.*)

tha'n t-Athair Hay a' cantuinn, " tha mi guidh oirbh bràth a thoirt air a' Bhan-Rìgh sin (Màiri) 'nur n-ùrnaighean agus 'nur Sàcra-maidean. Feudaidh a bhi là-eigin gu'n oibrich a h-uile ni an ceann a chèile airson maith a' pheacaich ud ; agus gu'm fàs i déigheil air a bhi deanamh maith—*ise nach gabhadh deadh chomhairle roimh so.*"

THE BARD OF GLENORCHY

STANDING one day at the head of Glenorchy a friend remarked to the writer that it was the finest glen in the Highlands with the single possible excep-

tion of Glen Urquhart. There is in it and around it the pervading charm of lonely places :—

“Na blairean a tha priseil
Na fasaichean 'tha lionmhor”.

And there is the suggestive silence spoken of by Hood “in green ruins” :—

“where man hath been
There the true silence is, self-conscious and alone”.

But the sound of falling water borne upon the breeze makes music, even

“In wide desert where no life is found” ;
and in spite of man's doings or misdoings in the past,
the sun

“Waltzes it over ben and glen and meadow”.

The glen is not without early poetical associations. Here Deirdre, according to the unknown bard, spent some time in her wanderings :—

“Glenn Urcháin,
Ba hi in glenn diriug dromcháin,
Mohor' uallcha fer a aoisi
Na Náóisi an Glenn Urcháin”.

In more recent times the Laird of Glenorchy of the day, who was present at Flodden and remained there with the “Flowers of the Forest,” wrote eight of the pieces in the Dean of Lismore's book. These are not “understood of the people” nor indeed vouched for by the learned, and still await the

touch of the skilful editor to make them tell their tale.

At the very head of the glen towards the west end of Loch Tulla lies a valley with a ridge in the middle of it called Druimliaghairt, on which are still to be seen the ruins of a cottage little larger than the deck cabin of many an ocean-going ship, and in this cottage on 20th March, 1724, was born Duncan Ban MacIntyre, the bard of Glenorchy. The site is an ideal one from a scenic as well as a hygienic point of view :—

“ An t-uisge glan 's am faileadh
Thar mullach nam beann àrda
Chuidich e gu fas me
'S e rinn dhomh slaint' is fallaineachd ”.

On the day the writer visited the scene, eight fine stags were grazing at the gable of the cottage, and lifted their heads with a look of inquiry at the intruder. Then they trotted off, turned, re-formed, turned, re-formed, till they disappeared over the knoll. Not inappropriately the words of Omar came to one's mind :—

“ They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep :
And Bahráh that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head but cannot break his sleep ”.

Here Duncan MacIntyre was born and spent his years till he reached man's estate. He had no schooling of any kind. His education consisted in using the rod on loch or river, and the gun on moor or mountain; and in these pursuits he excelled. There

was no church nearer than Clachan-an-Diseart (Dalmally), about fifteen miles off; for the little church now in use, though built about one hundred and fifty years ago, was thirty years too late to be of service to Duncan. The monotony of his life was broken by annual trips to the summer sheilings on the higher or more sequestered ground, whither the Highlanders used to drive their black cattle and long-wooled sheep. And the site of Duncan's sheilings was pointed out to Principal Shairp, thirty years ago, near a grass-grown road leading down to the side of Loch Etive. All Gaels look back to these times as ideal, the days of romance and song, of love and courtship. So did Duncan, even as an old man

“Thug mi greis am árach
Air araidhean a b'aithe dhomh”.

But at home there was “mettle more attractive”. About half a mile from his cottage door was the inn or “tigh-osda” of Inveroran, where Màiri Bhan óg was born and brought up. Often looking down from the higher ground where he lived he watched her going about her domestic duties. Her father was a baron bailie—a kind of under factor—with a freehold of his own, who could give Màiri the usual number of cows, etc., as a dowry. Duncan was the son of poor parents with no patrimony and no prospects; but, like his even more famous namesake, “Duncan was a lad o' grace”—he was extremely handsome in his youth, and, doubtless, this fact turned the scale in his favour. There is perhaps no simpler or more romantic love-story than this of Duncan Ban MacIntyre, as given by

the chief person interested, in all the history of the poets and their loves.

When Duncan had just reached man's estate the '45 broke out, and swept him into the tumults of war. As substitute for a tacksman named Fletcher who promised him 300 merks and gave him the loan of his sword, he was present at the battle of Falkirk, ran from the battle, and in the stampede lost his sword. Fletcher refused to pay, but was by the then Earl of Breadalbane compelled to meet his obligations. This incident was the theme of the bard's first poem and soon made him known: and Fletcher and his sword both being laughed at, the former at the first Dalmally market held afterwards struck the bard on the back with his stick, remarking, "Dean òran air sin, a ghille"—"Make a song on that, my lad". Fletcher had provoked the jest, and could neither bear it patiently nor answer it in kind, for his wit is as wooden as his cudgel.

On returning from the war he was by the Earl of Breadalbane made forester in Coire Cheathaich and on Bendoran, and later by the Duke of Argyll in Glen Etive, and thus he spent forty-seven years till rumours of war again brought him from his mountain solitudes. The dread of invasion caused the enrolment of the Breadalbane Fencibles in 1793, which he joined. On their being disbanded in 1799 he joined the Edinburgh City Guard, in which he remained till 1806, when, by the success of the third edition of his poems, he was enabled to retire in independence—the only man of whom I have ever heard as having made money by the publication of Gaelic works—and dying

in 1812 was buried in Old Grey Friars Churchyard, Edinburgh.

The life of the poet bridges over two epoch-making events—the '45 and the French Revolution. The former has revealed the deep attachment of many a nameless genius to the native kings and the hapless house of Stuart; and the Jacobite songs of the Lowlands are a precious heritage. It revealed no less the splendid loyalty of the Gaels to their prince. Themselves starving and with the bribe of £30,000 dangling before them, they preferred to be shot down in their own heather rather than betray their trust and accept the price of blood. Duncan Ban MacIntyre no doubt shared this feeling to the full; but he was on the wrong side. The Breadalbane of the day under whom he served was a Hanoverian; and the poet could not help himself. While MacDonald had held the prince seated on his knee and sang to him one of his own songs, MacIntyre has a few references in the early editions which it was considered prudent to suppress in the later. The other great epoch-making event he was destined to see was the French Revolution, the great Liberal or Radical movement of Europe which is still working itself out. There is hardly a trace of this in the works of the bard. It did not appear to appeal to him. The world had been kind to him, and he was content with it as it was, satisfied with his own position and prospects. If he understood the sentiment "a man's a man for a' that" which acted as an inspiration on his greater contemporary, he was probably in no position where he would have dared to

sing it. In their devotion to the house of Hanover they were equally cautious and utilitarian.

The sentiment of Burns—

“ Searching auld wives’ barrels,”

finds an echo in

“ Rinn nighean Deorsa an t-aran dhomh ”.

In these circumstances the bard could sing no great national song, no song of loyalty or independence. And he was no satirist in the same sense as MacDonald, being devoid of sufficient bitterness and malevolence of nature, and perhaps devoid, also, of the sharpness and nimbleness of intellect necessary for the best work of this kind. He has wit and plenty of humour, though strange to say Principal Shairp thinks him lacking in the latter. The epitaph on himself shows that he was well acquainted with the Christian verities. His convivial songs show him no stranger to that side of life, though he stopped short of excesses. These with an elegy and the poems composed for the Highland Society illustrate rather the range of his sympathies than the strength of his genius. His real power emerges in his love songs, among the best of which is *Màiri Bhan óg*, and which “on account of its combined purity and passion, its grace, delicacy and tenderness,” has been regarded as the finest love song in the Highlands. His poems on Nature are unique in plan, and unsurpassed in execution. That on Bendoran is the “most elaborate, original and famous” poem of the kind on record. The mountain is dwelt on lovingly as if it were a living thing, companion or friend; and the habits of

the deer, red deer and roe, are described with a minuteness and fidelity of detail possible only to a genius who had been their guardian for nearly half a century. The measure is thought by some to be an imitation of the Piobaireachd, and may be perhaps a variety of the Cró Cumaisc of Irish poetry. At all events, it has great capabilities and great attractions; and his poems have had not a few translators, among whom may be named Pattison, Blackie, Shairp, Rev. Dr. Buchanan of Methven, and Buchanan the poet.

Notwithstanding his illiteracy, which places Duncan almost alone among modern poets, cutting him off from the study of poetry, history and tradition, MacIntyre has a family likeness to the great fraternity. He resembles Horace in want of physical courage. The Roman lost his shield at Philippi as the Gael lost his sword at Falkirk. Yet neither is ashamed of the incident; and by others not incompetent to judge it has been held a nobler and a better thing to sing a battle than to fight it. He resembles Wordsworth in his love of Nature; Scott in his concrete pictures of it; Wordsworth and Milton in his marvellously retentive memory for his own lines; Burns and Scott in thinking little of his own works. He has been called the Burns of the Highlands, a comparison that holds—if not unduly pressed. Both are the sweetest singers of their race. They have the keen feelings that centre the whole heart on the one object before them at the time and make them song writers: and in their best work all their impressions are at first hand. They take the first place also in

conversational powers. Where they sit, there is the head of the table. Duncan's talk could make hungry and angry men forget they had not dined.

He visited the Highlands at least twice in later life when trying to dispose of the editions of his poems. Two descriptions of him by different people tally. Duncan was fair of face and hair, of a pleasant countenance, and a happy attractive manner. He wore a tartan kilt, a badger sporran, fox-skin cap, or a chequed cap with the tail of a wild animal hanging over it. From what was known of him, he was everywhere recognised. He was slow of speech in his native Gaelic, which he spoke with the utmost purity. His "Last Farewell to the Hills," composed on his final visit, shows him to have been a kindly and cultured old man, who had seen much of life and liked what he had seen. The effect of this poem is much like that of Gray's *Elegy*. The same result is reached by a different means; in the one case by exquisite scholarship—the *ars celare artem*; in the other, by simple genius sobered and matured by a long life lived well.

For it was a long journey from Drumliaghairt to the Old Grey Friars Churchyard, Edinburgh. Of that journey he has given the best he knew—the Argyll of the past. It is well not to break with that past.

GEORGE CALDER.

SEANN SGEUL

“LUNNAINN A RÌS!”

BHO chiomh mhòran bhliadhnaichean, bha iasgair còir tapaidh a' còmhnaidh an àite uaigneach an Ceann-tàile—sgìre fharsainn an ceann a deas Siorram-achd Rois. Chaidh e fhéin agus sgioba 'bhàta dh'iasgach air feasgar briagha samhraidh. An uair a bha iad a muigh an'druim a' chuain, bheothaich a' ghaoth gu h-uamhasach, agus dhòirt an t-uisge 'na thuiltean. Dh'iomair iad dhachaidh cho luath sa b'urrainn iad. Nuair a bha iad a' toirt a' bhàta gu tìr, bhuail i air sgorra creige le mòr-onfhadh na fairge, agus bhriseadh a druim 'na dhà leith. Air la' na mhàireach, thog an t-iasgair air gu coille àraidh a bha astar math bho'n taigh, fiach am faigheadh e bun craoibhe dhe'n deanadh e druim ùr dha 'na bhàta. Nuair a bha e astar math bho'n taigh, thuit ceò dùmhail mu'n cuairt da, agus a chionn nach robh e riamh roimh air an t-slighe cheudna, chaidh e air chall. Cha robh fhios aige dé dheanadh e. Nan rachadh e ni b'fhaide air adhart is dòcha gu'n tuiteadh e le creig, is bha dhol air ais a' cheart cho cunnartach. Shuidh e far an robh e. Bha'n ceò dùmhlachadh is an t-uisge trom-achadh, agus sgàilean na h-oidhche a' tuiteam, lion beag is beag, mu'n cuairt da. Mu dheireadh, dh'fhàs e cho dorcha sa bhitheadh e. Sheall e mu'n cuairt da, is chunnaic e solus dearrsanta thall mu choinneamh. Rinn e suas inntinn air ball gu'n deanadh e dìreach air an t-solus. Dh'fhalbh e, is an déigh iomadh toll agus slochd agus càrn a chur seachad, ràinig e an taigh. Chaidh e stigh. Bha triuir boirionnach an sin 'nan

suidhe timchioll air clach an teinntean. Dh'innis e mar thachair dha, ach ged dh'innis, is ged chunnaic iad fhéin gu'n robh e bog, fliuch, acrach, cha do dh' fhoighneachd iad an robh bial air. Nuair a thàinig àm a dhol a laigh, thuirt iad ris gu'm feumadh e falbh—nach robh àite aca-san dha.

“Cha'n fhalbh mi 'nochd,” ars' esan. “Chaidh mi air chall mar tha, 's ma theid mi mach an dràsda cha'n 'eil fhios c'àit an stad mi.”

Nuair a chunnaic na boirionnaich nach robh math sam bith dhoibh a bhi ris, sheall iad seomair cadail dha, is chaidh an duine bochd do'n leabaidh, fuar fliuch, acrach is mar a bha e, ach ged a bha e bho'n aodach, faodaidh sinn a bhi cinnteach nach robh e socrach 'na inntinn. Nuair a shaoil iad gu'n robh e air tuiteam 'na chadal, chaidh té dhiubh suas far an robh e, is chuir i a cluas ris, fiach an robh srann aige. Leig esan air gu'n robh e an rioghachd na suaine bho chionn fada, is shaoil ise gu'n robh gach gnothach ceart. Chaidh i null gu ciste mhòr a bha'n oisean an t-seomair, is thug i mach aisde boineid bheag ghorm, is chuir i mu 'ceann i.

“*Lunnainn a rìs!*” ars' ise, is cho luath sa thuirt i na briathran, chaidh i mar dhealanach a mach troimh na sgrathan a bh'air mullach an taighe. Air ball, thàinig an dàra té de na boirionnaich a nuas far an robh e. Chuir i a cluas ris, is tharruing esan srann mòr. Chaidh i null a dh'ionnsuidh na ciste cheudna, is chuir i boineid bheag ghorm air mullach a cinn.

“*Lunnainn a rìs!*” ars' ise, is sud a mach ise troimh na sgrathan cuideachd. Rinn an treas té an ni ceudna, is mu'n tàrradh an duine bochd e fhéin a

bheannachadh, sud ise mach cuideachd. Bha'n taigh aige nise dha fhéin, agus bho'n a bha, smaoinich e gu'n éiridh e is gu'n sealladh e mu'n cuairt da. Chuir e uime bhriogais an cabhaig, is chaidh e null a dh' ionnsuidh na ciste bha san oisean, far an robh na boineidean iongantach a bha toirt air falbh mhnathan an taighe san robh e. Dh'fhosgail e i, is chunnaic e gu'n robh i loma-làn de na boineidean gorma so. Dh'fhiach e té dhiubh 'na làimh, is chuir e sin air a cheann i.

“Lunnainn a rìs!” ars esan, is cha bu luaithe thuirt e sin na bha e mach troimh na sgrathan air ball, is an ath shùil a thug e, fhuair e e fhéin an seomar dibhe an Lunnainn, is air an ùrlar air a bheulaobh bha an triuir boirionnach a chaidh am mach troimh na sgrathan beagan ùine roimh sin, is iad air tuiteam seachad leis an daoraich. Bha gach seòrsa dibhe, is gu leòr dhith, mu'n cuairt da. Bho'n a bha e fuar, fliuch acrach, thòisich e air òl gus mu dheireadh an robh e fhéin 'na shineadh marbh air an ùrlar leis an daoraich.

Fad iomadh bliadhna roimh so, bha fear an taighe-òsda ag ionndrainn mòran dibhe bhatar a goid air, ach cha d'fhuair e mach riamh cò bha deanamh na meirle. Cha robh dòigh air na boirionnach so a ghlacadh—bha na boineidean gorma ro dheiseal airson an giulain gu h-obann air falbh bho na h-uile luchd-tòrachd. Ach aig an àm so, dh'fhosgail fear an taighe-òsda an seomar dibhe so, agus fhuair e an duine bochd 'na ghlag marbh air an ùrlar, gun smid aige leis an daoraich. Cha robh sgeul air na boirionnaich—is fhad bho thug na boineidean gorma gu h-uallach

gu Ceann-tàile iad. Thuirt fear an taighe-òsda ris fhéin.

“Mu dheireadh thall ghlacadh am meirleach. 'S iomadh stóp a dh'òl thu orm fad nam bliadhnai-chean a chaidh seachad, ach gheibh thu do dhuais.”

Chuireadh an duine bochd an làimh is thugadh gu cùirt e. Fhuaradh ciontach e, agus thugadh binn bàis am mach air, agus air là àraidh a dh'ainmich am breitheamh, bha lùbach de'n bhall gu dhol mu sgòrnan.

Thàinig an là. Bha'n crochadair, sa chroich deiseal, san duine bochd a' feitheamh na mionaide. Thuirt an crochadair ris gu'm faodadh e ni sam bith a thoilicheadh e ràdh na dheanamh fad choig mionaidean mu'n crochte e. Chuir e a làmh 'na phòcaid, agus thug e mach aisde luidean bog, fiuch, làn àlaidh an uisge-bheatha. Sheall e air, is dé bha so ach a bhoineid ghorm a thug à Ceann-tàile e.

“Am faod mi so a chur air mo cheann?” ars' esan ris a' chrochadair.

“Faodaidh,” ars' an crochadair. Chuir e a' bhoineid ghorm mu cheann aon uair eile, is thuirt e air ball, “*Ceann-tàile a rìs!*” is cha luaithe thuirt e sin, na dh'fhalbh e fhéin sa chroich san crochadair dìreach gu Ceann-tàile. Nuair a fhuair e an crochadair os cionn na mara, thug e breab dha, is thuit e sa mhuir is bhàthadh e. Ràinig e cheann-uidhe an tiota, agus a' chroich 'na chois, agus an là no dhà rinn e druim do na bhàta leis a' chroich a bha dùil aige chuireadh crìoch air a bheatha.

J. N. M.

MAR A DH'EIRICH CUID DE NA SEAN-FHOCAIL

CHA'N ann an diugh no'n dé a thòisich daoine air labhairt ann an Sean-fhocail. Ann an òige an t-saoghail bha mòran de theagasg an t-sluaigh air a thoirt seachad ann an Sean-fhocail, no'n Gnàth-fhocail. Bha a' chleachdainn so am measg gach cinneach air am bheil eachdraidh againn. Tha sinn uile eòlach air Gnàth-fhocail Sholaimh. Bha na Ròmanaich, 's na Gréugaich ag aiseag eòlas agus creidheamh troimh an Sean-fhocail, ach tha mi creid-sinn nach robh sluagh idir ann air am bheil uiread chumbachd aig Sean-fhocail ri Clanna nan Gàidheal.

Is math a labhair fear d'am b'aithne, 'n uair thuirt e :—

“ Is ann, mar bu trice, leis na daoine a bu ghlice 's a bu ghéire a chaidh na Sean-fhocail a chur ri chéile ; agus am measg nan daoine a b'fhòghluimte anns gach linn 's anns gach àite bha iad air an altrum le mór-urram. Air Gnàth-fhocail Sholaimh—an duine a bu ghlice a chunnaic an saoghal riamh—rinn sinn a cheana iomradh. Rinn an Gréugach a b'ainmeile 'n a rioghachd féin air son eòlais is gliocais cruinneachadh de Shean-fhocail a dhùthcha. Tha dearbhadh againn ann am Bàrdachd an ughdair is àirde cliù a sheinn 's a' Bheurla air a' mheas a bh'aige-san air Sean-fhocail Shasuinn ; agus rinn sgrìobhadairean ainmeil uair is uair cruinneachaidh dhiubh so. Ann an saothair nam Bàrd Gaidhealach chi sinn an cumhachd a bh'aig Sean-fhocail thairis air na h-inntinnean a b'urramaiche d'ar cinneadh féin. Rinneadh

'cruinneachadh de na Sean-fhocail Ghàidhealach o 'chionn moran bhliadhnachan le deagh sgoileir—Mac-an-Tòisich—ach cha 'n 'eil an leabhar a nis ach tearc."

Chuir an Gàidheal fòghluimte sin, an Siorram Mac Neacail, nach maireann, a luchd-dùthcha fo mhór chomain air son a cho-thional eireachdail de Shean-fhocail a chuir e r'a chéile anns a' bhliadhna 1881. Tha anns an leabhar sin teann air ceithir mìle Sean-fhocal, agus bho'n a chaidh a chlo-bhualadh thog co-chruinneachadh no dhà de Shean-fhocail ceann, agus mar sin tha co dhiù còrr is mìle Sean-fhocal air sgeul nach 'eil anns an leabhar luachmhor aig Mac Neacail.

Sgrìobh an t-oidhe-foghlum MacFhionghainn ann an Dun-Eideann anns "*A' Ghaidheal*" (1875) mòran mu na Sean-fhocail agus so mar a dh'fhuasgail e a' cheist "Ciod e Sean-fhocal?"

"Aithnichidh gach aon againn Sean-fhocal an uair a chi no 'chluinneas sinn e; ach cha'n 'eil e cho farasda a mhineachadh do neach eile ciod iad na feartan a tha 'deanamh suas na doigh-chainnt so. Thuirt Sasunnach ainmeil a tha fathast maireann gur e Sean-fhocal 'gliocas mòrain, ach geiread aoin'; agus thuirt sean ughdar Ròmanach gu bheil an Sean-fhocal mar an seillean, 'gu'm faighear a' mhill's an gath ann an coluinn bhig'. Gheibhear an so, tha mi meas, an da chuid mineachadh agus eisimpleir air Sean-fhocal; ach cha ruigear leas fiughair a bhi gu'n seas am mineachadh an còmhnuidh fìor. Cha'n fhaighear Sean-fhocal, tha mi creidsinn, as eugmhais nan trì nithean so—Gliocas, Geiread, Giorrad; ach

cha'n 'eil mi cho dearbhta gu'n deanar suas e-leis an tri a mhàin. Mu'm fàs e 'n a Shean-fhocal is éiginn gu'n gabh an saoghal ris mar aon ; agus cha bhiodh e duilich iomadh ràdh fhaotainn a tha glic, geur, is gearr, nach d'fhuair fàrdach am measg an t-sluaigh. Ach ma théid agad air firinn a thilgeadh fann am beagan de fhocail shnasamhor a ni greim air inntinnean dhaoine, air chor 's gu bheil an fhirinn air a h-aiseag o bheul gu beul ad chainnt fein, 's e mo bharail gu'm feudar a ràdh gur Sean-fhocal an fhirinn so. Ma bhitheas an ràdh air a thoirt seachad fo shamhladh, no an rann, no ann am focail a ni fuaimean thaitneach do'n chluais, bithidh e na's dòcha gu'n gabh an sluagh ris, ach ma nithear a bheatha às eugmhais nan inn-leachdan so is Sean-fhocal e."

Tha cuid de na Sean-fhocail Ghaidhlig nach tuigear gu math mur bi fios againn ciamar a dh'éirich iad, no cuin a chaidh an gnàthachadh air son na ceud uaire. Tha mhiann orm aig an àm so feuchainn ri innseadh ciamar a dh'éirich cuid dhiubh, agus leis gu bheil fhios agam gur aithne do chuid agaibh ciamar a dh'éirich iad cho math ruim fhéin tha mi 'n dòchas nach gabh an leughadair gu donna ged a bheir mi dha làn spàin no dhà de bhrochan air ath-theòthadh ; ach co dhiù, faodaidh mi fasgadh a ghabhail air culaobh an t-Sean-fhocail, "Cha mhisde deadh-sgeal aithris dà uair". Chuala sinn uile an Sean-fhocal—

"IS MITHICH A BHI BOGADH NAN GAD,"

oir tha e am beul gach neach 'n uair a tha e bràth dol ann an ceann gnothaich sònraichte air bith. Is fhada o'n a dh'éirich an Sean-fhocal so. A réir beul-

aithris na dùthcha, tha e dol air ais gus an àm anns nach robh a' Ghàidhealtachd uile air a h-àiteach—an t-àm sin ris an abrar "Linn an Aigh" an linn ghloir-mhòr sin mu'n do sgrìobh am bàrd Iain Mac Cuaraig:—

"An ùair bha Gàidhlig aig na-h-eòin
Bha'm bainne air an lòn mar dhriùchd,
A' mhill a fàs air bàrr an an fhraoich—
A h-uile ni cho saor 'sam bùrn.

Cha robh daoine pàigheadh màil,
Cha robh càin orra no clis,—
Iasgach, sealgach, agus coill,
Ac' gun fhoighneachd is gun phrìs.

Cha robh cogadh, cha robh comhstri,
Cha robh cònnasachadh no streup ann;
H-uile fear a' gabhail còmhnaidh
Anns an t-seol 'bu dedìn leis féin e.

Bha caoimhneas comunn iochd is gràdh
Anns gach àite 'measg an t-sluaigh;
Eadar far an éirich grian,
Is far an laidh i 'niar 'sa chuan."

Anns na làithean àghmhor sin a dh'fhalbh 's nach till gu bràth, 'n uair a bha teaghlach an tuathanaich a togail an cinn agus toileach an saoghal fhaicinn, agus feuchainn ri deanamh air an son féin; 'nuair a phòsadh am mac a bu shine rachadh làtha sònraichte a shuidheachadh anns an robh a' chàraid òg ri gabhail a mach a chur dachaidh air bonn air an son fhéin. Seachdain roimh 'n latha mhór so rachadh gad no dhà a ghearradh. 'Nuair thigeadh làtha na h-imrich

rachadh dà chliabh a chrochadh air druim gearrain, agus an lionadh làn chlach. Bha na cliabhan so air crochadh air gad no dhà, agus 'nuair a dh'fhàgadh a chàraid òg agus an gearran an sean dachaidh, bha iad ri cead a choise a thoirt do'n ghearran, agus cha robh iad ri stad a dheanamh gus am briseadh an gad a bha ceangal an dà chliabh, agus an t-àite anns an tuiteadh na cliabhan b'e sin làrach an tighe. Mur an robh toil aig a' chàraid òg dol fad air asdar cha bu mhiann leò an gad a bhi righinn, ach ma bha toil aca dol air asdar dheanamh iad an gad righinn le a bhogachadh gu math an oidhche roimh laimh. 'Se so mata a thog an Sean-fhocal "Is mithich a bhi bogadh nan gad".

SEAN-FHOCAIL MU'N FHEINN.

Ciod air bith a dh'fhaodas daoine à radh mu'n Fhéinn, agus ciod air bith beachd a dh'fhaodas a bhi aig ciud mu Fhionn is Oisean, cha 'n 'eil dà dhòigh nach robh na seana Ghàidheil a' creidsinn annta, agus a gabhail cuid de Laoich na Féinne mar shamhladh air na buadhan saoghalta a b'airde 'sa b'urramaiche. Ma bha duine neartmhor agus treun, bha e "cho làidir ri Cu-chuillin". Ma bha duine dileas, seas-mbach, theireadh na sean daoine—"Cha do thréig Fionn riamh caraide a dheis laimhe". Ma bha duine pongail, seanagarra, theirteadh gu'n robh e "cho fada 'sa cheann 'sa bha Fionn 'sna casan," agus ma ni sibh fheòraich dé cho fada 'sa bha sin, innseam dhuibh nach robh air Fionn ach an aona choire—cha robh e ach ochd troighean air àirde 'n uair a bha'n còrr de'n Fhéinn deich troighean. Ma bha iomradh air duine fialaidh có bheireadh bàrr air Fionn ann an fialaidh-

eachd ; nach 'eil an teisteanas so aige fhein agus aig 'fhàrdaich anns na Sean-fhocail—

“Tigh farsuing, fial—

A chòmhla cha do dhruideadh riamh,”

agus

“Bha dorus Fhinn do'n ànrach fial”.

Cha d'iarr an Gàidheal riamh cothrom a b'fheàrr na 'Cothrom na Féinne"—b'e sin fear an aghaidh fir —laoch an aghaidh laoiach. Chuala sinn uile an ràdh “An Fhéinn air a h-uilinn”—agus so mar a dh'eirich an ràdh so. Bha an Fhéinn aig aon àm fo gheasaibh ann an uamh àraidh nach b'fhiosrach do neach beò. Aig beul na h-uamha bha dùdach, agus na'n robh de mhisnich aig an neach a gheibheadh a mach iad, an dùdach a sheinn trì uairean, dh'eireadh an Fheinn beò, slàn. Air do shealgair àraidh dol air seacharan ann an ceò, thainig e air an uamha anns an robh an Fhéinn. Chunnaic e an dùdach, agus chuimhnich e air an t-seann ràdh, gu'n robh an Fheinn fo gheasaibh, agus ge b'e neach a sheideadh an dùdach trì uairean gu'n dùisgeadh e iad. Bha e'g am faicinn 'n an laidhe 's an uamha : rug e air an dùdaich, agus shéid e sgál chruaidh oirre. Is ann le mor ioghnadh a thug e fainear gu'n do dh'fhosgail gach aon diubh an sùilean agus iad a' dùr-amharc air 's an aodann, agus thug e fainear mar an ceudna, le oillt, gu'n robh an suilean mar shuilean dhaoine marbh. Thog e a mhisneach, shéid e sgál eile air an dùdaich, agus ghrad dh'éirich gach aon air 'uilinn. An uair a chunnaic e sin chaill e uile gu léir a mhisneach, agus theich e. Air dha a dhachaidh a ruigheachd dh'innis

e a sgeul d'a chàirdean, agus ghabh iad a mach còmhladh, ach cha b'urrainn doibh amas air an uaimh tuille, 's cha d'fhuaras riamh i gus an latha 'n diugh. Theirear bho sin, "Tha an Fheinn air a h-uilinn".

"DÀ DHIÙ GUN AON ROGHAINN."

Tha daoine eòlach gu leòir air an t-Sean-fhocal so ach theagamh nach cuala gach neach mar a dh'éirich e. Dh'éirich e "Làtha Ionar-Lòchaidh," agus tha 'n sgeula co-cheangailte ris a leigeil ris dhuinn nàdar borb Alasdair Mhic-Colla. Anns an ruaig, rinneadh prìosanach de'n churaidh thréin agus fhoghaintich sin Triath Ach-nam-breac, a thug iad a dh'ionnsaidh Alasdair. Shaoil leis an duine mheasail so le ghiùlan seimh suairce gu'm maolaicheadh e reasgaireachd Alasdair le càileiginn de chàirdeas a mhaoidheadh air. "Cha'n 'eil ag," a deir Alasdair, "na'm biodh ùin' againn air, nach faodamaid càirdeas a dheanamh a mach. Tha fhios agam gur duin'-uasal measail thu, Tighearna Ach-nam-breac an Alba, agus Fear Dhùnlir an Eirinn; uime sin tha mi dol a chur urram ort, do roghainn a thoirt dhuit, có dhiu is fearr leat do chrochadh no an ceann a chur dhiot?" "Mo thruaighe!" deir an duine eireachdail, "dà dhiù gun aon roghainn." Leis a so tharruing Alasdair Mac-Colla an t-eueorach allmharra a chlaidheimh, agus gheàrr e sìos Triath Ach-nam-breac le aona bhuille.

"CHUNNAIC MISE DÀ MHAC COINNICH ROMHAD."

Chaidh na focail so a ràdh ri Maor a bh'ann an Leòghas. Tha e coltach nach robh an dà mhaor Mac Coinnich buan, agus 'n uair a bha iad a cur fear

dhiubh fo thalamh, thuirt bodach a bha sin, a b'aithne am fear a bha iad a cur fo'n fhóid—

“Cuiribh air! cuiribh air!

'S esan a chuiribh oirne;

'S ma dh'éireas e rithist,

Cuiridh e'n còrr òirnn”.

Tha Sean-fhocal no dhà air aithris mu Shir Eógh-an Camaron, Loch-iall. Chaidh a chliù a sgrìobhadh le filidh a bha ainmeil 'na làtha 's na linn, a tha cho maiseach gu bheil e toirt bàrr air gach cliù thàinig air thoiseach air—agus b'e sin a b'aobhar do'n ràdh—

“Gach cliù gu ‘Cliù Eóghain,’

Gach dàn gu ‘Dàn an Deirg,’

Gach laoidh gu ‘Laoidh an amadain mhóir’”.

Is ann mu'n cheart Eóghan so a dh'eirich an Sean-fhocal—“Cum air do cheum a chailleach, 's an ceum barrachd aig Eóghan,” agus so an naigheachd tha dol mu'n t-seann ràdh so:—

Bha Sir Eoghan turus air ghnothach cabhaig an Ionar-nis, agus a' tilleadh dhachaidh, mar a bha e a' togail a mach as a' bhaile, ciod a' cham-chòdhail a rinn suas ris ach luiriste de bhoirionnach iargalta, fad-chasach—ban-bhuidseach. Cha do chuir iad fàilte air a chéile ann; ach bha ise cumail an aon cheum air an co-imeachd ris. Bu cho math le Eoghan ban-chompanach eile rithe, 's gun fhios aige co b'i; ach cha robh a choltas oirre-se gu'n robh a chuid-eachdas a' droch-chòrdadh rithe. Ach, 's na gàmagan a bh'ann, thugar i truissealachadh oirre fhein 's thuirt i: “Ceum ann, Eoghain!” Nise, an luib na bròig-airgid a fhuair Sir Eoghan 's an taghairm, fhuair e

buaidh air cruaidh, air luaidhe, 's air buidseachd, 's cha robh sin gun fhios da, agus thuirt e ris a' chaillich 's e toirt tàrr-leum as :—

“Ceum air do cheum, a chailleach,
'S an ceum¹barrachd aig Eoghan”.

Cha robh an còrr bruidhne eatorra 's an àm ; ach chum iad na h-aon sìnteagan air gus an d'ràinig iad Caolas Mhic-Phadruic—'s cha b'iongantach iad a bhi sgith. Dh'éibh Eoghan an t-aiseag 's thàinig am bàta ; ach cha leigeadh na gillean a stigh a' chailleach. An uair a thuig i nach fhaigheadh i an t-aiseag, thuirt i, 's i gabhail a cead de dh'Eoghan : “Dùrachd mo chridhe dhut, a ghaoil Eoghain”. Bha Eoghan air fhaicill, 's fhreagair e, “Dùrachd do chridhe do'n chloich ghlais ud thall,” agus, a mhic chridhe, bha deagh-thuiteamas seanchais air—sgoilt a' chlach 'na dà bhloigh !

Ma ruigeas mo chothrom air, bheir mi tarruing eile air na Sean-fhocail anns an ath àireamh.

FIONN.

EXEAT PARLAMAIDEACHD

RUIGIDH dàil dorus, agus chan 'eil carraig ann nach caochail sruth—focail fhior is sheasmhach gu ledir. Is searbh, doirbh, da rìreadh an t-slighe gu gliocas ; ach ged tha i àrd is duilich, is éiginn duinn uile an rathad sin a thriall uair-eigin. Is ann troimh dhuilgheadas is stri a ruigeas araon cinneadh is daoine air

gliocas. Diolaidh sinn uile na tha mar fhiachaibh oirnn, a thoirt seachad airson olcas is gòraiche àm ar n-òige. Chan 'eil duine no cinneadh ann nach tuit uair no uair-eigin am mearachd; ach an t-eadar-dhealachadh a tha eadar daoine glìce agus amadain is e so e, nach do bhuannaich am fear mu dheireadh riamb air lorg na thachair dha.

Tha na smuaintean so air an dusgadh 'nar cridhe leis na thachair an Eirinn o chionn beagan mhiosan air ais, nuair a chaidh binn is diteadh a thoirt a mach an aghaidh Bille na Comhairle leis na h-Eirionnaich. Bha an làtha sin 'na làtha dulain do Mhr. Redmond agus a chuid chàirdean. Nochdadh gu soilleir dha nach robh an cumhachd aige idir cho farsaing, cho domhainn agus cho daingean sa bha esan a' creidsinn; agus nochdadh dha, mar an ceudna, ma dh'fhàsas Eirinn a suas an aois, nach b'ann gun bhuannachd d'a fhéin a tha i gabhail an rathaid a dh'ionnsaidh na siorruidheachd.

An so, bha leasan searbh, àrd, air a thoirt seachad do Mhr. Redmond, agus do Eirinn cuideachd. Do Mhr. Redmond airson iomadh reuson nach ruig sinn a leas innseadh aig an àm so: do Eirinn, airson na thachair dhi, agus na tha ri teachd. Oir, tha sgrìobhadair araidh ag ràdh gur ann à beul na h-aimsir a ghabh seachad a tha àm ri teachd do ghnàth a' labhairt.

Agus, ciod e an leasan a tha an cur-an-cùl air Bille na Comhairle leis na h-Eirionnaich a' toirt seachad? Ciod e bhrìgh sa chiall a tha aig bonn na cùise so? An e nach robh Gàidheil na h-Eirinn deònach air gabhail ris na chaidh a thairgseadh

dhoibh le luchd na Stàide an Sasunn? Theagamh gu'n robh guth de'n t-seòrsa so anns a' ghnothach; ach cha b'è so uile e. Faodar a ràdh nach robh na h-Eirionnaich idir toilichte leis na chaidh a thairg-seadh dhoibh; ach is ann do bhrìgh gu'n d'fhàinig atharrachadh mòr air cridhe is air inntinn muinntir na h-Eirinn o'n a chaidh dusgadh orra gu'n deachaidh a dhiultadh gu buileach.

Thug sinn mar ainm air a' phaipear so "*Exeat Parlamaideachd*"; agus le Pàrlamaideachd, tha sinn a' ciallachadh strì shitheil, shocrach an taobh a staigh de Phàrlamaid aig Shasuinn chum féin-riaghladh fhaotainn. Airson còrr is seachd thar fichead bliadhna, bha buile Eireannach na Pàrlamaide Shasuinn a' deanamh strì chum stiùradh air an cùisean féin fhaotainn 'nan làmhnan féin; agus dh'fhairtlich sin gu buileach orra. Faodar a ràdh gu'm bheil cor is suidheachadh na h-Eirinn mòran na's miosa a nis na bha e riamh roimh; agus sin a dh'aindheoin gach oirdhirp is innleachd a chaidh a dheanamh leo chum maith is leasachadh na dùthcha. Gu dearbh, is fìor àrd is searbh na briathran a tha aig luchd-sgrìobhaidh nam paipearan Eireannach nu'n chùis so. Thuirt fear dhiubh a cheann car greis, agus e cur an cèill a smuaintean mu thimchioll Mhr. Redmond sa chàir-dean:—

Fourteen years ago a British Government passed through the British House of Commons a Home Rule Bill. The same Government is again in power. Fourteen years ago it had a majority of only 38—to-day it has a majority of 356—a majority greater than that which forced the Reform Act on the House of Lords, and four times greater than that with which Gladstone forced Disestablishment through the same Assembly. Let no Irishman be humbugged into the belief that the House of Lords can block the way to any

British Government in earnest about carrying its Bills. No measure a British Government, possessed of a majority of 100 in the Commons, was really desirous to pass, has ever been successfully resisted by the House of Lords. The British Liberal Party could force Home Rule to-morrow through the British House of Lords as Gladstone forced Disestablishment if it cared to do so. It judges Ireland by the Irish Parliamentary Party, and thinks it safe to despise her. If "the Old House in College Green" remains unopened to an Irish Legislative Assembly, it is because the British Liberal Government wills that it shall remain shut. . . . When the British Parliament adjourns three months hence, Ireland will be as minus the University the Irish Parliamentary Party promised her as she is minus the legislature the same Party has been promising her for twenty-one years past. But, instead, she may have Tweedledum in Dublin Castle in place of Tweedledee—Sir John Bull Smith instead of Sir Antony MacDonnell. For the old game is again afoot, and the scapegoat is led forth to die. "Down with Sir Antony MacDonnell" is the cry raised to divert Irish indignation from the British Ministry. It is Sir Antony MacDonnell, the Irish people are told, who is the culprit. The bowels of the Ministry yearned towards us. The British Premier, the British Chief Secretary, the British Cabinet, and the British Liberal Party, would have played us fair, but Sir Antony MacDonnell interposed. They pined, these honest Englishmen, to give us Home Rule, but they dared not—because one of their officials objected. This is the stuff on which Parliamentarianism seeks to feed the faith of its followers. This is the cry which is to distract the attention of Ireland from the garrotting of Home Rule. It is always Down with somebody in Irish Parliamentarianism. Sixteen years ago it was "Down with Parnell!" Five years later it was "Down with Healy!" Five years more and it was "Down with O'Brien!" Yesterday it was "Down with Plunkett!" To-day it is "Down with MacDonnell!" But never is it "Down with all Governments which refuse Home Rule!" Not once is it "Up with Ireland!" And when Sir Antony MacDonnell is down there will be a new official in Dublin Castle, and in due time Ireland will be called on to cry Down with him. It keeps her from reflecting that it is Dublin Castle that needs to be put down, and is thus of great service to British Government in Ireland, which never has hesitated, and never will hesitate, to humour us by changing its officials, so long as we tolerate it by not forcing it to change its system. Now

we submit to our Parliamentary countrymen that it is time—and that the time is now—to end this political child's play. They put down Parnell and Healy and O'Brien, and for the past eight years, with the very best intentions they have been trying to put us down, and Mr. Birrell and his bogus Bill is the result. Eighteen months ago, on the eve of the General Election, they refused to listen to us, when week by week we urged them in the columns of *The United Irishman*, to insist through their leaders on the British Liberals making Home Rule an issue of the election equally with Free Trade and Chinese Labour. A false move on the party chess-board by the British Tories had given the game irrevocably to the British Liberals, and the British nation would have swallowed a bigger dose of Home Rule than it swallowed in 1892 to preserve its food from taxation. Parliamentary Ireland trusted in Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Connor, and they in turn trusted in British Liberalism, and the result is exactly as we warned them eighteen months ago it would be—the repudiation of Home Rule by the Liberals once they got safely settled in office with a majority made up largely by the Irish vote in Great Britain. It is not Sir Antony MacDonnell who stands between us and Home Rule. It is the will of the British Liberal Party.¹

A nis, feumaidh sinn aideachadh airson ar cuid féin dheth, nach d'thug Pàrlamaideachd riamh oirnn a chreidsinn gur e an t-aon mheadhon leis am b'urrainn sinn saorsa ar dùthcha féin a chosnadh. Ghabh sinn beachd air a' chùis air fad, agus thug sinn fainear nach robh dùthaich no cinneadh ann mu'n robh e comasach a ràdh, “Chosnadh a' mhuinntir so saorsa dhuthchasach dhoibh féin troimh Phàrlamaideachd”. Tha cuid am beachd gur e troimh a' cheart ni so a thug na Lochluinnich saorsa is neo-eisimeileachd dhoibh féin o cheann ghoirid ; ach, is éiginn duinn cuimhneachadh gu'n d'toireadh iad ionnsaidh air na Suainich nan diultadh iadsan umhlachd a thoirt doibh. Bha na Lochluinnich sitheil gu leòir, agus

¹ *Sinn Féin.*

làn thoileach gu bhi an càirdeas ri'n coimhears-naich ; ach ged a bha, is cinnteach nach robh iad toileach gu bhi 'nan éismeil na's mó tuille ; agus gu'n d'toireadh iad sàr-ionnsaidh orra nan diultadh iad. Airson so (mar tha fios aig gach neach, oir bha e anns na paipearan uile aig an àm), chan 'eil e comasach a ràdh gu'n d'thug na Lochluinnich saorsa dhoibh féin troimh Phàrlamaideachd a mhàin. Chosnadh iad sin doibh féin le Pàrlamaideach ach le Pàrlamaideachd air a chuideachadh gu mór leis a' chlaidheamh !

Ach, faodaidh sinn sealltuinn air ar n-ais air eachdraidh car tamuill ; agus ciod a tha sinn a' faicinn ? An ann troimh Phàrlamaideachd a thug na Duidsich cuing throm nan Spàinnteach thar an guailleann ? Cha b'ann gu dearbh, ach le teine is le claidheamh. Na Suisich, an ann troimh Phàrlamaideachd a thug iad buaidh air na h-Austrianaich, gam fuadach a mach as an duthaich, agus gan daingneachadh féin air cùl nam beanntan as nach téid an tilgeadh a mach gu bràth ? Ciamar a choisinn na Portachallaich saorsa dhoibh féin ach le treubhantas, agus leis an cuid claidheamh ? Ciamar a chaidh leth-shaorsa air na Stàidean Balcanach as làmhan nan Turcach ? An robh e air tailleamh na h-iarraidh sochraich sitheil a thug iad seachad, no a chionn is gu'n do chuir iad rompa an duthchannan féin fhaotainn a mach as an cruaidh-chas anns an robh iad an lorg mhi-riaghailt is ain-neast an luchd-fòirneirt ? Ciamar a dh'fhuadaich a mach na h-Eadailtich na h-Austrianaich thar nan crìochan aca ? An ann le Pàrlamaideachd, no le claidheamh ? Agus na Turcaich, ciamar a chaidh an ruaig a chur orra nuair a bha iad

a' toirt ionnsaidh air na Gréugaich? An ann le òraid no troimh ghuth taghaidh sam bith air a ghabhail seachad an taobh a staigh de'n Phàrlamaid aca a chosinn iad saorsa dhoibh féin is do dhùthaich an cridhe? Agus, anns an dùthaich so, an Albainn ar gràidh, ged nach robh Pàrlamaid is luchd-buill na Parliamaide ann aig àm cho trath ri sud, gidheadh an robh e air tailleamh irraidh is guidhe, no eadhon a' cur trioblaid air na Sasunnaich le'n urnaighean is le'n tagraidhean a choisinn Wallace, Bruce, agus iomadh laoch eile an làtha, agus a bhuilich iad saorsa air Albainn? Gu dearbh, mur 'eil sinn gu mòr air ar mealladh agus air ar dalladh thaobh eachdraidh, cha b'ann idir mar sin a bha e. Choisinn an fheadhainn so uile saorsa dhoibh féin is d'an dùthaich troimh threubhantas is fhoghainnteachd is féin-thabhartas. Phàidh iad air a shon le'm beatha is le'm maoin; agus gràdh na's mò na sin chan'eil aig duine sam bith.

Ach, theagamh gu'm bheil cuid ann a tha ag ràdh. "Faodaidh sin uile bhi mar a tha sibh cantuinn; ach, thachair na tha sibh ag innseadh dhuinn o 'chionn iomadh bliadhna air ais. Chan 'eil duine no sluagh a' deanamh stri mar sin a nis. Is ann troimh Phàrlamaideachd a tha daoine an làtha an diugh! a' toirt oidhirp chum bogadh nan gad." Ach, an e mar sin a tha e da rìreadh aig an àm so? Cait am bheil Pàrlamaideachd air a steidheachadh? Co iad na daoine a tha cur an earbsa air Pàrlamaideachd? An sluagh a tha tighinn air an adhart mar so, feuchaibh iad ruinn.

Theagamh, cuideachd, gu'm bheil iadsan a tha

labhairt mar so toirt bràth air na h-Eiphitich, no air na h-Indanaich mar dhream aig am bheil earbsa ri Pàrlamaideachd mar inneal chum saorsa dhùthchasach fhaotainn 'uair-eigin. Anns a' chiad àite, chan 'eil Pàrlamaid idir aig a' mhuinntir so, agus ged a bha is cinnteach nach gabhadh iad rithe mar an t-aon mheadhon a mhàin a'bh'aca. Chleachdadh iad i, gun teagamh, le dòchas feum is cuideachadh maith, buileach, a tharruing aisde; ach cha di-chuimhneachadh iad gur e an claidheamh a tha mòran na's cumhachdaiche na an guth. Is fìor nach 'eil na h-Indanaich mithich gu éiridh; ach am faod sinn amharus a leigeil a staigh d'ar beachd nach deanadh iad "ceannairc" an aghaidh nan Sasunnach nan robh an comas aca? Tha spiorad feargach, colgach, neo-shitheil am measg an t-sluaigh ud, agus is anabarrach bagraideach iad. Thug na paipearan Sasunnach mòran iomraidh is eisimpleirean air an spiorad eaglach neo-shitheil so, agus sin le daoine aig am bheil sar-fhios mu thimchioll cridhe is inntinn muinntir nan dùthchannan ud. Chi sinn gu soilleir leis na sgrìobhaidhean so, agus leis na tha na h-Indanaich is na h-Eiphitich féin a' deanamh is a' cantuinn nach e na toil, ach am meadhon, a tha dhith orra an drasda. Dh'éireadh iad am maireach an aghaidh nan Sasunnach nan robh an comas aca. Chan e an gràdh do na Sasunnaich ach eagal roimh an cuid arm a tha gan cumail fodha an drasda!

Faodaidh e-bhi, gidheadh, gur e na Polanaich a tha cumail an taice ri Pàrlamaideachd mar inneal chum bogadh nangad. Chan 'eil Parlamaid aca nam measg féin; ach chaidh cuid dhiubh so a ghairm sa chur a dh'ionnsaidh na Duma, agus gu Pàrlamaid

nan Austranach anns an “Iompaireachd Dhubhailte”. Se so fìor Phàrlamaideachd mu dheireadh, ma dh’fhaoidte; ach mur eil sinn dol am mearachd ’nar beachd, chaidh an “taghadh” is an cur ann chan ann d’an deòin ach a dh’aindeoin. Tha a’ chuid a’s mò de’n t-sluaigh ud de’n bharail nach bi saorsa no socrach aca gus am fuadaich iad a mach as an dùthaich na h-Austranaich comhla ri na Rùsianaich; agus ciamar a bhios sin ach le feart is éigneachadh? Is cinnteach nach dean Pàrlamaideachd an gnothach, ged a bhiodh i a’ bualadh an athair gu siorruidh.

Am bitheantas, cha chleachdadh le duine a bhi mion-bheachdachadh air na nithean sin a chaidh a thairgseadh dhoibh airson an creidsinn; ach gur i Pàrlamaideachd an t-slighe dhìreach gu faoineachd is neo-chomas, chi sinn gu soilleir leis na tha duine ainmeil Indanach d’am ainm Chandra Pal a’ cantuinn mu’n ghnòthach so.

If we have really self-government within the Empire, if we have the rights of freedom of the Empire as Australia has, as Canada has, as England has herself to-day—if we, the 300 millions of people, have that freedom of the Empire, the Empire would cease to be the English. It would be the Indian Empire, and the alliance between England and India would be absolutely an unequal alliance. . . . And if the day comes when England will be reduced absolutely to the alternative of having us an absolutely independent people or a co-partner with her in the Empire, she would prefer to have us like the Japanese, an ally, and no longer a co-partner, because we are bound to be the predominant partner in this Imperial firm.¹

Tha so uile fìor, agus airson ar cuid féin dheth, chan ’eil rinn a’ tuigsinn ciamar is urrainn an comh-

¹ *Times*.

dhùnadh a rinn Chandra Pal anns an òraid a thug e seachad a sheachnadh. Chan 'eil sinn a' creidsinn gur e beachd is toil nan Sasunnach saorsa sam bith a thoirt seachad do chinneadh air bith a tha ga iarraidh a nis. Faodaidh sinn a ràdh a ris, mata, nach 'eil sinn a' cur taice sam bith am Parlamaideachd mar inneal chum fìor shaorsa dhuthachasach fhaotainn; ach nan tigeadh soirbheachadh leis anns a' mhodh sin is soilleir gu'm biodh e an sin mar fhiachaibh oirnn suidheachadh an taobh a staigh na h-Iompaireachd Sasunnaich a ghabhail am feasd. Am briathraibh eile, ged a thigeadh saorsa leth-chasach oirnn troimh Pharlamaideachd, bhiodh sinn fathast fo chuing nan Sasunnach. Bhiodh ar rian duthachasach is ar deadh-bheus fathast an eismeil nan Sasunnach. Na bitheamaid dall is faoin-bheachdach nu'n ni so; ach, air an làimh eile, seallamaid air a h-uile ni ceart mar a tha e: chan ann mar bu mhaith leinn e a bhi. Tha an Iompaireachd aig na Sasunnaich, agus is ann aca-san a mhàin, a tha, mar an ceudna, an t-ainm, an cumhachd, a' ghlòir, is an stiùradh aice.

Is ann a chionn gu'n d'thug na h-Indanaich, agus cinneadh eile a tha an eismeil nan Sasunnach sarbheachd air sin nach 'eil iad toileach gu bhi daonnan am bad na h-Iompaireachd. Tha rian dùthachasach is deadh-bheus sònruichte aca a cheana, agus tha an duil aca àite freagarrach a chosnadh air an son anns na bliadhnaichean a tha ri teachd. Tha fhios aca nach 'eil e comasach a bhi air cuairt-shruth gun bhathadh, no gun a bhi toirt orra chum dol as. Tha rian dùthachasach is deadh-bheus sònruichte againne mar an ceudna: am bi sinn na's seasmhaich, na's

duineil agus na's tuigsiche ann a bhi gan cumail suas agus gan toirt air adhart na tha iadsan ?

Is ann do bhrìgh gu'm bheil sinn a' sealltuinn air diultadh is dìteadh Bille na Comhairle mar chòmharrachadh ùr mòr air an t-slighe gu saorsa gu'n d'thug sinn faothachadh as a sin aig an àm, agus gu'm bheil sinn ga mholadh a nis. Tha spiorad ùr, dàna, durachdach, gaisgeil, ag éiridh am measg nan Gàidheal—spiorad na foghainnteachd comhla ri gliocas. *Exeat* Parlamaideachd ; ach leagamaid uile féin-riaghladh ceart, agus duinealas a staigh 'na h-àite.

ORAN A' CHREIDIMH

[Fhuair sinn an dàn a leanas, comhla ri litir, o'n Athair Mac Adhaimh, Sidnidh, C.B., Canada. Anns an litir a sgrìobh an t-Athair Mac Adhaimh chugainn, tha e ag ràdh, "in the autumn number of *Guth na Bliadhna*, 1905, Mr. Alexander MacRae, of New Zealand, asked for a song of which he gave a stanza. I have been hearing snatches of this song all my life ; but it was only the other day I met a lady, a Mrs. MacLeod, who claimed that she knew the whole of it. I send it to you as I got it from her." Rinneadh an dàn so le Iain Mac Dhonnachaidh Mhic Caillein, Bail a' Mhanaich, Uidhist. Chaidh Iain Mac Dhonnachaidh air imrich gu Australia.]

Thoir mo shoraidh le dùrachd, a dh'ard nan struthan
ud thall ;

A dh'ionns' na cruinneige cubhraidh, gu'm b'e mo rùn
a bhi'd chainnt.

Ged nach 'eil mi ga d'ruighinn, cha'n 'eil mi riut ann
am foill ;

'S mar am bitheadh an creideamh, gu'm biodh gun
teagamh oirnn bann.

'S truagh nach mise 'bha Ronaig, gun duine comhla
ruinn ann ;

'S mi nach caitheadh ort foirneart, ach comhradh us
cainnt.

Gheibhinn cadal 'sa fhraoch leat, ged bhiodh an t-
aodach oirnn gann,

'S bhiodh do chuailein trom, daite, na chuaich 'se
paisgte fod' cheann.

Dh'eirich ise 'na seasamh, 'sa leabhar-teagaisg 'na
làimh ;

A rìgh ! 'sann ormsa bu bheag siod, 's piob a' spreadh-
adh ceòl-danns' ;

'G òl deoch-slàinte mo leannain, 'si cuir thairis'nam
làimh,

'S cha bu léir dhomh ach tualas, leis an t-suain a bha'm
cheann.

Tha mise creidsinn a' Phapa, cha'n fhaod mi aicheadh
nach ann,

O'n 'se dh'ordaich an t-àrd-Rìgh, 'sa dh'fhàg ar Slàn-
aigheir ann ;

Cha'n iad na h-eaglaisean ùire, gur e Luther an ceann,
A chaidh cha dean mise lubadh, ach a rùn ! thig an
nall.

Gu bheil Eaglais a' Phàpa, mar a bha i o thùs,
Gun lub, gun charadh, gun fhiaradh, o linn Chriosda
nan dul ;

'Si air a steidheadh air carraig, nach téid am mearachd
co-dhiù ;

'Sibhs' mar dhaoine air ur dalladh, a' stri ri fallas gun
tur.

Cha'n ioghnadh ise 'bhi teistheil, 'seach aon eaglais a
bh'ann,

Chaidh a steidheadh air Peadar, air a' chreig a bha
teann ;

'Si gun bhristeadh, gun fhiaradh, o linn Chriosda, 'se
'ceann.

A h-uile dream a dh-fhalbh uaithe, mar chaoraich
fhuadain air chall.

'S iad na h-eaglaisean saora, a thog na daoine le leòmh,
Chuir ceann-sios air ar sinnsreadh, na chaidh do'n
chill, 's na bheil beò ;

Gun do cheann orr' ach Luther, 's nach fhiach a
chumhnantan gròd ;

'S mairg a leanadh a chùrsa, 's e fhéin air tionndadh
o'n chòir.

Ma thig ministear stàiteil, a staigh air bàta do'n tìr,
Falbhaidh sibhse 'nur pàirtidh, a dh'éisdeachd rabhdal
gun bhrìgh ;

Thig a lag-chùis mo thruaighe ! le neòil 'gur bualadh,
's le spàirn ;

Bi' dh sibh sabhailt' an uair sin, mar chreidear Ruairidh
'san àird

Ma bhios fear agaibh bliadhna, gheibh e mi-mhodh gu leòir,

A' falbh o chomunn gu comunn, gu ruig e tigh Dhomhnuill òig ;

Biodh e maireach 'sa mhuillean, mar ghille-turais gun dòigh,

'S cha'n éisdear focal do dh'Uisdean, a fhuair an tionnsachadh còir.

'S iad an creideamh tha neònach, cha'n 'eil e cordadh rium fhin,

Mac 's an t-athair 'bhi 'g iadadh, 'san teagasg Chrìosdaidh 'gan dìth

Iad mar long air a fuadach, air druim a' chuain 's i gun stiùir ;

'S i gun duil ri tigh'nn dachaidh, a chaoidh gu cala gun leòn.

FORMER GAELIC MOVEMENTS

III.

WE now approach a period in our national story in which Scottish nationalism assumes a negative aspect, and when, instead of movement, there was amongst the Gaels only stagnation varied by back-sliding. Previous to the suppression of the Lordship of the

Isles, the Gaelic cause had possessed both the continuity and the power necessary to give it impetus and direction, but with the disappearance of the MacDonalds, and the consequent loosening of the ties which bound the "Highlands" together, we can easily discern the beginning of that period of secondary decay which lasted until the conclusion of the Rising of 1745, and whose tertiary, and possibly final, stage is that in which we are presently subsisting. The destruction of the MacDonald power seems to have at once plunged the clans into a state of uncertainty, confusion and helplessness, which boded ill for their future progress, and the peace of that part of the country inhabited by them. Now, having destroyed the MacDonald power at its very source, was the time for the Stuart kings to step in, and, by wise legislation and remedial measures, to endeavour to attach the Gaelic people to their own interests, as well as to make reparation for the cruel havoc which they had wrought. Instead of doing so, however, the Stuart kings merely entered on a policy of exasperation aided and abetted by extermination. Their plan was *divide et impera*—a maxim which they proceeded to put in practice in the crudest and most barbarous fashion imaginable. Deserted by the King and his Ministers, and deprived of the central power on which they had so long relied, the clans naturally and inevitably withdrew, as it were, to themselves, the hand of each one being raised against its neighbour, and with no policy or guiding principle whatever, save the retention of the clan possession by means of the sword, the organisation of raids and

forays for the purpose of "lifting" cattle and other goods which did not belong to them soon became their principal, if not their only employment. These evil days, indeed, were primarily responsible for much of the barbarity, lawlessness and incivility, which it soon became the fashion to charge upon the whole Gaelic people. A state of society which could tolerate the presence of Ailean nan Sop as a by no means abnormal bye-product of the existing posture of affairs is obviously one in which it would be in vain to look for those qualities and virtues which only flourish when the State is in a position to enforce its authority, and which we are accustomed to associate with humanity and civilisation. The two-fold effect of the destruction of the MacDonald power and the un-humanising policy pursued, in regard to the Gàidhealtachd, by the Scottish kings, is easily discernible in a veritable crop of barbarous and ignorant customs and practices which, like some evil fungus, sprang into existence amongst the Gaelic people at that time, and flourished in dreadful abundance. Of this horrid and unnatural growth the principal characteristics were, a certain swashbuckling spirit of almost melodramatic intensity and widespread popularity and acceptance; the rapid and permanent decay of arts and letters amongst the Gaels in proportion as the purely military spirit gained the ascendancy; the growth of theft, and other forms of lawlessness, villany and incivility; the gradual shrinking of the national conscience, and of national consciousness, and the disappearance of the Gaelic system, together with the rise of a spurious kind of *clannachd* in which, whilst some Gaelic feeling sur-

vived, the forms, genius and circumstances were entirely Teutonic and feudal.

It was whilst the "Highlands" were slowly, but surely, unlearning the lessons which the virtue and patriotism of the MacDonalds had taught them, and, obedient to the king's policy, were doing their best to justify the character for incivility, barbarity and ignorance which, apparently, the Stuart sovereigns and their Ministers were determined that they should both possess and merit, that the religious storm broke, and the country experienced the infliction of yet another visitation on the part of militant Teutonism. Of the small part played by the Gaels of Scotland in the religious troubles of the sixteenth century every schoolboy is, or should be, aware. The rank and file of the Gaelic host seem to have paid but little heed to the revolution which was being accomplished in the towns and cities, being far too intent on cutting one another's throats, and lifting one another's cattle, to devote more than the briefest passing attention to events so manifestly remote from their immediate ken. It must not be supposed, however, that the *Cinn Feadhna* participated in the national delicacy, or that they surveyed the important events transacting in the centres of population in the South and East in the same detached spirit, and with the air of indifference, discovered by their subordinates and followers. On the contrary, they early displayed a most truly godly and Protestant zeal in spoiling the Church, and in enriching themselves at the expense equally of the *Pearsachan Eaglis* as of the *plebs*. Their rapacity, greed and unscrupulousness knew,

practically, no bounds ; and whilst the poor clansmen remained true to the ancient Faith of the land, the *Cinn Feadhna* presented the edifying spectacle of turning Protestants merely in order to facilitate their disgusting seizures of the Church lands. The descendants of these robbers, who are now calling out when tardy justice in the shape of a moderate measure of land reform threatens a fraction, at most, of their ill-gotten gains, deserve scant ceremony and respect at the hands of the modern State, which would be well advised in seeking to redress, even but a little more, the monstrous balance which, in the course of long years and by the exercise of force and craft, they have established between themselves and the descendants of the men whose Faith they shamefully exploited to their personal advantage. Many hard things have been said, and, for the most part deservedly said, about landlordism in Scotland ; but when it is reflected that that system rests entirely upon a basis supplied by the destruction of the Gaelic system, and the public robbery of Church and People, I apprehend that there must be few, at all events amongst the Gaels, who would not rejoice to see a day of restitution and of reckoning approximately fixed. The natural tendency of the Celtic mind is in the direction of "balance" and compromise—a conservative force—but a just consideration of the many crimes and blunders, worse (if it be possible) than crimes, that lie at the door of feudal landlordism in Scotland engenders the doubt whether there can really be any fundamental good in that institution at all, and paves the way for the conclusion that if the greatest good of the greatest

number is to survive as a controlling maxim, the progressive State of the future will be found more and more acting on the conviction that private ownership of land is an institution which requires very careful watching and limiting, if the prosperity and happiness of the community—of the tribe, that is to say, systemised and modernised—are to be adequately consulted.

Although the policy of the Queen Regent was plainly one of compromise and toleration, yet the difficulties with which she was confronted, and the suspicion which she would appear to have alternately entertained and cast aside that there was more behind the religious revolution than was immediately apparent, forced her from time to time to cast about for ways and means to enable her to hold her own in quarters foreign to those to which she was accustomed to look for advice and succour. She even appears to have at one time entertained the idea of enlisting Gaelic support in behalf of the threatened Church; but her dislike of pushing her policy too far, her love of compromise, her easy-going toleration and her natural humanity made her shrink from a civil war—the one thing which could have saved the country to Nationalism in the desperate posture in which the public affairs of Scotland then were. In 1559 the Queen Regent opened negotiations with James MacDonald of Isla with a view to procuring his assistance against the Protestants under Argyll; but it seems that these overtures were but half-hearted, or at all events were not “informed” to the extent one would naturally expect to find in one who had formed a clear

and proper notion as to the true interest of the country, and was determined to pursue it at all hazards. Probably, after all, the incident is only to be regarded as symptomatic of the Regent's temporary difficulties, and must not be construed as foreshadowing an organised plan, or indicating the existence of superlative sagacity and political merit and acumen on the part of the Regent. The fact is, indeed, that neither Mary of Guise nor her daughter had the faintest conception as to the true interest and policy of Scotland. In the first place, they were women—a circumstance absolutely fatal (neither being rulers of the type of Isabel of Spain or Elizabeth of England) to Scotland in the desperate situation and circumstances in which the beginnings of the so-called Reformation had placed her. And in the second, they took all their politics and governing notions from France, and the French Alliance. Neither Mary of Guise nor her daughter knew the Gàidhealtachd, save as an occasional hunting ground, and as an inconveniently large tract of country (comparatively recently subdued) inhabited by savages, or at all events semi-barbarians. As for Gaelic policy, literature, art, civilisation, etc.—about these things, they knew, probably, as much as they certainly cared, which was nothing; and it must be allowed that so thoroughly had the cruel policy of disuniting and barbarising the clans succeeded that they had ample foundation on which to erect their prejudices, and with which to excuse their ignorance. Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted for a moment that had the throne of Scotland been occupied at that time by a prince of the type of Malcolm II., of Robert the

Bruce, or even of James I., the so-called Reformation had certainly not been consummated, and our country would have been spared, in all human probability, the subsequent humiliations which have been inflicted on her. Had even the Gàidhealtachd produced one notable figure at that time ;¹ some one of the noble house of Donald of the Isles, preferably, to arise in emergency and to grasp and to interpret to the whole nation the lessons and precepts underlying the Gaelic polity and the bloody struggle undertaken to give effect to it ; had such an one arisen, I say, at such a time, then indeed would the Gael have enjoyed his own again ; the verdict of Strathcaro would have been reversed ; the Church would have been saved ; and the cause of Anglicisation in Scotland would have received its death-blow. But neither of these events, alas, occurred. Instead, two mediocre women frittered away the chances of many lifetimes rolled into one. And—things are as they are. The Gael does not enjoy his own, nor anything like it, neither does the Gaelic ; and if the present rate of emigration is maintained, as seems all too probable, in no long space of time there will be neither Gael nor Gaelic left in Scotland.

¹James MacDonald of Isla might, had he escaped O'Neill, have supplied this national long-felt want. The Four Masters observe of him, "the death of this gentleman was generally bewailed. He was a paragon of hospitality and prowess ; a festive man of many troops, a bountiful and munificent man. His peer was not to be found at that time amongst the Clan Donald of Ireland or Scotland ; and his own people would not have deemed it too much to give his weight in gold for his ransom, if he could have been ransomed."

Let us be candid and sensible, and recognise things as they are, not as[?] historical toadies, Hope-trust fanatics, pulpit and mob orators, and interested people generally would like us to believe them to be. Prejudice and ignorance apart, we shall be merely normally sensible and level-headed if we recognise the fact that in the long and melancholy story of our own undoing as a race, the so-called Reformation played a leading part. One (of many) downward steps was when the MacDonalds fell; another, the religious revolution of the sixteenth century. No responsible Catholic writer will be concerned to deny the state of ignorance and corruption in which the religious upheaval found the ancient Church, and smote her between the joints of her harness. Simony and ignorance—the Church's besetting sins—had undermined that once fair fabric to such an extent that the marvel is that it withstood the attacks of heresy and disaffection so long; and though there is every historical reason to believe that the personal immorality commonly charged upon the Catholic clergy has been grossly exaggerated by designing men and persons insufficiently learned, yet the pages of Winzet and the Catholic apologists generally leave us in no doubt as to the deplorable state of ignorance, the favouritism, and the simony which prevailed in the Catholic Church in Scotland at that time. The application of the feudal system to the Church had, indeed, produced the same monster grievances and scandals in the ecclesiastical, as it had done in the purely civil and political body. The cutting off of the nation and people from the natural sources of political

inspiration provided for them in the Gaelic system and Celtic civilisation generally, produced its inevitable effect in the gradual decline of Scotland under the Stuart kings, and in its sure approximation to that mental and moral attitude whose ultimate expression was the public abandonment of those national principles for which the country had formerly stood, and its complete disappearance as a separate nation. The same poison corrupted and, temporarily, destroyed the Church in Scotland. "Apart from political causes," says a recognised Protestant authority, "there can be no question that the Roman Church in Scotland fell rather from internal weakness than from the assaults of heresy. The dogmatism of Knox, which supplied the material for the new Church, had very little to do with the ruin of the old."¹ It is significant to note that the Church fell at the same time as Anglicisation gained her first decisive and important victory within Scotland proper ; but it is infinitely more significant to remark that when the late Pope Leo XIII. restored the Catholic Hierarchy to Scotland, he did so upon the ancient national footing. Thus, whilst the Church, affected by the same disease, was the first to fall a temporary victim to mediæval feudalism, the State, the last to succumb, is even yet dead to the sacred cause of Scottish Nationalism ! God grant that when the second restoration takes place, the ancient union between Church and State may be revived along with our national rights and liberties.

There can be no question that the triumph of the Protestant religion signified the contemporary and

¹ *Politics and Religion*, vol. i., p. 19.

the enduring triumph of Anglicisation in Scotland ; and however much Catholics may feel disposed to sympathise with Scottish Nationalists, being Protestants, in the quandary in which regard for Protestantism on the one hand, and dislike of its beginnings and methods on the other, must, if they be thinking men and true patriots, inevitably place them, it would be both foolish and mischievous to refrain from emphasising the fact above mentioned owing to a mistaken notion of delicacy, or from an otherwise laudable desire to spare the feelings of our fellow-countrymen and fellow-workers in the Gaelic field. A few extracts from the works of living Protestant historians may serve at once to refresh memories, which are apt to run short on such topics, and to bring these observations touching the religious revolution of the sixteenth century from a national point of view, to a conclusion. "The triumph of the Reformation in Scotland," says Mr. Matheson,¹ "was so much the work of English statesmen and of English soldiers that religious conformity with England would certainly have been its logical result." "A people," says Mr. Lang,² "cannot easily keep at the level of its great moments ; with the death of a Bruce or a Cromwell, a new generation is apt to prove decadent. Bruce could not bequeath his genius and his energy ; but his glorious memory and inspiring tradition he could, and did, leave to a stout-hearted, if, for long, a distracted nation. What Lowland prophet, what Highland seer, could have foretold

¹ *Politics and Religion*, vol. i., p. 102.

² *History of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 237.

that within a generation the son of Bruce and the heir of Douglas would combine to sell Scotland to the successor of Edward I. ? Yet this was to be. The nobles might, the nobles did, repeat the perfidies of Menteith ; but till Protestantism altered the national sentiment of Scotland, till David Beaton was foully slain, till Knox came on the scene, till France was suspected of its faith, the Scottish people, man, woman and child, were ready to die rather than bow the neck to England."

R. E.

NOTE.—It is a well-known fact that the Gaels of Scotland did not, as a body, accept Protestantism till long after the Teutonic inhabitants of Scotland, who would appear to have had more of a natural *racial* relish for it, had embraced it. But even the non-Scotic-Scot would not appear, by the following, to have been particularly "keen" about the new faith at first. Nearly forty years after the Reformation (so-called), in 400 parishes (exclusive of Argyll and the Isles) there was neither minister nor reader ; in a far greater number there can have been no minister at all. In 1572, the staff of the Protestant Church consisted of 252 ministers only, exclusive of "exhorters" or "readers". In that year there was only one minister in the whole of Peebles ! (Keith, iii., p. 56 note). From a table printed in Mackenzie's *History of Galloway* for period 1567-1573, there would appear to have been only four ministers in the whole of Wigtown and Kirkcudbright. In 1588, there were "scarce three ministers" in the whole of Stirlingshire ; and out of twenty-four parishes in Dumbarton, not four had ministers. In 1596, the majority of the parish churches were altogether destitute of all exercise of religion. What happened in the Gàidhealtachd is easily described. The chiefs appropriated the Church lands to themselves, and turned the clergy adrift. Of course no ministers were appointed ; for the clans, with few exceptions, remained Catholic. The "common" people were left to rub along as best they could without any religion at all ! I have seen it somewhere stated that certain superstitious practices which the Protestant ministers observed amongst the Gaels, when, about a century later, they first began to frequent the Gàidhealtachd to any extent, owed their

origin to the "Romish religion," but as a matter of fact, the observances in question took their rise in the period when the Gaelic people were left entirely without any regular religion at all, and when the policy of the State was to barbarise them as much as possible. "It was long before ministers," says Shaw in his *History of Moray*, vol. iii., p. 327, could be had to plant the several corners, and particularly the Highlands. In the year 1650, the country of Lochaber was totally destitute, and no Protestant ministers had before that time been planted there. . . . The number of Papists was great. They who professed the Protestant religion retained strong prejudices in favour of the religion of their ancestors."

TAIGH NA CROISE-SHLIGHE

MU ceithir fichead bliadhna air ais, nuair nach robh an Ceap Breatuinn ach fìor bheagan sluaigh, rinneadh am mort a chumadh an cleith ré dà fhichead bliadhna. Is e so a' cheud uair a chaidh mion-chunntas uime a chur an clò.

Anns na làithean ud, mar a nis, chaidh na h-òighfhir gu tìr chéin a' sireadh cosnaidh. B'e Pictou an t-àite a b'fhaisge ann am faigheadh iad obair bhuannachdail. Chaidh iad a dh'obair do na méinean guail. A' fàgail an dachaidh san Earrach thilleadh aig deireadh an Fhoghair iad. B'ann air a shlighe dhachaidh an déigh a bhi ag obair am méin-ghuail am Pictou fad an t-samhraidh a chaidh aon dhiubh so air an robh Dòmhnall Dòmhnallach oigfhear mu choig bliadhna fichead a dh'aois air ionndrainn, agus bha a

chia-mu-thimchioll 'na dhiomhaireach còrr is dà fhichead bliadhna.

Chaidh an diomheachadh fhoillseachadh le seann bhoireannach air leabaidh a bàis. Cha robh a h-aon an làthair de'n fheadhainn a ghabh pàirt anns a' bhròn-chluich; agus cha robh cuimhne aig neach air mar chaidh an t-òganach as an t-sealladh ach aig na fìor sheann daoine. Chan 'eil ach beagan—fìor bheagan—de'n t-sluagh a tha an diugh beò aig am bheil cuimhne air ceart àite na Croise-shlighe; agus chan 'eil mi dol a ràdh an so c'àit an robh i, oir oirre-san a nis tha caochladh ainm.

Aig an t-seann Chrois-Shlighe aig an àm bha taigh-chrann—taigh-logaichean—mar a theireadh iad ris, far an robh seòrsa de thaigh-àsranaich de'n robh na h-iomadh aig an àm air feadh an àite. Nuair a thigeadh an oidhche no an doineann air luchd-siùbhail, ghabhadh iad fasgadh anns an taigh-àsranaich a b'fhaisge dhoibh. Bha seomar air a chur air leith airson a' choigrich, far am faigheadh e fasgadh feadh na h-oidhche, agus anns a' mhaduinn bhìodh oisinn air a chur air leith dha.

Bha an taigh-òsda aig an t-seann Chrois-Shlighe air a chumail le fear, Caillein Crowther. Bha e 'na sheann duine—fògarach bho thir a bhreith—aig an robh triuir ghillea, is iad cho mòr sa bhitheadh iad. Bha an taigh air a roinn 'na thrì earrannan—seomar còmhnuidh agus dà sheomar leapach, aon airson na seann chàraid, agus an t-aon eile airson a' choigrich.

Bha choille mhór ceud-aimsireil fathast mu thimchioll na Croise-Shlighe far an do sheas i fad linntean gun chunntas. Bha e 'na àite uaigneach,

miltean bho'n nàbaidh a b'fhaisge dha. Cha b'aithne do neach Caillein Crowthar is a theaghlach, ach an luchd-siùbhail a dh'fheumaidh an oidhche chur seachad aige. Cha robh iomradh ro mhaith mu na Crowtharan. Dh'innis an fheadhainn a chaith an oidhche comhla riutha a dh'aindheoin mu'n cuid fial, agus chrath iad an cinn. Bha brìgh anns a' chrathadh. Chaidh luchd-siùbhail an rathad ud, an duil tilleadh a ris, ach cha do thill iad riamh. Cha d'thàinig tuille an ceannaiche falbhan a bha mar phosta miosail do'n aiteachas, agus chaidh meur an amharuis a shineadh a mach rathad na Croise-Shlighe.

B'ann anmoch san Dudlachd, Mios na Nollaig, mar a their na h-Eirionnaich, a shir an Dòmhnallach òg fàsadh na h-oidhche an taigh Chrowthar; ach an so, feumaidh mi leigeil leas an t-seann bhoirionnach an sgeul innseadh air mar a thachair.

A' gairm te d'a nigheanan a dh'ionnsaidh a leapa thuirt e: "Tha mi dol a dh'innseadh dhut rud a chum mi rium fhéin fad mòran bhliadhnaichean. Bheir e furtachd do'm choguis, agus cha bhi mi fo throm-inntinn nuair a thig am bàs. Bho chionn dà fhichead bliadhna, is mi dìreach air pòsadh, bha mi air mo slighe bho'm sheann dachaidh, nuair a thàinig stoirm orm, agus stad mi aig taigh Chailein Chrowthar san oidhche. Cha do chord coltas an àite rium, agus chuir fiamh nan organach nach do chord rium luasgan orm. An déigh dhuinn ar suipeir a ghabhail—cha robh iad idir glé fhiallaidh—chualas gnog aig an dorus. Dh'fhosgladh an dorus, is thàinig òganach a staigh. Dh'fhoighnich e an Gàidhlig bhlàsda am faigheadh e cuid na h-oidhche an sin oir bha i stoirmeil

agus bha esan 'na choigreach san dùthaich sin. Thug an seann duine cuireadh dha suidhe faisg air an teine. Mhion-bheachdaich na mic air an aoidh, agus dh'iom-laidich iad grad-sheallaidh. Thug mi an àire gu'n do dh'fhàs an t-òganach car amharusach. Dh'innis e dhuinn gu'm b'e ainm Dòmhnall Dòmhnallach ; agus gu'n robh e air a shlighe gu dhachaidh an taobh-an-ear an Eilein. Bha e anns na mèinean guail am Pictou fad an t-Samhraidh. Bhiodh e coltach gu leòir gu'm biodh airgid aige air a phearsa, agus bha airgid gann anns na làithean ud.

Thug iad dhomhsa an seomar a bha air a chur air leith air son an fhir-suibhail, agus chaidh leaba dheanamh air an ùrlar do'n òganach. Cha robh bùird na talainte glé dhlù ri chéile, agus chithinnsa roimh 'n sgàine na bha dol air adhart san t-seomar chòmhnuidh. Chluinninn na mic a' bruidhinn eatorra fhéin fada an déigh dhoibh a dhol a laighe air an lobhta. Bha samhchair ann car ùine, sa sin chuala mi iad a' gluasad. Cha b'urrainn mi norra cadail fhaighinn an oidhche ud. Bha roimh-earalachadh agam gu'n robh rud uamhasach dol a thachairt. Chuimhnich mi air gach sgeul a chuala mi mu iomadh neach a chaidh sìos an taobh ud, is nach do thill riamh. Chuireadh gach oiteag gaoithe crith 'am fhèidil.

Chithinn na h-aithinnean is na h-éibhleagan beò air an teinntean. Chluinninn an t-digfhear gu trom a' tarruing 'analach. B'e sud an cadal seamh ! Gu seamhach, bha e 'na chadal, gun dad de dh'fhios aige air na droch spioraid a bha san àileadh mu'n cuairt da, a' sireadh cur as da.

Gu neo-fhuaimneach, shnàig na fir a nuas am

fàradh. Bha mi 'nam leith-shuidhe air an leaba. Bha mi an dùil nach deanadh iad dad ris ach a spuilleadh. Am feuchadh iad ris a' bheagan a bha agamsa a thoirt bhuam? Chunnaic mi iad a' dol tarsuinn an t-ùrlar is air ais is air adhart àir no dhà. Chuala mi an sin buille mharbhanta, ròmhan achdach, agus an sin, buille eile. Mo Dhia! An ann a mbort iad an Dhòmhnallach bochd? Bha an gnothach thairish an ùine bheag. Chunnaic mi iad a' suaimadh a chuirp am plaide, ga tharruing troimh an dorus, agus a mach do'n oidhche. Gu h-ealamh, dh'fhairich mi mi fhéin gun fiamh no eagal. Thionndaidh mi a dh'amharc air an leabaidh fhalamh air an ùrlar. Bha i troimh-chéile, agus i oilteil le fuil! Bha stiall de sgarlaid air an ùrlar, bho'n leabaidh thun an doruis. O! Anna, is tric a chunnaic mi an snathain ud de dh'fhuil an òganaich bhochd a bha, a nis, marbh. Riamh gus an làtha an diugh, cha d'fhàg oillt na h-oidhche ud mo chridhe. Dh'fhalbh mi gu cabhag-ach. Bha an sneachda domhain, is an cathadh fiadh-aich. Bha an rathad cumhann, is na cuitheachan sneachda fada is domhain; ach chuir mi an t-astar as mo dhéidh gu luath; ach is gann gun robh fios agam gu dé an taobh a bha mi dol. An dràs sa rithist, stadainn a dh'éisdeachd. Bha eagal orm gu'n d'thigeadh iad as mo dhéidh cho luath sa thilleadh dhachaidh sa dh'ionndrainneadh iad mi. Cha deachaidh mi fada nuair a shaoil leam gu'n cuala mi rud-eigin a' tighinn. Gu grad, leum mi am measg nam preas, agus chùm mi m'anail. Bha an cathadh air mo lorgan fhalach, agus bha mi dìreach gu tighinn a dh'ionnsaidh an rathaid, nuair a chaidh an dà ghille

seachad, ach gu fortanach dhomhsa chan fhac iad mi. Chaidh na fhaide staigh do'n choille, agus an ceann beagan ùine, chuala mi iad a' tilleadh. Bhà iad a' coiseachd gu cabhachachd. Nuair a thill iad, thàinig mi as a choille, agus chaidh mi air m'adhart, mar a b'fheàr a b'urrainn mi anns an t-sneachda dhomhain. Ràinig mi mo dhachaidh tràth sa mhadainn, agus bhà mi glé thinn fad mòran mhiosan 'na dhéigh sin. Cha b'urrainn gu'n do chuala mi iad nuair a shaoil leam gu'n do chuala. Bha mi air mo shabhaladh leis an Fhreasdail chaomh, bheannaichte.

Goirid an déigh a'mhort so, chaochail Crowthar is a bhean. Bha cuid ag ràdh gu'n deachaidh an réis a ghiorrachadh le fear de na mic airson airgiod fhaighinn a bhà aig dithis eatorra. Thathar ag ràdh nach deachaidh neach thun an tiodhlacaidh, agus, gu'n deachaidh an cur fo'n talamh an gleann uaigneach faisg air an taigh. Chaidh an dithis mhac air falbh. Chaidh aon fhear dhiubh a mhort am méin; agus bhàthadh am fear eile sa chuan mhòr. Bha an là anns an deachaidh am fear so a bhàthadh féitheil, agus nuair a thuit e bho'n t-slait-shiùil, chaidh e fodha, is cha d'éirich e. Phòs an treas mac, ach cha robh a bhean riamh sona maille ris. An eu-dòchas, thug i bàs neo-thrathail oirre féin. Thòisich a companach air ól, air dhà an t-àite fhagail, agus 'na dhrongair uamhasach, dh'fhàg e an saoghal so am mearan. Bha dithis chloinne aca. Tha e air a ràdh gu'n do chaochail a h-aon am bliadhnaichean na h-òige bho bhuille o'n athair, is e air mhisg, agus thuit an t-aon eile bho sgòr, agus fhuair e bàs obann. Leis-san thàinig sliochd Chrowthar gu crìch. Tha e air a

radh gu'n deachaidh an seann duine chur air fògradh
à Eirinn, a chionn gu'n robh amharus gu'n do mharbh
e fear agus bean 'na thaigh-òsda air dhoibh a bhi gabh-
ail na slighe far an robh e fuireach.

AM. B.A.

DAN LIUIR

GLEUS F.

{ : r : r l : l : l | ½ : — }

1. La chaidh Fionn do thigh Liùir

{ : n . n | r : d : d | l : — : l, t, l, s | ½ l ., }

Le aon fhichead deug fear gu fìor;

{ , l : d . d : d | l . s : l . s : l . s | ½ ., }

'S bu cheannard tri naon - ar fear feachd

{ , s : r : r | n . s : l . s : l | r : ||

An t-aon fhear bu tàir - e dhinn.

2. Shuidh bean Liùir air gualainn Fhinn;
Shuidh Fionn air leth-ghualainn Liùir;
Shuidh Rìgh Arta làmh ri Aodh,
Làmh ri Aodh a b'aobhach gnùis.

3. Shuidh Conachar is Cormag cruinn
 Làmh ri Aodh a b'àille bian ;
 'S sin a rìs am mach ;
 Is luigh gach neach bh'ann air biadh.
4. Bha cruitean 'gan seinn 'san teach
 'S dàin 'gan gabhail gu ceart còir ;
 Bha bogha druinneis air gach clàr
 A' deanamh gairdeachas is ceòl.
5. Mar sin dhuinne caitheamh tim,
 'S gu'm bu bhinn leam féin ar dòigh ;
 Gun easbhuidh air mil no air fion,
 No air fìdhleireachd is ceòl.
6. Mar sin gu là roimh 'n dàil
 Gu subhach, àbhachdach, gun bhròn ;
 Gus an d' thàinig mòr-shluagh Ghuill
 'Nar fradharc air tuinn d'ar còir.
7. 'S ann an sin a labhair Fionn :
 "Chì mi nì is an-ait leam :
 Chì mi thall ud cabhlach Ghuill
 Seòladh a null gu Driom-feann".
8. "Is chì mi bhratach gu h-àrd
 Air ghathaibh chrann thar Dhriom-bhagh ;
 'S a chomraic ud os mo cheann :
 Nach robh sinn ann Coimhlion sleagh."
9. Comhairle Chormaic nam buadh ;
 Comhairle chruidh dhuinn, gu beachd :
 Gach neach tha sibh eòlach gu gnìomh,
 Dìongaibh sibh trì air an fhear.

10. 'S ann an sin a labhair Liùr :
 "Tha comain agam air Goll ;
'S ma 's cuimhne leis an fhear,
 Bu ro-airidh mi air fonn "
11. Sin ghluais Liùr an còmhhdhail Ghuill,
 Triùir air eachaibh is e féin ;
Is bheannaich e gu binn dhò—
 Mòr an nochd-sa glòir mo sgéil.
12. "Gu'm beannaich an t-agh thu, Ghuill,
 Fhir is fèarr a ta fo'n ghréin ;
Fhir is fèarr comain is còir,
 'S fèarr thu gu mòr na mi fhéin."
13. "An cuimhne leat là an eich bhric ;
 Air Fraochan os cionn Tom-cliar ?
Thug mise dhuit an t-each glas
 Bheireadh tu gu bras do'n t-sliabh."
14. "O'n rinn thusa sin, a Liùir,
 Fhir is fhéilidh tha fo'n ghréin ;
Ma tha t' athchuinge a bhos,
 Eirich, agus gheibh gu réidh."
15. "Aoidh do bha 'm thigh an ràoir,
 Fionn Mac Cumhail, taobh mar thuinn ;
Thu d'a leigeil slàn thar sliabh
 O'n tharladh mo bhiadh 'na bhroinn."
16. "Imichibh-sa air ar n-ais,
 A shluagh bras o Innis-freòin ;
'S mar ghabh-sa an t-anam 'nar corp,
 Na briseadh focal mo bheòil."

17. Ghluais sinn uile do thigh Liùir,
Is fhuair sinn ann mil is fion ;
Ged tha e'n diugh 'na fhasach fuar,
Bha e uair a b'àros rìgh.
18. Do chunnaic mise tigh Liùir,
'S bu liònmhor ann mil is fion ;
'S chunnaic mi 'na dhéigh sin
Liùir 's a bhean fhial fo dhith.
19. 'S chunnaic mi 'na dhéigh sin
Gun spéis dha aig fear no mnaoi,
Ag imeachd o thigh gu tigh
Dh'fheuch cia 'n tigh a b'fhèarr dha mhaoin.
20. Latha bha Fionn a' sealg
Le Fhéinn chalma aig Beinn Lùir,
Cò chunnaic fad o laimh
Ach an t-àrd-rìgh d'am b'ainm Liùr.
21. Dh'imich gu grad 'na dhàil,
Le gean agus gràdh is subh ;
'S cha do leig e neach leis de chàch
Chum 's nach cuirteadh nàir air Liùr.
22. "'S e do bheatha féin, a Liùir,
Fhir a' chomain ghasda, ghrinn ;
Fhuair mi mòran de d'chuid,
'S cha d'iarr thu dad d'a chiònn."
23. "Thug thu dhomh, 's tu d'shuidh ag òl,
Aon fhichead deug bò le 'n laoidh ;
Is baothan an cois gach bò,
Air fraoch os ceann Driom-caol."

24. "Thug thu dhomh naoi fichead each
Gu m' iomchar a càs claidh ;
'S aon fhichead deug long fo 'm beairt,
Gu m' thoirt gu tràigh steach thar tuinn."
25. "Thug thu sin dhomh gun bhréig
Gun euradh gu féilidh còir ;
Gun luach no dioladh d'a cheann,
Thir is céillidh cainnt is glòir."
26. "Cha mhise féin a nis Liùir,"
Ars am fear bu mhòr iochd ;
"B'fhèarr leam bàs fhulang a'm theach
No gu'n gabhteadh mi 'na riochd."
27. "Gu deimhinn, 's tu féin a nis Liùr,"
Ars am fear a b'aille bian ;
'S air an aobhar sin gheibh thu féin
Comh-dhìoladh d' a réir gu fial."
28. "Bheir mi dhuit bò air a' bhò ;
Bheir mi dhuit each air an each ;
Bheir mi dhuit long air an luing,
Gu d'thabhairt gu tràigh thar tuinn a steach.
29. "Fuasglaidh mi dhuit t'fhearann saor
O gach aon làn-laoch d'am bheil ;
Ni mi thu 'nad thoiceach làn,
'S cuiridh mi thu slàn gu d'teach."
30. Choimhlion mo rìgh gach ni sin dha,
Trath chaith iad sè làith a' cluich ;
Am fionntrainn dh'éidich e mar-aon
A' bhean 's an lasch bu mhòr cur.

31. Chuireadh ceud calma g'a dhion,
 Gus an tir an d'fhuair e iùl ;
 B'èibhinn, aighearach, an Fhiann
 A' triall leis an triath g'a mhùr.
32. Sin agaibh iomlaid an dà rìgh,
 Mar dh'ìoc iad coibhneas da chéil ;
 Bu sheirceil, caomhanach, còir,
 Gun an-ìochd no go am beus.
33. Mìle beannachd dhuit gach ré,
 Oisein fhéilidh 's binne glòir,
 Air son an sgeoil cho maith blagh
 'S a dh'aithris thu dhomh ri m'bheò.

This Fenic ballad is from a collection of Ossianic ballads made by Kennedy, schoolmaster, Kilbrandon, Argyle, 1774, published in *Leabhar na Féinne* by S. F. Campbell of Islay. The music is from Rev. Patrick MacDonald's collection of Highland airs made about the same time as Kennedy's collection of ballads and published considerably later.

The Liùr who is the subject of the ballad, is the Lìr of an Irish tale and the King Lear of Shakespeare: a king who came to beggary in his latter days.

Dr. John Smith, who published in 1787 "Sean Dana," Gaelic poems purporting to be the originals of translations which appeared in his book called *Gaelic Antiquities*, introduces into a poem called "Conn" a lay which is named "Dan Liughair". Smith's poem is Macphersonic in style; but a few verses of the preceding ballad are made to serve as

part of the composition, without much alteration on them from what they appear here. In Smith's book these verses are as follows; and they may be compared with the preceding text from verse 21 to 27.

'S e Liughar a t'ann le chu glas,
 Arsa Fionn, 's e grad-dhol na dhàil,
 Ach cha do leig leis neach do chàch,
 A chum 's nach cuirte nair' air Liur.
 A Thriath Mhor-àluin 's ait leam fein
 A charaid threin, gu bheil thu beo.
 Thug thu dhomh nuair bha mi òg,
 Cuig fichead bò le'n cuid laogh,
 Is baoghan an cois gach bò,
 Air an raon oscionn Drim-cadh.
 Thug thu dhomh fichead each
 Do m'iomchar as gach càs-claoi;
 Thug, is cuig bàrcai fo 'm beairt
 Do m' thoirt gu traigh as gach tuinn.
 Thug thu sin dhomhsa gun bhreug,
 Gun eura, gu féilidh coir,
 Is gheibh thu nis diola ga chionn
 Fhir is ceilli cainnt is gloir.
 Cha mhise fhéin a nis Liughar
 Ars an sean 'ar bu mhor iochd,
 B'fhearr leam bàs fhaotainn gun teach,
 Na gu gabhta mi na riochd.
 Gu deimhin is tu Liughar fein
 'S thig seachduin gu feisd Fhinn;
 Theid seachd laoich an sin leat dhachaidh
 Gun fharran an imeachd do cheum.

In footnotes, Smith quotes the first and last verses of the ballad as follows:—

“To the most common editions of *Dan Liughair*,” says he, “is prefixed the following stanza, which probably introduced some episode respecting Lùgar in another poem :—

La gan deachai Fionn do thigh Leir
 Bu lion' ar ann céir agus fion ;
 Ge d' tha e'n diugh na aibhist fhuair
 Bha e uair a b'aros righ.

“At the end of *Dan Liughair* is generally repeated the following stanza, supposed to have been the approbation given it by some *Culdee* or ‘Son of the Rock’ to whom it was first addressed :—

Mile beannachd dhuit gach rè,
 Oisein fheilidh is binne gloir ;
 Arson aon sgeoil co maith blagh
 'S a dh'airis thu riabh ri d'bheo.”

The other parts of Smith's poem bear no resemblance to a ballad, are unsingable, and contain thoughts that are foreign to ballads and only to be found in the Macphersonic poems. Smith knew the ballad of Liùr, at least from the twentieth verse, and he has founded his poem on that part of it, making no reference to the part preceding the twentieth verse, beyond what is in the first footnote.

It is morally certain that the poems were practically his own composition, notwithstanding that he says in the preface to “Sean Dana” that they were, for the most part, taken down from oral recitation. In this he was following Macpherson's example ; and it is plain—to put it mildly—that neither of them were imbued with the scientific spirit. It is surprising that any intelligent person, who has studied but

slightly Macpherson's and Smith's alleged Ossianic poems, should retain faith in either of them.

C. M. P.

LITRICHEAN

JARDINS OUVRIERS

LE'R CEAD,

Am bitheantas, tha sinn a' cluinntinn mu'n stri làidir a tha daoine a' deanamh airson beatha na Gàidhlig a neartachadh sa Ghàidhealtachd, agus chan 'eil duine beò a tha na's déigheil air soirbheachadh fhaicinn air cùisean na Gàidhlig na mi fhéin; ach ciamar a bhios daoine ann a bhruidhneas a' Ghàidhlig fhad sa tha'n dùthaich 'na fàsach fo chaoraich is féidh?

Ar leam, chan 'eil ni a's feumaile do na Gàidheil an dràsda na cothrom beagan talamh fhaotainn uair sam bith tha feum aca air, agus obair leis an cosnadh iad uiread sa chumas iad beò aig an taigh. Tha mòran miotailtean san talamh sa Ghàidhealtachd, agus rachadh méinean guail agus iaruinne fhosgladh le glé bheag de dragh no cosdais do'n chuid a's mò de na h-uachdrain. Bha iad ann roimh so—anns na làithean a dh'aom—mar a tha seann eachdraidh ag innseadh dhuinn: carson, mata, nach biodh air an

làtha an duigh? Nan rachadh an dà obair so a chur air dòigh, bhitheadh fada tuille airgid tighinn do'n Ghàidhealtachd; agus nan cuireadh daoine rompa na sean dhòighean a bh'aca a leig air falbh agus dòighean ùra freagarrach, a ghabhail nan àite, chan 'eil teagamh nach biodh toiseachadh againn air na sèid a chur air ais an Tir-nam-Beann.

A thaobh an ni a chaidh ainmeachadh mu dheireadh leam, bha mi leughadh a chionn car greis air aon de na mhiosachan a bh'aca an Lunnainn—am *Month*—mu innleachd ùr a chaidh a chur air bonn anns an Fhraing airson cor nan daoine bochda a chur am feabhas, agus an leasachadh, gun bhi gairm cuideachd is buinntinn na Stàide ri sin. Theagamh gur e ni an so ris am bu chòir gu'n d'thug sinn oidheirp chum a stéidheachadh anns an dùthaich againn féin. Coma co-dhiù, tha mi cinnteach nach bi an iomradh a leanas gun stuth, gun bhrìgh aig mòran de ur luchd-leughaidh aig an àm so; agus gu'm bi e mar sin, agus a bharrachd, is e so sàr dhùrachd mo chridhe.

Mise agaibh,
C. F.

LUNNAINN, 10 là de'n Iuchar, 1907.

“At a time when lively interest has been aroused by the Irish Land Act, the new Scotch Crofters Bill, the Small Holdings question, and the like, it cannot but be interesting to note a somewhat parallel movement which has been progressing in France, widely different as are the conditions, economic and social, of the countries.

“The *Jardins Ouvriers* of Saint-Etienne help to

solve many of the problems of actual importance in the British Isles.

“Saint-Etienne stands in the middle of the mining district between Rive-de-Gier and Firminy, the ‘black country’ of France; ‘A corner of Lancashire,’ as M. Piolet cruelly suggests, ‘set into our beautiful France’. The crowded population of this Auvergne Birmingham is engaged in the ribbon and hardware trades, and in mining.

“It was in 1894, when a commercial crisis affected the three industries simultaneously, and wages sank to starvation point, that the movement began. Father Volpette, of the Collège Saint-Michel, had made long and personal trial of the system of hand-to-hand almsgiving, and had tested its inadequacy. It was a momentary alleviation: it left men where they were; State-help, left to itself, creates the workhouse; private charity, even should it build workshops huge enough to house the mass of unskilled labourers, finds no demand for its supply, has to draw on capital, and may ruin smaller establishments.

“A plan was thought of which seemed simple and born of present necessity, but in reality with varied and far-reaching consequences.

“Father Volpette leased two fields, waste ground near the mines, for 350 francs; a third was gratuitously lent him. He was thus master of about nine acres, which he divided into allotments for no less than ninety-eight families! An additional outlay of 3,150 francs on tools, fencing, manure, seed, and water supply, etc., was required. Into these plots he turned his starving workmen, and bade them cultivate their

gardens. In one year, in spite of drought and pitiable soil, a return of 6,000 francs on the sale of vegetables was obtained, 2,500 francs clear gain, an alms of 60 francs per family earned, not given. In 1896 three new fields, situated in a 'revolutionary' quarter of the town, were divided among forty-one more families; an initial outlay of 2,031 francs brought in 10,420 returns; 1897 was as successful, nine fields now bringing in almost 18,000 francs, about 82 francs per family. Following years have marked a corresponding growth, of which space forbids us to give details.

"Organisation grew gradually. At a time when our Catholic colleges are so noticeably beginning to increase their share in social work, it is interesting to mark that Father Volpette's first assistants were the elder boys of the College, who not only provided him with 2,000 to 3,000 francs a year, half of which went to the gardens, but *would habitually accompany him on his rounds among the miners.*

"But soon it was felt that rules were necessary. They were simple but strong. Each man must work his plot: observe the Sunday rest: sub-let only by permission: uphold the repute of the gardens, which grew high and rapidly. But *self-government* must be ensured: a general committee was instituted, and special committees for each field, Father Volpette retaining only an honorary supremacy and the Treasurership. The Council decided on expenses, admissions, ejections, etc.

"We can only mention a few later developments of the work (which in 1901 became the *Syndicat horticole des Jardins ouvrier*), such as the building of

houses, the brickworks, the savings bank, the dispensary, and so forth.

“The work is ‘undenominational’. Protestants in large numbers have gardens. The Sunday rest is the only ecclesiastical precept insisted on. Socialists, anarchists even, apply eagerly for allotments. This makes the more startling the positive religious efficacy of the *Jardins*: marriages blessed; baptisms, often of adults; returns to religious duties; these make a truly cheering page in the account of the undertaking. It is a splendid instance of the French Catholic social revival.”

THE INVERNESS GAELIC SOCIETY.

SIR,

I observe with amusement that though the Introduction to the recently published volume of the *Transactions* of the Inverness Gaelic Society contains references to two of your contemporaries in the Gaelic field, the name of *Guth na Bliadhna* is not mentioned therein. Doubtless though this Society is keen enough to parade its “undenominational” character before the public, and even to solicit the subscriptions of professed Papists, it would be expecting too much of the generosity and broad-mindedness of the majority of its members to look for any public recognition at its hands of the work of a Papistical publication such as yours. The days of bigotry and intolerance are evidently not overpast, so far as the Gaelic Society of Inverness is concerned; and though, knowing as I do something of the real temper and character of this and similar

bodies, I am not altogether surprised at this belated but highly characteristic display of narrow-mindedness and bigotry, yet the fact itself does not always encounter one in that philosophic spirit to which the leisured contemplation of the many imperfections (and absurdities) of human nature is apt to conduct one. I sometimes think, too, that Catholics themselves are not a little to blame for the want of consideration—to put it mildly—frequently manifested towards them on the part of their “separated brethren”. The kick-me-as-hard-as-you-can-and-if-you-please-I-prefer-to-take-it-lying-down attitude undoubtedly accounts for no small part of the want of courtesy and even common justice with which Catholics, in some parts of Scotland, are unfortunately habitually treated; and who shall say that, in this respect, Catholics themselves are not at fault? How often, I wonder, in the annals of the Society alluded to above has a Catholic priest been invited to deliver the Gaelic address on one of those public occasions on which such orations are wont to be delivered? It cannot be that the Society in question dislikes “the cloth,” for parsons (of the Protestant persuasion or persuasions) on such occasions are as thick as blackberries, and as loquacious as parrots. Nor can it be because the ranks of the Highland Catholic clergy do not contain Gaelic speakers every whit as competent to speak with precision and even eloquence in the national tongue as any of their “separated brethren” in the cloth, for I and every one else who know anything about the matter in question know full well to the contrary. The conclusion, accord-

ingly, is reluctantly forced on one that the Inverness Gaelic Society is a good deal more bigoted than it wishes to appear. Perhaps the Catholics, also, are to blame in not asserting themselves, though, in a Society expressly "undenominational," it is a little difficult to see how they could effectually protest against the want of consideration shown them without drawing down on themselves the charge of seeking to introduce questions of "religion" into quarters from which they have been expressly excluded by common consent. Perhaps, if the Catholics took the matter into their own hands, and pressed for recognition by threatening to withdraw unless their reasonable demands were entertained, the purely financial threat might have the effect which no amount of expostulation and speechifying could reasonably be expected to produce. My own experience is, that the pocket is invariably a more conscionable object to appeal to than that wayward and rather nebulous entity itself.

And whilst I am on the subject, permit me to say that I have caught other societies, besides this particular one, erring and tripping in the particular manner indicated, perhaps not altogether without malice aforethought. The *Comunn Gàidhealach* is also, professedly, a "non-denominational" body; yet I observe with astonishment that one of the objects for which a prize is assigned at the coming *Mòd* is the translation of a portion of Holy Scripture from the *Protestant Bible*. Now, I happen to know that my Catholic friends regard that Bible as an altogether bogus affair; and it is indeed hard on them, and a flagrant

violation—at least it seems so to me—of one of the elementary rules of the constitution of that Society that they should be invited to participate in a competition which seems to be expressly aimed at their wholesale exclusion. Let us put the case the other way. There is nothing like putting on another man's boot to find out how it pinches. Suppose it was not the Protestant, but the Catholic Bible which was selected for the purpose. *Eudail is fheara!* What a howl, pious and long-drawn, there would be! Was not "My conscience!" or words to that effect, a favourite exclamation of Bailie Nicol Jarvie? Well "My conscience!" would simply not be "in it" compared with that terrible blood-curdling howl! It would reverberate through the entire land, accomplish the circumference of the four seas, mightily disturb the four depths thereof, and, after a sensational Press career, finally sink, exhausted, into the arms of Jacob Primmer, or of Professor Cooper, his ecclesiastical understudy in disguise! Let the dear "separated brethren" try to remember that what is sauce for the goose is eke sauce for the gander.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A "NON-DENOMINATIONAL" MEMBER OF
VARIOUS GAELIC (MOSTLY SO-CALLED)
SOCIETIES.



Guth na Bliadhna

LEABHAR IV.]

AM FOGHAR, 1907.

[AIREAMH 4

TAIGH NAM MORAIREAN

Mu dheireadh, chaidh binn ditidh a mach an aghaidh Taigh nam Morairean an Sasunn agus, a réir coltais, cha bhi e fada gus am bi atharrachadh mòr is farsaing air a thoirt a staigh ann. Tha sluagh Shasuinn air fàs anabarrach sgith de'n obair ud, oir chunnaic iad mu dheireadh nach comasach dhoibh fhéin no d'an luchd-treòrachaidh iomadh athleasachadh feumal is éiginneach a thoirt gu buil cho fad sa bhitheas làmh-an-uachdair aig na Morairean. Ged nach biodh an obair sin tur freagarrach do na Gàidheil (a chionn gur ann do Shasunn a mhàin a tha Taigh Nam Morairean a' buntainn), gidheadh is cinnteach nach bi sluagh na dùthcha so fada air an ais ann a bhi deanamh cuideachaidh do na Sasunnaich cho fad sa bhitheas iad a' deanamh stri chum Taigh Nam Morairean a thilgeadh bun os cionn. Chaidh Bill an Fhearainn a dhiùltadh leotha o chionn goirid, agus tha iomadh aobhar eile againn air son nach biodh sinn féin idir toilichte leis. Anns a' cheud àite, is ann aig na Morairean Sasunnach a tha an dràsda "am focal deireannach," mar a theirteadh ris, a thaobh gach Bille a

chaidh a thoirt a staigh do'n Phàrlamaid Shasunn-
aich airson maith na dùthcha so ; agus, am bithean-
tas, tha sàr fhios againn gur iad a tha deanamh fìor
droch bhuil de'n chòir sin. Tha na Morairean, mar
an ceudna, a muigh agus a mach an aghaidh gach
oidhirp a tha Ceiltich nan eileanan so a' deanamh
chum stiùradh an cùisean féin fhaotainn 'nan làmhan
féin ; agus se ar beachd ged nach biodh aobhar air
bith eile againn air son sin, tha ann an so pailteas
fàth againn airson sinn a bhi dol 'nan aghaidh, agus
an tilgeadh bun os cionn.

Ach, an déigh a h-uile ni, is ann air sgath Coth-
rom na Féinne a tha sinn gu máith toileach air dubhlan
a thoirt do Thaigh nam Morairean, is an toirt gu
làr. Cuimhnich gur e ach buidheann tur *Tory* a
th'ann. Chan 'eil eachdraidh Shasuinn a' toirt iom-
raidh air aon Bhìll a thàinig o na *Tories* a bha air
a dhiùltadh anns an Ard-Thaigh. Cho fad sa tha na
Tories an làn ghreim air an Ard-Uachdranachd, is ann
mar sheòrsa de thulachainn a bhitheas na Morairean
do'n dream ud ; ach nuair a rachadh na *Liberals* a
staigh, air ball dhùin iad an dorus le trosd nan
aghaidh-san, agus, bho chùl a' bhalla, rinn iad fochaid
orra. Có an duine nach aidicheadh gur e gnothach
buileach mi-cheart, mi-reusanta, amaideach, a th'ann
an so ? Ma bhitheas a leithid idir ann, feumaidh
sinn a bhi cinnteach gur e *Tory* agus Sasunnach a
th'ann.

Ach, tha fàth eile ann airson a tha sinn a' gabhail
beachd air na Morairean ceart mar so ; agus is e sin
a chionn gu'n robh am mòdh sin anns am bheil Taigh
nam Morairean ga chumail beò, agus ga riaghladh

fhéin riamh anabarrach gràineil do na Gàidheil. Tha mac a' leantuinn mic ann (ma ra tha tonn a' buaileadh air cùl tuinn air tràigh), chan ann a chionn gu'n deachaidh a thaghadh airson rud-eigin an taobh a staigh dheth, no ni ainmeil a rinn e, a tha chum maith na dùthcha is onoir d'a fhéin; ach do bhrìgh gur e mac 'athair e. Gu dearbh is anabarrach, neònach, do'n Ghàidheil co-dhiù, a' chùis ud! Tha sinn a' tuigsinn ceart gu leòir na tha daoine a' ciallachadh nuair a tha iad a' toirt iomraidh air "an stéidh dhualaich" mar a theirteadh ris gu tric; ach an dualachd nach 'eil fuaighte ris "an stéidh thaghach"—sin chan 'eil sinn idir a' tuigsinn no seasamh air chor air bith. An ar beachd-ne chan 'eil ann ach seòrsa de dh'aimeadachd. Is e *feudalism* glan as a chiall!

Bha uair ann (agus sin gun bhi fad air ais co-dhiù) nuair a bha na h-eachdraidhean Sasunnach ag ràdh gur ann o'n *Witan* a thàinig a' Phàrlamaid Shasunnach a mach; ach, mu dheireadh, chaidh dearbhadh air a' chùis nach b'ann idir mar so a bha e. Chaidh an *Witan* a chrìochnachadh air do na Sasunnaich dol fo chuing nan Normandach; agus ged nach biodh so mar so, is cinnteach nach robh an sluagh cumanta riamh air an leigeadh a staigh do na *Witanan* ud. Bha Mòid aca, ceart mar a bha aig dream Arianach eile (mar tha na Gearmailtich, na Ceiltich, na cinnich Laideannach etc.), ach cha do bhuin iad riamh ri riaghladh na rioghachd, a chaidh a bhuileachadh air an Rìgh, agus air an *Witan*—is a sin ri ràdh a' Chùirt no a' Chomhairle shrònichte a bh'aige.¹ Mur 'eil sinn

¹ "Self-government up to a certain point is traceable in the institutions of this period, but not beyond it. The Londoners

fada 'nar mealladh is ann o'n chòir a bha na *Majores Barones* uair-eigin a' cleachdadh an Sasunn a thàinig Taigh nam Morairean a mach. Bha cead aca uair-eigin frithealadh air an Rìgh ge b'e àite am biodh esan a tàmh : còir a bha uair-eigin aig an sluagh uile. Ach mar a's mò a bha *Feudalism* air a thoirt air adhart anns an rioghachd ud, is ann a's motha a bha cumhachd nam *Majores Barones* air dol am meud innte, gus mu dheireadh cha robh aca ach a bhi "frithealadh" air an Rìgh gun bhi ag iarraidh cead an rìgh fhéin idir. Mar sin, am beagan bhriathran, thàinig Taigh nam Morairean gu bhi ann.

An ar measg-ne, cha robh a leithid riamh ann ; agus théid sinn an urras nach bi gu là 'bhràth. Is duilich nach 'eil mion-eòlas againn air mar a chaidh stiùradh air cùisean na dùthcha nuair a bha sin fathast aig na seanna-Ghàidheil ; agus feumaidh sinn ràdh an dearbh ni mu thimchioll ar càirdean an Eireann.¹ Có iad "Na Seachd Morair" co-dhiù, air am bheil

might choose their Tythingmen and manage their own affairs, but the right to do so was laid down in 'the ordinance which the Bishops and Reeves belonging to London ordained'; the Reeves being appointed by the crown, and Bishops, Reeves and Ealdormen being answerable for holding the *Frith*, 'as I and my Witan have commanded' " (*Ath.*, v., 11).—*Scotland Under her Early Kings*, i., 277.

¹ "The information which has come down to us about the legislative and judicial system of the ancient Irish is very fragmentary. . . . Owing to the anarchy which prevailed during the period of the Viking expeditions and Anglo-Norman wars, the organisation of the courts was more or less broken up, the procedure became irregular, and the record of court was carelessly kept. Many forms and offices became obsolete ; so much so that several legal terms, even the names of the officers and of the courts themselves, became unintelligible to the law scribes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries."—O'Curry, i., 252.

iomadh iomradh againn am fìor eachdraidh ar dùthcha; agus ciod e an dreachd no'n oifig a bh'aca? Do na ceistibh so, agus do iomadh té eile tha fuaighte ri sean-eachdraidh na h-Alba, chan urrainn sinn fìor fhreagairt a thoirt seachad.

Coma co-dhiù, tha cinnt againn gu'n robh e cleachdail leis na Gàidheil a bhuineadh do'n linn ud iad a bhi 'cruinneachadh ri chéile bho àm gu àm airson cùisean na dùthcha a chuir an céill, agus a thoirt gu buil. Thug iad *Mòd* mar ainm air na co-chruinneachaidhean mòra ud, agus is iomadh lorg aca-san a tha r'am faotainn an lagh agus an eachdraidh na h-Alba. Eadhon an déigh do Rian nan Normandach cead fhaotainn air an dùthaich againn, cha deachaidh an seann-chleachdadh so a chur gu taobh.¹ B'ann air *Mòd* de'n t-seorsa so, agus a chaidh a chur air bonn uair-eigin ré linn a' cheud Rìgh Dòmhnall, gu'n deachaidh gabhail ri laghanna Aoidh Bhàin gu follaiseach, agus air beulaobh an t-sluaigh uile, a bha cruinn cuideachd, air sgàth an aobhair ud. Is anabarrach cudthromach a' chùis so, a chionn gur dòcha gu'n d'thug na laghanna ud lan-dearbhadh air còir Aoidh is a luchdleanmhuinn air cathair na h-Alba. B'ann air *Mòd*, mar an ceudna, a thachair air cnoc a' Mhòid aig Sgàin, ré linn an dàra Rìgh Conn gu'n deachaidh 'shocrachadh, no, a' chuid a's lugha dheth, cead a thoirt air rian na h-Eaglaise, mar a bha sin air a stéidheachadh aig an àm ud. B'ann aig Mòid, cuideachd,

¹ "No innovation appears to have been introduced amongst the Gaelic people upon the older custom of assembling the whole free population of the district, confederacy, or kingdom in annual or occasional meetings."—*Scotland Under her Early Kings*, i., 277.

a b'abhaist do na Gàidheil a bhi taghadh an Ard-rìghrean féin. Coma co-dhiù, is cinnteach gu'n deachaidh gabhail riu-san gu follaiseach leis an t-sluagh uile aig an ionad ud.¹ Bha cùisean na Mòr-Roinne air an stiùradh air an dearbh mhòdh sin, ged a tha e fìor nach robh na Mòid so leth cho mòr is comasach sa bha an fheadhainn eile a chaidh ghairm ri chéile leis an Ard-Rìgh fhéin. Tha cùntas fathast againn air aon de na Mòid dhùthchail so, a thachair uair-eigin ré linn a' cheud Rìgh Dàidh. Thachair gu'n deachaidh Sir Raibeart Burgoin, gun fhios is gun chead, thar chriochan fearainn nach buineadh idir dha, ach do na Manaich a bha chòmhnaidh an Cille-Rìbhinn. Air do'n Rìgh so a' chluinntinn, air ball chuir e mach a chuid theachdairean chum sluagh na dùthcha a ghairm ri chéile, agus chum a' chuis a thoirt gu breith, is binn a thoirt cho maith is cho luath sa dh'fhoadadh e. Rinn iad sin, agus a dh'ionnsaidh an àite a chaidh ainmeachadh leis an Rìgh airson a' Mhòid dhùthchail so a chumail thàinig Mòrair Fhiofa—a bha 'na Ard-Bhreitheamh air Albainn aig an àm ud—comblà ri buidhinn làidir de dhaoine-uaisle, a luchd-muinntir, agus 'oifigich. "Air dhoibh so uile bhi cruinn an ceann a chéile comhla ri sluagh na dùthcha, chaidh roghainn a dheanamh leo air triuir dhaoine chum na cùis a dh'fheuchainn, agus a thoirt gu breith ; agus b'iad so, Conn Mòrair Fhiofa, Maoldonada Mac Maddeth (Breitheamh air an Roinn, a réir coltais), agus Dùghall Mac Moccha,

¹ "Tollens igitur omnis populus terrae Malcholum . . . apud Scoticam, sicut consuetudo illius nationis . . . constituerat regem pro David avo suo."—1 *Hex.*, 1164.

a chaidh a thaghadh air son 'aoise." Mar so chaidh a' chuis air adhart, agus, an ùine ghearr, chaidh binn a thoirt a mach a réir seann nòis Ghàidheil na h-Alba —is e sin ri ràdh thug Aba Dubhtach, comhla ri coig de phears-eaglais, sàr mhionn air an altair gu'n robh na crìochan mar a bha iad ; agus ged nach 'eil fios againn air mar a chaidh an là an aghaidh Shir Raibeairt, is cinnteach nach do choisinn esan a' chùis aige.¹

A thaobh nan Eirionnach, is dòcha gu'n deachaidh breith chumanta, agus ceartas, a thoirt a mach car mar so. Tha O'Curry ag ràdh gu'n robh coig suidh-eachaidhean an Eireann a bha toinnte air dhòigh-eigin ri cur a staigh, ri deanamh, is ri cur a mach an lagh. B'iad so, d'a réir-san, an *Sabaid Cuirm-Taighe*, an *Mathluagh*, an *Dàl*, an *Tocomrach*, agus an *Aonach*, no'n Fhéill. Dhiubh so, bha a' chiad fhear air a dheanamh a suas "mar a tha an t-ainm aige a' cuimseachadh (their O'Curry) de chuilbh na Stàide". B'ann de na cinn-fheadhnach a mhàin a bha e air a dheanamh suas ; agus b'e an dreachd a bh'aige laghanna nuadha a chur ri chéile, agus réite a dheanamh dhoibh-san a bha an déigh fàs neo-fheumail air sgath am mòir aois, no a bu chòir an leasachadh airson aobhar-eigin eile.

Bha an dàra fear air a dheanamh suas de cho-chruinneachadh mòr de na "fir-ràtha," no na ceann-ardan-teaghlaich a bhuineadh do'n Fhine. B'e an dreachd a bh'aige, a réir O'Curry, gabhail ri cùisean cudthromach na Fine no riu-san a bhuineadh do'n

¹ Reg. Prior. St. And., t. 117. Thachair so air toiseach linn a' chiad Rìgh Dàidh.

Mhòr-Roinn. Ghabh iad os làimh, mar an ceudna, cùisean cudthromach eile mar so, tagraidhean an aghaidh ghnìomhan eucorach an rìgh, agus dhiùltaidhean ceartais air taobh nan cuirtean cumanta ; roinn na *Dìbhe*, no a' mhaoin a bhuineadh do na buill-cinnich nach maireann, am measg an cuid càirdean, agus mar sin air adhart.

Bha an treas suidheachadh a bh'ann car cosmhuil ris an dàra fear, ach b'ann de na h-uaislean a mhàin a bha e air a dheanamh suas. B'e an dreachd no'n oifig a bh'aige na cisean a thogail ; cumail suas nan rathaidean mòra, agus faire is freiceadan a dheanamh air ge b'e àite air an rachadh aca sin a dheanamh. Ghabh iadsan os làimh, mar an ceudna, buntainn ri gach uile ni a bha tointe ri ceaird is goireas na dùthcha ; agus bha aca-san, cuideachd, “cogadh no sith” or- duchadh nuair a b'fheudar do'n Fhine a' cheist sin fhuasgladh.

Aig an *Tocomrach*, chaidh roghainn a dheanamh air son rìgh ; agus, b'e sin, a réir O'Curry, “the true legislative Assembly” a bh'ann. Eadar an *Tocomrach* is an *Dàl*, cha robh atharrachadh mòr ann, agus b'e am beachd a bh'aig an ùghdair ainmeil ud, gu'n deachaidh gu tric an gairm ri chéile fo'n aon ainm, agus, am bitheantas, gur e an t-aon chruth a bha aig an dithis dhiubh so. Bha'n t-*Aonach* an t-ionad sin far an deachaidh foillseachadh a dheanamh air laghanna nuadha na rioghachd, agus far am bu chleachdadh le ar sinnsre na seann laghanna a chur an céill as ùr air sgath an t-sluaigh uile. “Bha'n t-Aonach, mar an ceudna, 'na sgoil mhòir far an d'fhuair an sluagh eòlas air an cuid còraichean, agus air na laghanna

sin fo'n robh iad beò. Dh'ionnsaich iad an sin, mu eachdraidh na dùthcha, agus mu euchdan nan laoch a dh'fhalbh rompa. B'ann air an Aonach, mar an ceudna, a thug iad brath air sloinntearachd an teaghlaich sin aig an robh còir air riaghladh tharta-san"¹

B'ann mar so a bha e an Eireann fad linntean anabarrach tràth; ach mar a's mò a bha'n dùthaich tighinn air a h-adhart anns a h-uile bheus agus anns gach cleachdadh is goireas a bha chum feum is maith na dùthcha a réir coslais, is ann a's motha a bha a cuid riaghlaidearan a' daingneachadh, a' meudachadh, agus a' farsaingeachadh an cumhachd a bh'aca. Thachair a' cheart ni an Albainn; agus is duilich an gnothach e a thoirt fainear gur ann mar a's motha a bha an dùthaich dol am feabhas agus air a h-aghaidh, a *réir coslais*, is ann a's mò a bha'n sluagh dol air an ais, agus a' tuiteam fo smachd na feadnach a bha stri 'nan aghaidh chum an cumhachd a bh'aca a thoirt air falbh uapa. Ach ged a tha e fìor gu'n robh a' chuis mar so, agus gu'n d'fhuair na cinn-fheadhnach tuille a's mò de chumhachd agus de smachd 'nan làmhnan féin, gidheadh chan fhaodadh aicheadh gu'n do leig an sluagh riamh tur air falbh a' chòir sin a bh'aca o shean, gu bhi taghadh an cuid riaghladairean air an son féin, a spionadh agus a ghoideadh uapa-san.² Bha ceannsachadh, agus cur fo smachd an t-sluaigh leis an rìgh, agus a chuid

¹ *Manners and Customs*, i., 255.

² A réir Anderson, chaidh taghadh air Dòmhnall Dubha mar "Thighearna nan Eilean" sa bhliadhna 1543. B'fhuasda iomadh sàmhladh eile air an t-seann chleachdadh so thoirt air aghaidh.

cuirtearan 'na chùis a chaidh air adhart gu maith mall agus tur socaireach an Albainn, amhuil is mar a rinneadh an Eireann. Ach faodaidh sinn a bhi cinnteach nach robh sin fad air falbh bho ar sinnsre féin nuair a chaidh am Mòd agus am Breitheamh agus am Mòrair a chur gu taobh, agus nuair a chaidh steidheachadh air Rian nan Normandach 'nan àite.

Is ann air an aobhair so, mata, a tha e buileach dualach is nàdurra do na Gàidheil a bhi riamh a' taghadh an cuid riaghladairean air an son féin gur e am beachd a th'aca aig an àm dol a mach comhlais na Sasunnaich chum Taigh nam Morairean a sgrìos agus thilgeadh bun os cionn. Ach a bharrachd air sin, tha fàth eile anns a' chuis; agus is e sin gur e an "Taigh" so aon de na nàimhdean a's miosa agus a's mò a tha aig Gàidheil na h-Alba is na h-Eireann aig an là an diugh, agus b'ann ceart mar so a bha e anns na làithean a thréig. Tha focal againn a tha ag ràdh, "Is treasa tuath na tighearna". Tha dùil againn nach bi e fada gus am bi an sean-fhocal so mar chathghairm do na Sasunnaich mar an ceudna.

A' CHÀNAIN GHÀIDHLIG IS AN SLUAGH D'AM BUIN I

Le C. M. P.

'S e mo rùn aig an àm so smaointean a thaisbeanadh, a dh'fhàs annam am feadh a bha mi cur ri m' eòlas air a' chànain Ghàidhlig agus air an t-sluagh d' am buin i mar chànain. Faodaidh e bhi nach 'eil m' eòlas air na nithean sin cho faisg air iomlanachd 's a bu chòir da bhi aig neach a bhiodh a' cur roimhe eòlas a thoirt seachad orra; ach, aig a' cheart am, theagamh gu'n dean e feum gu beagan a chur ri eòlas an leugh-adair. Cha dean e an gnothach a bhi a ghnàth feitheamh is a' cumail air ais ar barailean air nithean gus am bi ar n-eòlas coimhlionta. 'S e ar dleas a bhi roinn ar n-eòlais air ar comh-dhaoine gach ceum air aghaidh a nì sinn. Ma bhios ar n-eòlas fìor is ar barail ceart, nì iad maith dh'fheadhainn eile; ma bhios iad ceàrr is mearachdach nì e maith dhuinn féin sin fhaighinn am mach. A thuilleadh air sin, air dhuinn eòlas eagnaidh a chnuasachadh air cùis air bith, 's e ar dleas beachd farsuing a stéidheachadh air, a chum feum duinn anns an rannsachadh an déigh eòlais a bhios romhainn.

Tha da sheòrsa beachd ann, air am faod sinn mion-bheachd agus garbh-bheachd a thoirt mar ainmean: no beachd farsuing is beachd cumhann. Abair gu'm bheil dà dhuine a' seasamh mu choinneamh beinne. Anns a' cheud sealladh oirre, 's e chi an dàrna duine meud is cruth is maise na beinne mar

bheinn; 's e chi an duin' eile creag an so, cnoc an sud, craobh thall is preas bhos. 'S e their an dàrna duine: "nach mòr, dealbhach a' bheinn, 's nach maiseach an lith a th'oirre". 'S e their an duin' eile: "nach laghach a' chraobh chaorainn ud, 's nach garbh, cas a' chreag liath so". Thig an duine a bhios de'n cheud ghnè-inntinn gu beachd cothromach air na nithean a mhothaicheas e, mòran na's luaithe na'n duine eile. Air an aobhar sin bithidh mi an so a' feuchainn ri beachd farsuing air a' Ghàidhlig agus air an t-sluagh d'am buin i mar chànain, a chur fa chomhair an leughadair, le sùil ri beachd farsuing a ghintinn ann-san.

Cha'n urrainn duit-sa no dhòmhsa a ràdh gur slòl sinn de na daoine leis am bu leis a' chànain Ghàidhlig 2,000 bliadhna roimh an àm so; agus gur ann air a' cheann sin a tha sinn toigheach air a' chànain sin. Bha cinneadh ann d'am b'ainm na Gàidheil, aig an robh a' Ghàidhlig mar chànain aca. Ach, anns na linntean so, tha Gàidheil ann a réir sliochd nach 'eil comasach air a' Ghàidhlig a labhairt; agus tha mòran ann nach 'eil 'nan Gàidheil a réir sliochd aig am bheil 'nan comas a' chànain sin a labhairt. 'S fheudar dhuit air an aobhar sin, ma tà, a chumail an còmhnuidh fo d'aire, am feadh a bhios tu a' leughadh, gur e a tha 'nam smaointean nuair a chleachdas mi am facal "Gàidheal," Gàidheal a thaobh càinain, agus nach e Gàidheal a thaobh sliochd a bhios mi a' ciallachadh. An coitcheannas, bithidh tusa 'ga mheas 'na Ghàidheal, an duine a labhras, a leughas no a sgrìobhas, no a thuigeas a' chanain Ghàidhlig, no a dh'fheuchas ris a' chànain sin a thuigsinn; agus is ceart, freagarr-

ach sin. Cha'n 'eil Gàidheal eile ann is fhiach an t-ainm "Gàidheal," a thoirt air.

Ach, ciod i a' chàin Ghàidhlig? Shaoileadh neach gu'm bu dìomhain a' cheist sin fharraid, agus nach robh feum air réiteachadh aig an fhacal sin : a' Ghàidhlig. Leis a' chuid is mò, is eagal leam, tha 'm facal a' ciallachadh na càin a tha air a cleachdadh 'sa Ghàidhealtachd Albannaich. Ach tha 'm beachd sin ceàrr. Tha sinn uile ciontach anns a' chùis so ; agus 's e ar leisgeul air a shon gu'n robh e 'na chleachdadh an t-ainm sin a bhuileachadh a réir na céill sin fada roimh ar teachd-ne do'n t-saoghal ; agus 'nar n-aineolas lean sinn ris a' chleachdadh gun bhi feòraich co-dhiùbh bha e ceart no ceàrr. Cha'n 'eil e ceart ainm an iomlain a thoirt air a' chuid. Mar sin, cha'n 'eil e ceart "A' Ghàidhlig" a thoirt mar ainm air a Ghàidhlig Albannaich am feadh 's a tha Gàidhlig aig na h-Eireannaich is aig na Manainnich. Cha mhò tha e cothromach "A' Ghàidhlig" a thoirt mar ainm air a' Ghàidhlig Eireannaich am feadh 's a tha Gàidhlig aig Albannaich is Manainnich. Nuair a labhras sinn mu'n Ghàidhlig, bu chòir e bhi soilleir co-dhiùbh is i a' Ghàidhlig am fad a th'againn fo bheachd, no aon de na dual-chàinntean a bhuineas dith.

Tha na h-Eireannaich ciontach anns an droch chleachdadh so cho math ruinn féin. Tha iad eadhon na 's miosa na sinn féin. Nuair a labhras no a sgrìobhas iad 'sa Bheurla Shasunnaich, 's e 'n t-ainm a th'aca air a' Ghàidhlig Eireannaich : *Irish Language*. Nis, cha bhuin an t-ainm "Eireannach" do'n chàin ach do'n tìr. 'S e *Irish* a thug an Gall is an Sasunnach, 'nan aineolas, air a' chàin ; agus 's e 'n t-ainm

ceudna a thug na Goill air ar Gàidhlig féin anns na linntean a dh'fhalbh, agus, gu tric cuideachd, air a' chinneadh d'am buin sinn, aig an robh a' Ghàidhlig mar chànain aca.

'S i a' Ghàidhlig Eireannach prìomh chànain nan Gàidheal. Tha i air a labhairt leis an àireamh is mò ; agus 's ann innte tha a' mhòr chuid de shean litreachas na Gàidhlig r' a faotainn. Bha i uair 'na cànain aig sluagh a bha fad air aghaidh an ionnsachadh, an ealdhain, an innleachd 's an riaghladaireachd dhaoine ; agus cha'n 'eil e comasach do neach air bith beachd farsuing no cothromach a bhi aige air a' Ghàidhlig no air nithean a bhuineas di, gun eòlas a bhi aige air litreachas na Gàidhlig Eireannaich. Bu chòir dhuinn uile bhi cur ri ar n-eòlas air Gàidhlig nan Eireannach. Cha tig e gu maith do fhear air bith a bhi labhairt mu thimchioll na Gàidhlig 'na farsuingeachd, gun eòlas bhi aige air a' Ghàidhlig sin. Cha'n fhiach a bharail dad gun sin aige. Bu chòir e bhi 'na thoileachas inntinn do gach neach a tha cur ùigh anns a' chànain Ghàidhlig ionnsachadh is eòlas fhaotainn m' a deighinn—a teachd an uachdar, a dol fodha 's a teachd an uachdar a rithis—anns gach ceàrn 'san do thuinich i riamh ; agus, gu sònruichte, anns a' cheàrn sin anns am bheil eòlas oirre na's mò agus na's soilleire agus na's fhasa fhaotainn na tha e an ceàrn eile 'san robh i.

Ach cò sinne, Gàidheil na h-Albann ; agus ciod e an dàimh a tha eadar ar gnàth-chànain-ne agus gnàth-chànain nan Eireannach ? Tha eadar-bharail mhòr ann air ciamar a thàinig na Gàidheil gu Albainn air tùs. Fad mòran bhliadhnachan bha e air a shaoilsinn

—agus bu nàdurra r'a shaoilsinn e—gu'n robh na h-Arianaich a thàinig an toiseach as an àirde-'n-ear do'n àirde-'n-iar, 'nan Gàidheil; gu'n d'thàinig iad troimh mhòr-thìr na Roinn-Eòrpa; gu'n d'thug iad an t-aiseag thar a' Mhuir n-Iocht gus an dùthaich a tha nis ainmichte Sasunn; gu'n do sgaoil iad air feadh na dùthcha sin gus an d'ràinig iad 's an do lìon iad Albainn—iad fad na h-ùine ag iomain rompa na h-Iberich a bha 'san Eilean Bhreatunnach roimh theachd nan Gàidheal—gu'n d'ràinig iad mu dheireadh Maol nan Gallach agus Maol Chinn-tìre, agus gu'n d'thug iad an t-aiseag as na h-àitean sin thar a' Chuain Eireannaich gu Eirinn. Tha cuid ann air an là 'n diugh a dhiùltas creideas a thoirt do'n bharail sin; agus bithidh iad a' cumail am mach nach d'thàinig Gàidheal riamh do Bhreatunn nach do chuir am mach bàta o chala air choireiginn an Eirinn. Cha'n 'eil iad ag ràdh nach d'thàinig Ceilteach gu Breatunn gun e thighinn á Eirinn; ach nach d'thàinig Gàidheal riamh gu Breatunn nach d'thàinig, e féin no a shinnsear, á Eirinn. Thatar ag ràdh gu'n robh fineachan nan Ceilteach—gu sònruichte na Cuimrich anns an taobh deas agus na Cruithnich anns an taobh tuath—ag àiteachadh Bhreatuinn roimh theachd nan Gàidheal á Eirinn. 'S iad na Cruithnich aig an robh sealbh air Albainn air taobh tuath Uisge Fùir roimh theachd nan Gàidheal. B'e sin beachd Alasdair Mhic Bheathain nach maireann, co-dhiùbh; agus 's e 'n dearbhadh a thug e air: gu'm bheil ainmean-àitean anns na crìochan sin nach gabh mineachadh le Gàidhlig, ach gu'n gabh iad mineachadh leis a' chànain Chuimrich.

So mar a reusonaich e. As a' bhun Arianach dh'fhàs dà chraobh, Craobh C agus Craobh P. Am facal ris an abair na Gàidheil "Ceann," tha e aig na Cuimrich anns a' chumadh so: "pen". Am facal ris an abair na Gàidheil "mac," their na Cuimrich "map" ris. Dh'fhàs an C Gàidhealach agus am P Cuimreach 'san t-sean aimsir as "qu". 'S e *maquos* a bha air *mac* anns an t-sean aimsir. Bha na Cruithnich de shliochd na craoibhe P agus, mar sin, bha iad an dàimh ris na Cuimrich. 'S e 'n t-ainm a bh' aig na Cuimrich air na Cruithnich: Prydain; agus ma chuireas sinn C Gàidhealach an àite P Chuimrich, 's e th'againn "Cruitein," focal as am faodadh "Cruithne," an ceann aimsir, gu nàdurra fàs.

Nuair thàinig na Gàidheil á Eirinn a dh'Albainn bhuidhinn iad uachdranachd air na Cruithnich agus bhuadhaich cànan nan Gàidheal air cànan nan Cruithneach. Ach mhair an sud 's an so ainmean a bh'aig na Cruithnich air àitean na dùthcha—gu h-àraidh anns an taobh-'n ear—agus cha ghabh iad sin, mar a thubhairt mi cheana, mìneachadh le Gàidhlig, ach gabhaidh iad mìneachadh troimh 'n chànain Chuimrich. A réir sliochd, tha a' chuid is mò de'n t-sluagh a th'anns a' Ghàidhealtachd de'n chinneadh Cruithneach, gu sònruichte anns an taobh-'n-ear is an taobh tuath. Ach 's e a th'aca mar chànain, a' Ghàidhlig, cainnt nan Gàidheal a thàinig á Eirinn is a thug buaidh air na Cruithnich tre chumhachd an eòlais, an ionnsachaidh, an ealdhain, an innleachd, agus an comas air riaghladaireachd dhaoine. B'ann, ciudeachd, leis na Gàidheil a thàinig a' chreideamh Chrìosduidh a steach do'n dùthaich,

a chuir fodha an seòrsa cràbhaidh a bh'aig na Cruithnich, anns nach robh, maith dh'fhaoidteadh, litreachas air bith.

A' chuid sin de'n chànain Ghàidhealaich a chuir as do'n chànain Chruithnich, agus a tha mairsinn beò gus an là'n diugh, gabhaidh i roinn 'na dà earrann : an gnàthas tuathach is an gnàthas deasach. 'S e so beachd Alasdair mhic Bheathain agus feadhainn eile. Agus is beachd leò, mar an ceudna, gu'm bheil dàimh na's dlùithe eadar gnàthas nan deasach an Albainn agus gnàthas na h-Eireann, na tha eadar gnàthas nan tuathach agus gnàthas na h-Eireann. Tha mise 'g ràdh gu'm bheil na sgoilearan mòra sin am mearachd.

Mu dheich bliadhna roimh an àm so bha de dhànadas agam mo bharail féin a chur an aghaidh barail nan sgoilearan mòra so ; agus a dh'aindeoin an comasan 's an cliù, tha uidh-air-n-uidh an fhirinn a' buadhachadh, a chionn gu'm bheil an dearbhadh, nuair theid a chomharrachadh, cho soilleir 's nach gabh e seachnadh. Bha mi ceithir uairean aig Oireachtas nan Gàidheal am Bail'-ath-cliaith, agus chunnaic is chuala mi luchd-labhairt na Gàidhlig a thàinig as gach ceàrn a dh' Eirinn ; agus thug mi fa'n ear gu'n robh gnàthas àraidh aca uile 'nan labhairt, a tha comharraichte air na tuathaich 'nar dùthaich féin. Chualas gu tric "tir na meann" air a ràdh an àite "tir nam beann". Sin gnàthas air an tabhair na sgoilearan Eireannach "Urdughadh" mar ainm. B'aithne dhomh mu'n deachaidh mi thall gu'n robh an dòigh-labhairt sin air a gnàthachadh an Eirinn ; ach thugadh dearbhadh air aig an Oireachtas. A thuilleadh air sin, thug mi fa'n ear gu'm bu ghnàth leis na Mumhain-

ich *ia* a ràdh an àite *è* is *é*, mar so, *bial* an aite *beul*, dìreach mar a their na tuathaich againn féin e. Thug mi fa'n ear, cuideachd, gu'm bheil muinntir an taobh tuath an Albainn agus muinntir an taobh deas an Eirinn, an tomhas mòr, coltach ri chéile 'nan cruth 's 'nan gnùis. Bha mise 'gam faicinn mar sin co-dhiùbh. Bha fear air am bheil sinn eòlach, 'nam chuideachd nuair a chaidh mi a dh'Eirinn a cheud turus—tuathach 's e th'ann—agus cha robh na h-Eireannaich fada gun a thoirt fa'n ear gu'n robh e coltach ri muinntir an dùthcha féin. Agus faodaidh mi ràdh gu'm bheil e sin, 'na chruth, 'na inntinn 's 'na chainnt. Nuair a bha mi aig Mòd Ionbhar-pheabh-arain chunnaic mi mòran dhaoine air an robh coltas Eireannach. Agus thug mi fa'n ear gur e their muinntir na Manachainn an àite *bualadh*, bualag; an àite *dunadh*, dùnag, agus mar sin leis gach facal d'an leithid, dìreach mar is gnàth le muinntir Phuirt-lairge 'sa Mhumhain air taobh an iar-dheas na h-Eireann. Air na h-aobhairean sin, tha mi ag ràdh, 's 'ga chumal am mach gu làidir, gu'm bheil dàimh àraidh eadar na tuathaich an Albainn is na deasaich an Eirinn.

Air an làimh eile, tha dàimh àraidh eadar muinntir Earra-Ghàidheal agus muinntir Ulaidh is Midhe is Chonnacht. Is gann a tha Urdughadh air a chleachdadh an cainnt nan Earra-Ghaidhealach. Cha robh, is cha'n 'eil e cho làidir am measg nan Ultach, nam Midheach is nan Connachtach 's a tha e am measg nam Mumhaineach. 'S e their na h-Ultaich "Cha 'n eil," dìreach mar a their sinne e, far an abair na Mumhainich "Ni bhfuil". Na'm bitheadh a' cheist air a farraid orm: C'àite an Eirinn am bheil a'

Ghàidhlig is dlùithe do chànain Earra-Ghaidheal is nan leabhraichean, theirinn-sa : Anns a' Mhidhe is taobh an ear-dheas de Uladh. Cha'n 'eil litreachas na h-Eireann Mumhaineach a réir gnàthais. Cha'n 'eil litreachas na Gàidhlig Albannaich tuathach a réir gnàthais. Cha bhuin e do cheàrn air bith ; ach tha e na's fhaisge air gnàthas nan Ultach is nan Earra-Ghaidhealach na tha e air gnàthas càich.

Tha an dàimh so a tha eadar muinntir taobh tuath na h-Albann is muinntir taobh deas na h-Eireann ag combarrachadh gu'm bheil an dà shluagh, an tomhas mòr, de'n aon shliochd agus gu'n d'thàinig an cànan fo'n aon bhuaidh anns na linntean àrsaidh. Tha an dà shluagh coltach ri chèile 'nan gné inntinn. Tha iad gu mòr fo bhuaidh am mac-meanmna : so-ghluaiste, so-bhrosnaichte, am feadh a tha muinntir taobh deas na Gàidhealtachd Albannaich agus muinntir taobh tuath na h-Eireann do-ghluaiste, fulangach, leanailteach. Gach nì a rùnaicheas a' cheud fheadhainn, bu mhath leo a dheanamh a leum. Gheibh sin a' bhuaidh air uairean ; ach mur bi dìongmhaltas is seasmhachd air a chùl, cha'n fhad a mhaireas toradh an deanadais.

O chionn linn tha na tuathaich an Albainn agus na deasaich an Eirinn a' deanamh fuaim. Ach is duilich leam nach 'eil comh-sheirm 'sa cheòl aca ; is eagal leam nach ann an còmhnaidh ri cur ri chèile tha iad, ach, gu tric, ri toirt as a chèile. An ceann aimsir, gun e bhi fada, chì sinn, ma's beò sinn, co-dhiùbh is fìor no mearachdach am beachd sin.

Ar leam gu'n cluinn mi cuid ag ràdh : Ciod e do bharail féin air ciamar a thàinig muinntir na Gàidh-

ealtachd Albannaich gu bhi 'nan dà earann, mar a dh' fheuch thu ri thoirt fa'n ear. Ma thàinig na Gàidheil a steach a dh' Albainn troimh Eirinn, shaoileadh neach gu'm bitheadh a' cheud sruth a nis an taobh tuath na h-Albann agus an sruth mu dheireadh an taobh deas na h-Eireann. Ach tha thusa a' deanamh dheth gu'm bheil, eadar na tuathaich an Albainn is na deasaich an Eirinn, sluagh eile a tha tuineachadh, cuid dhiubh an Albainn is cuid dhiubh an Eirinn, agus iad, a réir coltais, 'nan aon sluagh—oir mar bu chòir dhomh a ràdh—de'n aon shliochd.

Dh'fhaodadh e bhi mar so. Abair gu'n robh sluagh an taobh deas na h-Eireann a bha a' cleachdadh ùrdughaidh 'nan cainnt, agus, 'san taobh tuath, sluagh aig nach robh an cleachdadh sin; gu'n d'thàinig an sin a steach a dh'Eirinn dream eile aig nach robh an cleachdadh sin, agus gu'n d'fhuair iad làmh an uachd-air air an fheadhainn a bha 'san dùthaich air thoiseach orra. Abair gu'n d'fhuair iad, an ceann ùine, ceannas air Eirinn air fad. Air so bhi mar so car ùine, abair gu'n d'rinn sluagh na h-àirde tuath a chaidh a chur fodha, àramach, agus gu'n d'fhuair iad làmh an uachdair a rithis—ni nach 'eil idir ao-coltach. A chionn tha eachdraichean a' baralachadh gu'm bheil na seann sgeulachdan is na seann dàna mu thimchioll Chuchuilinn is a linn a' leigeil ris gu'n do thachair ni eiginn de'n t-seòrsa sin air am bheil mi 'g iomradh. Dh'éirich an sin Ard-macha gu bhi 'na bhaile meadh-onach as an do sgaoil ionnsachadh, ealdhain, innleachd is riaghladaireachd, agus gu sònruichte a' chreideamh Chrìosduidh a bhuadhaich am fad 's am fagus. Anns a' chainnt a thàinig a rithis an uachdar, bha na facail

air an giorrachadh agus bha'm buille a' tuiteam a ghnàth air an lide-thoiseach anns gach facal, dìreach mar a tha e 'sa Bheurla Shasunnaich, a dh'fhuiling cur fodha leis na Normanaich is a dh'éirich a rithis an ceann aimsir. Thàinig an dream sin troimh Earra-Ghaidheal air an rathad gu Albainn. Na'm bu luchd-cleachadh ùrdughaidh iad, is ioghnadh nach 'eil muinntir Earra-Ghàidheal 'nan luchd-cleachdadh ùrdughaidh, cuideachd. Ged is fìor sin, ars thusa, ciamar a tha e gu'm bheil ùrdughadh pailt gu leòir an seann litreachas nan Earra-Ghaidhealach is nan Gàidheal Albannach uile. Cha'n 'eil a' cheist sin duilich r'a fuasgladh.

Tha e coltach gu'n robh, uidh air n-uidh, Eirinn uile a' tighinn fo bhuaidh ùrdughaidh fada roimh linn nan ceud leabhraichean. Tha ùrdughadh ri fhaotainn anns na sgrìobhaidhean is sine a tha'n Eirinn; agus faodar a bhi cinnteach gu'n robh e air a chleachdadh an labhairt an t-sluaigh fada mu'n d'fhuair e àite 'sna leabhraichean. Nuair a thàinig na Lochlannaich a steach do na h-eileanan siar is Eirinn, thug cumhachd nan Gàidheal ceum mòr air a h-ais, agus maille ri sin chrìon litreachas na Gàidhlig. Ach, mu dheireadh, air do na Lochlannaich bhi air an ruagadh as an dùthaich, dh'éirich litreachas ùr anns an robh ùrdughadh; agus tha mi creidsinn gur ann a réir gnàth-chainnt an litreachais sin a labhair na h-uachdarain is na maithean, an dà chuid an Eirinn is an Albainn, anns na linntean an déigh dol fodha nan Lochlannach. Mhair sin gu ruig linn an Ath-leasachaidh. Aig an àm sin thàinig sgaradh eadar na h-Eireannaich is Gàidheil na h-Albainn, agus thòisich

na h-uaislean is na sgrìobhadairean air gnàth-chainnt na h-Eireann a dhearmad; agus thàinig, ceum air cheum, gnàth-chainnt nam mithean an àirde.

Nuair a chuir Carsalach mòr Chàrn-àsaraidh am mach a leabhar-ùrnuigh 'san t-seachdamh linn deug 's ann a réir na dòigh Eireannaich a sgrìobh e e. An àite bhi 'g ràdh *ar tigh*, 's e *ar dtigh* a th'aige; an àite *ar beoil*, 's e *ar mbeoil* a sgrìobh e—a' leigeil ris gu soilleir, le sin, gur ann a réir gnathas litreachas na h-aimsir a bha e a' deanamh obair. Lean luchd-sgrìobhaidh ris a' chleachdadh so fada an déigh dhaibh eòlas air ciod a bu chiall da a chall, agus gheibhear 'nar leabhraichean Gàidhlig e nìos gu ruig linn Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair agus beagan 'na dhéigh sin. Mu dheireadh, chaidh e as gu buileach, agus air an là 'n diugh is gann a tha fuigheall deth r'a fhaotainn an sgrìobhaidhean nan Gàidheal Albannach; oir tha a nis cànanan nan leabhraichean air a stéidheachadh air cleachdadh nan deasach a tha as ionnais a' chleachdaidh bhacaich ud: Urdughadh. Na'm b' e 's gu'n d'éirich litreachas nan Gàidheal Albannach am measg nan tuathach, cha'n abarainn nach bitheadh ùrdughadh a' faighinn àite 'nar leabhraichean, dìreach mar a tha e an leabhraichean nam Manainneach.

'S e an nì a chuidich gu ùrdughadh a chumail as ar Cànanan Albannaich gu'm bheil a' bhuille làidir a' tuiteam air gach lide toisich an fhacail, agus gu'm bheil ar *t, d, p, b, c* agus *g* air an ràdh le neart na's mò na gheibhear an cànanan air bith eile air am bheil mise eòlach. Ach an cànanan nan Eireannach tha na litrichean sin air an ràdh gu bog mar a tha iad 'san

Roinn-Eòrpa 's an Sasunn is anns a' Chuimridh ; agus mar sin ghéill iad do Urdughadh. Ach ciod e is mathair-aobhair a dh'Urdughadh, cha'n fhios dòmhsa, no do neach eile cho fad 's is aithne dhomh.

Is barail leamsa, ma tà, gu'n aidichear a nis gu'n robh, anmoch an eachdraidh na h-Albann, sluagh anns an dùthaich sin nach robh 'nan luchd-cleachdadh Urdughaidh 'nan cainnt, a bha uair an uachdaranachd, ged mu dheireadh a chaidh iad fo riaghladairean a bha 'nan luchd-urdughaidh ; agus a rithis gu'n d'éirich an gnàth-chainnt gu bhi air a cleachdadh an leabh-raichean anns an dùthaich so, agus gu'm bheil a ghnàth-chainnt sin againn 'sa Ghàidhealtachd air an là 'n diugh.

Faodar an fharsuingeachd air an do ruig a' Ghàidhlig an Albainn a mheas le bhi beachdachadh air ainmean àitean na dùthcha. Faodar a ràdh nach robh àite an Albainn uile anns nach do bhuadhaich a' Ghàidhlig aig àm air choireiginn ; oir is gann a tha siorramachd ann anns nach faighear ainm Gàidhlig. 'S iad a mhàin siorramachdan an ear-dheas anns am faighear gu tearc iad. Anns an earrann de'n dùthaich a tha air taobh deas Uisge Fùir, ged tha ainmean nam bailtean fearainn ùra 'nam facail Bheurla Shas-unnaich, tha earrann mhòr a dh'ainmean nan sean bhailtean 'nam facail Ghàidhlig. Chaill a' chànain Ghàidhlig greim air an dùthaich air taobh deas Uisge Fùir agus air taobh an ear na roinn a tha air taobh tuath an uisge cheudna. Tha meud na dùthcha a bha foidhpe fhathast cho mòr ri meud na dùthcha a chaill i ; ach tha an roinn a th'aise bochd, bochd, an coimeas ris an dùthaich a chaill i.

'S e aobhar sònruichte dol fodha na Gàidhlig anns a' Mhachair Albannaich : tighinn a steach nan Lochlannach borba air feadh nan eileanan siar agus taobh an iar na h-Albann agus taobh an ear na h-Eireann. Am feadh a bha 'n strèth a' mairsinn eadar na Gàidheil is na Lochlannaich chaill na Gàidheil roinn d'an cumhachd agus dh'fhannaich an greim, seal, air an dùthaich a tha air taobh an ear is taobh deas na h-Albann. Agus mu'n d'fhuair iad air ais an cumhachd an Eirinn is mu'n do thòisich iad air sgaoileadh am mach a rithis, fhuair na h-Anglaich làmh an uachdair anns an taobh an ear-dheas a dh'Albainn.

Faisg air an àm sin thàinig na Normanaich a steach do Shasunn; thug iad buaidh air na Sasunnaich agus dh'fhògradh mòran de na Sasunnaich gu Albainn far an robh Bànrighinn Shasunnach an Dùn-Eideann. Chuir ise fàilte rompa, agus nochd i taobh blàth riù; agus thug i mu'n cuairt gu'n d'fhuair iad àitean seasgair air a' Mhachair Ghallda. Bha iad so air an leantainn le Normanaich a bha air an toirt thairis gu h-anabarrach do shineadh am mach an làmhan a ghlacadh cuid feadhainn eile. Mar is dual do dhream a thàrmaich an dùthaich far an robh fearann maith agus bailtean mòra, bha iad so seòlta; agus an ceann aimsir tholl iad a stigh gus an do chuir iad gu taobh mòran de na h-uaislean a bha 'san dùthaich rompa aig an robh a' Ghàidhlig mar chainnt. Tha an ni ceudna a' dol air aghaidh air an là 'n diugh anns a' Ghaidhealtachd, a réir mo bheachd, dìreach mar a chaidh e air aghaidh anns an aimsir chéin; agus mur b'e is gu'm bheil monaidhean àrda agus lochan fada ann, agus gu'm bheil am fearann bochd, bhitheadh a

Ghàidhlig marbh o cheann fada. Air a' mhachair Ghallda chaidh a' Ghàidhlig as gu luath, gu sònruichte 'san àirde-'n-ear is am meadhon na Galldachd. Cha b' i a' Ghàidhlig a bu chànain dhùthchasach aig na Goill; agus cha robh i mòran linntean suidhichte 'sa Ghalldachd. Air an aobhar sin tha e furasd a thuigsinn nach bitheadh e duilich cur as dith le cànan eile, na'm bi sud a' chànain a bh'aig na riagh-ladairean. Is glé choltach nach robh cànan nan Cruithneach is nan Cuimreach air dol eug aig àm tòiseachadh do'n Bheurla Shasunnaich a bhuadhaichadh.

'S e an nì sònruichte a chum a' Ghàidhlig 'san taobh tuath o dhol as: an dol 's an tighinn a bha eadar Eirinn is a' Ghaidhealtachd Albannaich gu ruig linn an Ath-leasachaidh. Cha d'rinn spiorad an Ath-leasachaidh mòran drùghaidh air muinntir na h-Eireann, is dh'fhan iad an Eaglais na Ròimhe. Dh'fhàg Goill na h-Albann, air a' chuid bu mhò, an eaglais sin, agus an ceann aimsir lean na Gàidheil an eiseimpleir. Cha d'rinn teachd a steach nan Normanach do Eirinn mòran mùthaidh air inbhe na Gàidhlig an Eirinn; ach ri linn Ealasaid is Cromuill rinneadh beàrn mòr innte; agus o'n àm sin dh'fhannaich an càirdeas a bha eadar Albainn is Eirinn. Roimh àm milleadh a' bhuntàta, bha a' Ghàidhlig mar chànain aig a' chuid bu mhò de'n t-sluagh Eireannach. Thàtar ag ràdh nach 'eil os cionn lethcheud bliadhna o na bha Gàidhlig mu fhichead mìle o Bhail'-ath-cliaith. Ach o'n àm sin chaidh luchd-labhairt na Gàidhlig an gainnead 's an gainnead, gus an diugh nach 'eil iad mòran os cionn 600,000 neach.

Cha do chuir an t-Ath-leasachadh bacadh air a' Ghàidhlig an Albainn. Bha'n t-Ath-leasachadh 'na mheadhon air a' chànain a chumail beò. Bu léir do'n chléir ùir nach biodh mòran buaidh air an Ath-leasachadh 'sa Ghàidhealtachd ach troimh 'n chànain dhùthchasaich. Air an aobhar sin bha aig an Eaglais Albannaich ministirean a' frithealadh do'n t-sluagh Ghàidhealach 'nan cànan fèin o'n àm sin gus an là 'n diugh. Bha so 'na chuideachadh mòr gu a' chànain a chumail beò. Ach trì fichead bliadhna roimh an àm a tha'n làthair, thàinig an Dealachadh anns an Eaglais Albannaich, agus a nis tha'n earrann is mò de'n t-sluagh Ghàidhealach de'n Eaglais Shaoir. Tha'n Eaglais sin air a cumail a suas le cuideachadh o'n Ghalldachd. Mar sin, cha'n 'eil na ministirean neo-eismeileach mar a tha muinntir na h-Eaglais Stéidhichte. Taobhaidh na ministrean ri rùintean nan Gall nach 'eil idir càirdeil do'n Ghàidhlig, agus, uidh air n-uidh, fàsaidh iad fuar d'a taobh—a' cumail am mach fear an so is fear an sud. Tha na ministirean air am fòghlum 'sa chànain Shasunnaich, gun fhòghlum idir 'nan cànan dhùthchasaich; agus tha iad air an aobhar sin gun déigh air bith aca oirre. Is gann iad 'nan measg is urrainn a' Ghàidhlig a sgrìobhadh maith gu leòr air son a cur an clò. Is truagh an sgeul sin, oir dh'fhaodadh iad bhi 'nan cuideachadh mòr do chumail suas na Gàidhlig is an seann spioraid Ghàidhealaich.

Is ioghnadh leam nach 'eil an Eaglais Stéidhichte a' deanamh oidhirp air na Gàidheil a thàladh air an ais dith fèin troimh 'n spéis a th'aig an t-sluagh fathast d'an cànan dhùthchasaich. A thaobh nan

Eaglaisean Saora, a réir coltais, is miann leo cur as dith.

Ni eile a chuidich gu mòr gu cur as do'n Ghàidhlig 'sa Ghàidhealtachd Albannaich. Chaidh na h-uaislean an tòir air gnothuichean is àbhaistean nan Sasunnach. Chaith iad an cuid a' feuchainn ri cumail suas ris na Sasunnaich, agus b'éiginn daibh an oighreachdan a reic do'n choigreach. Tha iad so—na coigrich, agus na h-uaislean dùthchasach a tha leantainn àbhaistean nan coigreach—a' milleadh an t-sluaigh le baoth-shuairceas a tha gintinn miodail, 's neo-eismeil 'nam measg, agus dubhailcean eile nach 'eil Gàidhealach. An àite neo-eismeileachd, fialachd, fearalas, spionnadh is misneach is brochan, gheibhear miodal, brosgul, déigh air airgead, anfhannachd, gealtachd is *tea*.

'S e 'n leigheas is fèarr gus na dubhailcean ud a ghlanadh á càil nan Gàidheal: eòlas air eachdraidh, cànan, ceòl is litreachas nan Gàidheal a leudachadh 'nam measg—gu sònruichte eachdraidh nan linntean ud nuair a bha na Gàidheil 'nan sluagh cumhachdach, ealanta, ionnsuichte. Cha bhiodh e 'na chall fuathasach mòr ged a dhubhadh as gu buileach eachdraidh nan linntean sin nuair a bha Clanna nan Gàidheal 'nan sluagh borb, fo smachd aig uaislean sanntach a bha cur am mach air a chéile mu gnothuichean a bha gu tric glé shuarach, 's nach robh a chum feum air bith do'n t-sluaigh a bha fodhpa. Cha mhò bhiodh e 'na chall mòr na'n leigteadh air di-chuimhne na linntean deireannach ud nuair a rinn na Gàidheil dearmad air an gnothuichean féin 's a dh'fhalbh iad aig earball an t-Sasunnaich a chogadh an aghaidh daoine geala, dubha, 's ruadha nach d'thug aobhar

oilbheim daibh riamh, ach a bha dìreach a' dìon an còirichean féin mar bu dual 's mar bu dligheach. Agus có 's urrainn, le firinn, a ràdh nach d'fhuair na Gàidheil an dìol a thoill iad : an còir air an fhearann a shlad uapa agus an athraichean 's am màthraichean air am fògradh gu iomallan an domhain.

Tha iomadh linn air dol seachad o na thòisich an Gàidheal air bhi amaideach, socharach, so-mheallta ; agus gus an là 'n diugh is gann a tha e air tòiseachadh air bhi glic a rithis 's a chòir fhéin a thoirt am mach, a dhìon 's a chumail ; is cha bhi e air fìor-thòiseachadh air bhi glic gus an ionnsuich e nach e gabhail air obair, nach dean rùnachadh gnothuichean mòra bonn stàth dha gun a làmh a chur annta—nach dean teine fo'n phoit ach toit gus an téid aobhar broit a chur innte. Cha do thog eismeil, bleid, no mìodal sluagh riamh o inbhe iosail gu àrd-inbhe. Cha tig sàr-obair gun slor-obair. Cha tig ealain gun chleachdadh. Is iomrallach triall fo sheòladh an aineolaich. Agus cò a tha aineolach ach esan nach deach riamh, 's nach miann leis dol, an rathad a bu mhath leis feadhainn eile a ghabhail. Air an aobhar sin, seachnadh an Gàidheal an tredraiche aineolach agus, gu seachd sònruichte, esan anns am bheil an cridhe Gallda 'sa chom Ghàidhealach. Is lìonmhor a sheòrsa-san 'san linn a tha'n làthair : 's is furasd an aithneachadh : cha'n ionnsuich iad a' chànain Ghàidhlig—an canain mhàthaireil—a sgrìobhadh ; ach ni iad bòilich mhòr innte is aiste, a mheallas an t-sluagh d'am buin i.

FORMER GAELIC MOVEMENTS

IV.

SCOTLAND had been badly governed before, but the accession of James VI. to the English throne and the consequent removal of the Court to England well-nigh proved fatal to the small measure of stability and prosperity which the country possessed after the protracted and exhausting religious and civil struggles of the sixteenth century, complicated and exaggerated as they were by indifferent statesmanship. Even the spoiled child of the Stuarts, the comparatively pampered and petted "Lowlands," shared in the epidemic of incompetent and selfish politicians precipitated upon Scotland by reason of the departure of that strange mixture of cowardice, shrewdness and folly who was at once "God's silly vassal" and the "British Solomon". The *Gàidhealtachd* still lay under the spell of the great forfeiture of the Isles when, by reason of a curious combination of undeserved good luck and political astuteness, James was called to the English throne. Had the succession to the crown of that country been determined in any other way, it is probable that that prince would have signalised his reign by a series of fussy and vexatious enactments directed against the *Gàidhealtachd*, nominally, of course, with a view to promoting its prosperity and happiness, but in reality conceived and executed in a spirit diametrically opposed to its best interests. The kind of thing which James esteemed sound and "civilising"

policy, and which he would probably have enforced even at the sword's point, we obtain a glimpse of which is at once sufficient and significant in the notorious statutes of Icolmkill. The essence of these monstrous provisions consisted in the denationalisation of the greater part of Scotland. The national language is denounced as the principal cause of incivility and barbarity in Scotland; and James's panacea for his distracted country took the now familiar and fashionable form of Anglicisation. Before, however, the king's undoubted intentions could be put into effect, the murderer of his mother expired; and in fulfilment of the compact which the filial James had entered into with that chaste exponent of Divine Right, he crossed the Border with his ragged train, not, as so many of his predecessors had done before him, to advertise, by fire and sword, the abounding merits of the French Alliance, but as king of that country which his race had used as a stepping-stone to the throne of Scotland.

James's departure was undoubtedly a source of weakness and impoverishment to non-Celtic Scotland. As king of the Lothians, and no small part of the adjacent territory, his presence at the eastern capital was essential, and the removal of the figure-head soon brought about that industrial and social depression which it is the nature of such unions to inflict upon the lesser party. To the *Gàidhealtachd*, however, the departure of James, together with the more enterprising and able, if unscrupulous, of his ministers, brought almost immediate relief. The king's anti-Gaelic policy in large measure collapsed, not, indeed,

because he recognised its folly and wickedness—to say nothing of its danger to his throne and person—but simply because the multitude of his other employments and interests elsewhere—to say nothing of the distance which now separated him from his native country—effectually prevented him from carrying it out. A new power, however, had arisen in the *Gàidhealtachd* which, had it been directed to wise and patriotic ends, might have brought unity and prosperity to Celtic Scotland ; but which, owing to wrong notions and incapable or selfish instruments, was destined yet further to distract and divide the country. The rise of the family of Campbell upon the ruins of the MacDonald power was an event not in itself ill calculated to serve those designs and purposes which, we cannot but believe, were at the bottom of the MacDonald resistance. The fault of the Campbells, however, was that, instead of organising a national resistance, they spent their force in selfish and inveterate endeavours to enlarge their family territories. Their quarrel with the MacDonalds, which the departure of the king to England now enabled them to prosecute with unflagging zest and with a complete disregard for the unity of Celtic Scotland, reveals them as ever far more intent upon consolidating their own power than concerned with the infinitely more important one of supplying the country with a policy fit to take the place, in the affections and in the allegiance of the Gaels of Scotland, of that formerly advanced by the dispossessed MacDonalds. We shall look in vain, however, for any signs of “light and leading” of this compelling

description amongst the Campbell leaders. No doubt, no small part of their unpopularity was due to the success with which they pursued their methods, and to the rapidity with which they rose; and is to be discounted by reason of those circumstances. But it cannot be denied that, viewing it as a whole, the Campbell attitude towards the *Gàidhealtachd* was essentially selfish and unpatriotic; and to this cause must be ascribed no small part of the hatred with which that family was regarded by the greatest part of our countrymen, a feeling which, even to this day, is not entirely extinct, as those who best know the *Gàidhealtachd* of our own times will support me in affirming.

Another circumstance which greatly differentiated the Campbells from the MacDonalds, who, with all their faults (and, doubtless, they were many), consistently pursued a patriotic policy, was the intimate relations which the former cultivated with the Lowland Court, especially with the Stuarts, the great opponents and oppressors of the Gaelic people for many ages. It must be admitted that these circumstances alone were sufficient to render them "impossible" as leaders of the native Scots, even had they ever aimed at placing themselves at the head of the Gaelic people, and so at carrying on the work of the dispossessed MacDonalds, of which, by the way, we have as yet no proof. Certainly their relations with the Stuarts and their court, coupled with their own persistent and determined endeavours to aggrandise themselves at the expense of their neighbours, were eminently calculated to prejudice them in the eyes of their less selfish and designing, and more far-seeing

and patriotic contemporaries; and viewing the Campbell conduct as a whole, though it would be obviously unfair to accept as proven the many charges brought against them by their inveterate enemies, yet, on the other hand, it is impossible to overlook the fact that the Campbell policy was essentially selfish; and that where it did not openly place the advancement of that family in the forefront of its programme, it was conceived in a spirit, and took a form, which ran directly counter to the patriotic sentiments of the vast majority of the Gaelic people.

The departure of James was, as I have said, the signal for the renewal of the struggle between the Campbells and the MacDonalds. The latter, however, were now almost a "broken clan"; and the feud between these two powerful families rapidly degenerated into a mere vulgar dispute for certain lands. With the rapid waning of the MacDonald power, it ceases to possess all national signification; and for the historian, as for the patriot, it declines in interest in proportion as it descends to the level of similar disputes. Nevertheless—and in this circumstance the philosophic reader will not fail to recognise yet another sign of national degeneracy—it was this truly vulgar and contemptible dispute which absorbed the energies of the *Gàidhealtachd*, or at all events of the greatest part of it, for many years after the accession of James to the English throne. Indeed, it may be justly said to have dragged on, with ever-declining interest, and varying results, until the outbreak of the civil war between Charles and his

English subjects supplied a fresh diversion to the *Gàidhealtachd*, and precipitated yet another of those national crises of which the story of our race seems to be principally composed. That this crisis also came and went unimproved and unexploited so far as the Gaelic people of Scotland were concerned will not surprise the reader who is at all conversant with the history of Celtic Scotland after the forfeiture of the Lords of the Isles broke the back of the Celtic resistance to the steady encroachments of the Saxon power. On the declaration of hostilities, the bulk of the clans immediately passed into the service of that House which had formerly signalised itself by oppressing them, whilst, on the other hand, as if to symbolise the divided state of the *Gàidhealtachd* no inconsiderable number embraced the Republican cause! The obvious interest of the *Gàidhealtachd* at such a time was to remain neutral and to refrain from striking a blow for either party in a dispute whose event could profit Celtic Scotland nothing whichever side gained the mastery—and that no counsel to that effect was ever proposed, so far as is presently known, by any of the leaders of the Gaelic people shows clearly how greatly Gaelic policy had declined, and how crushing had been the series of blows administered to Celtic Scotland through the channel of the political and religious disasters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It has been advanced by partial historians of the type with which the modern histories of Scotland have rendered us familiar that this sudden adhesion to the Stuart cause on the part of the Gaelic people cannot be considered

otherwise than as a proof of their abounding ignorance, and of that slavish submission which, in the opinion of these writers, they were wont to practise in regard to their chiefs. It is surely scarcely necessary to say that a greater error of judgment than this could hardly be made. The Celtic people of Scotland were then, as now, a people of great natural parts, with a natural genius and aptitude for political discussion, in which, indeed, according to a competent observer of later date, they passed no small amount of their leisure time.¹ By such a people, the refinements of politics and the opposing tendencies of rival political creeds, even when and where those creeds had little or nothing to do with Celtic Scotland, must necessarily have been extensively and warmly discussed; and to assume, as many Lowland writers have gratuitously done, that in embracing the Royalist cause the Gaelic clans were actuated entirely by ignorance and "superstition," or, at best, were merely rendering an act of slavish obedience and allegiance to certain designing chiefs reveals a depth of preju-

¹ For some very interesting information on this point, I refer the reader to the winter number of this Magazine, 1906, page 39 *et seq.* With regard to the modern Gaels, I casually came across the following but a little time ago:—

"After this we forded the river, and walked two miles home to the lodge, comparing the strange similarities and differences of Welsh, of which I knew something, and Gaelic, of which Alan was a master. Generally, indeed, it may be observed that I found both stalker and gillies, who were crofters for the most part, to be remarkably intelligent and well informed about current affairs. One, for example, introduced the topic of the economical policy of New Zealand, and clearly knew all about it."—From "A Fortnight of Failure," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for September, 1907.

dice and ignorance in those writers themselves which in any other country save the Scotland of our own times would undoubtedly lead to their summary rejection as serious historians.¹ The Gaelic people took opposing sides in the great civil dispute which convulsed Scotland and England during the seventeenth century for precisely the same reasons as influenced their Saxon fellow-countrymen in doing the same thing. No doubt, the true policy of the *Gàidhealtachd* as a whole would have been to abstain from all participation in that conflict; to allow the Saxons to settle their domestic disputes by themselves and, meantime, to arm and to push on the unification of the "Highlands". But it is at once the fault and the merit of the Gaelic people that they cannot move unless they are led by a competent hand. The Gaelic system, too, which, at its best, produced a dangerous tendency in the direction of divided responsibility, and, at its worst, was little better than organised anarchy, was now fallen upon so evil days that it would have sorely puzzled its original undertakers to say where that system began and where the superimposed fabric of feudal custom and law ended. Certainly, if the Gaelic system and theory of government were typified by divided counsels and warring clans, each seeking to hold its own and utterly oblivious and indifferent to the rights, as to the convenience, of its neighbours, then the

¹ No one at all familiar with, say, the poems of Iain Lom could maintain for a moment that "politics"—such as they were—were not thoroughly understood of the Gaelic people. Can the Saxons produce a contemporary poet of equal genius, popularity, and political knowledge and address?

Gaelic system was at its prime when the "Great Rebellion" broke out; and the part played by the clans in taking sides in this dispute like ordinary Saxons (to whom Saxon rights and Saxon law were, necessarily, intimate concerns), was merely in accordance with the genius of that system, and a circumstance so natural and reasonable that no other explanation is to be considered as necessary, or even desirable. The fact of the matter was, however, that the Gaelic people were drawn to fight for or against English Republicanism, not because their native system of government inclined them to meddle with what did not concern them, but for two very different reasons, one being the decline of those principles which taught them to look on themselves as a people apart, and the other the cursed spirit of militarism to which the provocative rule of the Stuarts had deliberately subjected them.¹ Moreover, it has to be

¹ In some criticisms offered upon these papers, Mr. Andrew Lang objects, "But were the clans 'well matched for quiet ones' before the forfeiture of the Lordship of the Isles, and the advent of the *divide et impera* maxims of the later Stuarts?" And he cites the case of the clan battle at Perth. I do not mean to allege that the *Gáidhealtachd* (or the Gael) was fit companion for the lamb at a modern Peace Conference, before the Stuarts took to sowing dissension between rival clans with a view to securing the survival of the least fit. But what I do affirm is that the Stuarts, by their measures, were largely responsible for the fighting spirit which characterised the clans (to the great neglect of the more useful and respectable virtues) for many ages, and in some measure still so characterises them, though every patriot must rejoice that this mischievous and detestable spirit is now rapidly dying out. As for the affair of Perth, historical parallels elsewhere could easily be adduced; and were the contemporary Lowlands in any better state as regards what our English Tory friends are accustomed to style "Law and Order"?

borne in mind that the Royalist cause itself had undergone a vital and important change (since the days when James VI. set out to "civilise", the "Highlands" by means of a policy of aggressive Anglicisation. The kings of England suddenly discovered the "Highlands" in obedience to that law of necessity of which opportunism is the offspring, and instead of oppressing and pretending to despise them they took to favouring them, and extolling their virtues. This dire need of the English Royalist party for men and arms unconsciously, but materially, affected the attitude of the sovereign towards Gaelic nationalism. It became the interest of the sovereign to affect a particular regard for his Gaelic subjects, and even to modify his programme to suit their peculiar needs and aspirations. No doubt, this was not so observable in the case of the solitary—and rather lugubrious—"Martyr" of the Anglican Church; but in that of his descendants, their Scotch or Gaelic bias (whether real or assumed) was pronounced. In the person of "Bonny Prince Charlie" this inclination in the direction of cultivating that which his ancestors had done their level best to destroy reached a pitch which would be positively amusing, if it were not pathetic. James VII., who was in some respects the ablest of the Stuarts, could scarcely be got to tolerate, it is true, his Irish and Scottish subjects; and there can be no doubt that he sacrificed his campaign in Ireland,¹ and starved his Scotch supporters, solely with a view to standing well

¹ For proof of this assertion I would refer the reader to Colonel Charles O'Kelly's *Jacobite War in Ireland*, edited by Count Plunkett and Father Hogan, S.J.

with the English. Paradoxical though it may sound, it is the truth nevertheless that if ever there was an English king whose ambition it was to black the boots of John Bull, and to acquire a prospective right to a seat at the feet of our great Birmingham contemporary, that English king was James VII. His son, indeed, was either by nature less of an Englishman or had learned his part to better effect—perhaps it was neither of these things which happened in his case, and circumstances simply drove him into the arms of Scots and Irish nationalists—for he posed, not without some suspicion of grimace, it is true, as a friend and admirer of the Gael, though some of his recorded sayings, when brought face to face with the Gaelic host on the occasion of his solitary excursion to Scotland, would furnish the advocates of the theory of “inherited tendency” with a fully equipped battery of well-nigh unanswerable arguments. If the Gaels had had competent and patriotic leaders throughout the greatest part of the seventeenth century, doubtless they would have preserved their powder dry and have stayed at home against a more promising occasion. But the next best thing to do they did in throwing in their lot with the Saxon Jacobites, against Whiggery. The pity is that (1) they were not unanimous upon the point, and (2) that they had not better material to deal with and better leaders to put them at it. As it was, however, they were at least successful in infusing a little national “backbone” into the last of the Stuarts. If the *Gàidhealtachd* had not risen on the side of the English kings, it is certain that Scotland had not

made the gallant and ever-memorable stand she had against militant Anglicanism. Whiggery—failing a policy of complete abstention—would have engulfed our country more rapidly and completely than it has already done; and to say nothing of the valuable literary legacy bequeathed us by the men who went “out” with “Charlie” or James, or who sympathised with those who did, many noble examples and much inspiring patriotism would have been lost to us.

A word remains to be said, in concluding this part of my theme, as to the political and religious aspect of Whiggery: Jacobitism, from the Gaelic point of view, I must reserve for discussion in a farther paper. The average English historian who is almost invariably a Whig, with or without disguise, seems incorrigibly addicted to that creed; but the Gael will not be greatly concerned with such transparent sophistries, having his own particular view to consult. From the religious standpoint, there would not appear to have been much to choose between English Tory and English Whig. Both persecuted like the devil whenever they got the chance; and the only man amongst them who seems to have had any just notion as to the elementary principles of toleration, him—poor King James VII.—the Whigs, most incontinently, expelled! The fact is, that neither English party had the faintest conception as to the meaning of the word toleration; and, in the absence of all performance to the contrary, the Whig “tall talk” and empty bombast about their Dutch saviour¹

¹ It is a pity one cannot repeat in these polite pages Charles II.'s opinion of that most representative Whig. It is to be found, I think, in Sir William Temple's *Memoirs*.

and his enlightened methods must be regarded as so much impertinent "bluff," fit stuff to be swallowed by historians and pedagogues, but justly ridiculed and contemned by everybody else. The predominating political English creed of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, however, takes on an even more forbidding aspect when we come to canvass its purely political effects. The result of the Revolution of 1688 was to dethrone the King; but it erected the Landlord in his place. To the monstrous oligarchy, which procured the expulsion of James by methods which brought the blush of shame to the cheeks of even its most zealous panegyrists,¹ was committed the political destinies of England, and incidentally, of course, of Scotland and Ireland for the best part of more than two centuries; and careful observers of recent political events in England cannot but be aware that the end of that unnatural rump is not yet. This horrid tyranny, ten times more dangerous and hateful than the absurd pretensions and Mikado-like rule of the most reactionary of the Stuarts; because it entrenched itself behind a cast-iron rampart of class interests and prejudices whilst all the time it was posturing before the deluded gaze of the people as the thing which it was not, and never intended to be; this dangerous and horrid tyranny, I say, whilst it degraded the king to a position in the English Constitution little better than that of a Parliamentary nominee, salaried by the State and removable at

¹ Both Charles James Fox and Sir James MacIntosh avowed their disgust with the men and the methods by whom and by which this most unhappy and inglorious Revolution was effected.

pleasure, yet proceeded to gather all the available political power into its own hands and to slam the door in the face of all genuine and honest reform by means of an elaborate system of public misrepresentation and family fraud. The great Whig lords who ruled England were just as jealous of their class rights and privileges, as fully determined to die, if need be, in the last ditch in defence of their vested interests as were the most inveterate Tories that ever drew blade in behalf of an absolute king. For them, as for their political opponents, the preservation of the existing land laws, and of all the rights and privileges associated therewith, constituted the primordial article of their political faith and a first charge upon all their political endeavours; and woe betide the luckless wight who should dare to imagine that the "happy and glorious Revolution of 1688" signified anything more in practical politics than the substitution of rule by one irresponsible individual for that of organised class tyranny on the part of a number. The discriminating Gaelic reader, provided he has nothing to do with English politics, and is not in the least degree influenced by them, will doubtless infinitely prefer the English Tory, with all his manifold faults and absurdities, to that unspeakable thing in politics the English Whig. The former, at all events, was open and out-spoken in his contempt of popular rights; and had James been suffered to prove himself the English Imperialist he aspired to be, the probabilities are, judging by his well-known humane sentiments and the easy rule he seems to have been sincerely desirous to inaugurate, his

abounding tolerance, and his great and undoubted affection for all classes of his English people, that he would have signalised his reign by the passing of some much-needed legislation in the direction of bettering the condition, and alleviating the lot, of his poorer and humbler subjects. Whatever speculations such a train of thought is calculated to arouse, certain it is that the Whigs, led and governed as they were by their great lords, did absolutely nothing in the direction of social reform which by the wildest flight of the imagination can justly be said to have run counter in the least degree to their class rights and privileges and to their vested interests. So far as they were concerned, the land remained as much *terra incognita* to the common people as it did under their political predecessors—the Tories, if it did not become more so, thanks to their grasping greed and devouring selfishness. And when one hears, as one still alas ! occasionally does, Gaels of undoubted good faith, if limited information and even slenderer capacity, effusively applauding these rotten Whigs under the mistaken notion that their principles were on the square with their practice, the mind immediately reverts to the actual consequences of their disastrous rule ; to our antiquated land laws, and class privileges ; to the long vista of social reforms which the triumph of class and caste government by oligarchies at the Revolution of 1688 has postponed, seemingly to the Greek kalends ; to that true home of English Whiggery, Protestantism, snobbery and exclusiveness, the House of Lords ; to the red-tape, privilege and family intrigue which abound in the English public

services ; and to the many other evils, as well social as political, which the bringing over of the fiddle-faced Undertaker of Glen Coe has inflicted upon these islands.

R. E.

NA GOILL ANN AN LEODHAS¹

RE iomadh linn, bha sluagh na Gàidhealtachd agus nan Eileanan air amharc orra mar dhaoine borb, neo-thuigseach, agus, bho àm gu àm, bha oidhirpean air an toirt le luchd-ùghdarrais na rìoghachd gus an closnachadh, agus an toirt a stigh leis a' làimh-làidir gu dòighean agus gnàthan nan Gall. Bha spiorad àrdanach, gaisgeil anns na Gàidheil, agus cha b'e an fheala-dhà eadhoin do fheachdan a' Chrùin an toirt fo cheannsal. Gu dearbh, cha do shoirbhich riamh le ionnsuidh a thugadh gus an deanamh còir Gallda a dh'aon bheum. Tha mi 'cur romham iomradh a thoirt air mar a dh'éirich do na Fiofaich a ghabh os laimh ri àm Rìgh Seumas VI. cleachdanna nan Deasach a sparradh gun taing air muinntir an Eilein Fhada.

¹ Fhuair am paipear so a' cheud duais a chaidh thairgsinn leinn air son Seann Eachdraidh.

Ged a bhuineadh na h-Eileanan a thaobh ainm do Chrùn Albainn, bha iad da-rìreadh fo smachd agus fo riaghladh nan cinn-feadhna aig an robh ùghdarras thairis air na fineachan Gàidhealach bho shinnsreachd. Beagan roimh 'n àm a th'againn 'nar beachd, chaidh na cinn-chinnidh so ann an comh-bhoinn bho cheannas an Dòmhnallaich chumhachdaich sin, Dòmhnall Gorm Shléibhte, aig an robh an t-ainm uasal, Tighearna nan Eileanan. Bha esan ga mheas fhéin cho beag an eisimeil Crùn Albainn is gu'n do chuir e, aig aon àm, fios dìongmhalta gu Ban-rìgh Ealasaid a' tairgse cuing Rìgh Albainn a thilgeadh dheth, agus a bhi dileas dh'ise agus d'a seirbhis "air chùmhanta agus air gheallanna reusanta".¹ Ged nach d'fhuair an litir aige mòran éisdeachd, tha i 'nochdadh gu soilleir gu'n robh suidheachadh nan Eileanan glé bhruidhneach 'nuair a bha mac Ban-rìgh Màiri a' rioghachadh. Cha'n e mhàin gu'n robh an sluagh neo-umhail do'n Ard Uachdaranachd, ach bha cònsachadh agus cath gu tric 'nam measg fhéin mu thimchioll air sloinntireachd agus air ceistean cudthromach eile.

Bha Rìgh Seumas VI. agus a luchd-comhairle anabarrach déigheil air na h-Eileanan a thoirt gu slochaint agus gu riaghailt. Ach, bha so na b'usa ghuidhe no dheanamh. Cha robh e idir soirbh dhaibh innleachd a dheilbh air son na bha 'nam beachd a thoirt gu buil. Mu dheireadh, chaidh a shocrachadh gu'n rachadh àireamh mhaith de Dheas-aich, a bhiodh a suas ri àiteach agus ri iasgach, a shuidheachadh ann an Leodhas le dùil agus dòchas

¹ *Faio Pict. Hist. of Scot.*, le Taylor, L. ii., t. 374.

gu'm biodh an eisimpleir aca 'na meadhoin air na fineachan a dheanamh stéidheil, crìonta, ciallach, agus toileach saothrachadh gu dìchiollach le lìon agus le ceaba.

Bha'n t-àm sealbhach air son a leithid de ghnòthach, oir bha ùpraid agus aimhreit am measg nan Leodhasach iad fhéin. B'e Ruairidh MacLeod a bu cheannard air an Eilean ach beag gu buileach, agus bha i 'na ceist nach robh furasda fhuasgladh có d'a chuid mhac a bhiodh 'na oighre air. Bha e pòsda trì uairean. Bha amharus làidir aige nach robh a cheud bhean—nighean do Mhac Coinnich Chinn-tàile—dileas dha, agus chuir e bhuaithe i. Cha do ghabh e riamh ri a mac, Torcall; agus, tha e cinnteach gu'n d'aidich Uisdean Mac 'Ille-mhoire, Breitheamh Leodhais, gu'm b'esan a b'athair do'n ghille. An t-aideach so rinn e sa bhliadhna 1566, agus e air leabaidh a bhàis. Chaidh an t-òganach a thogail le Cloinn Choinnich, muinntir a mhàthar, ann an Srath Chonain, agus theirte ris, 'nuair a thàinig e gu aois, Torcall Conanach. Leis an dàra mnaoi, bha mac aig Ruairidh, ach chaidh a bhàthadh glé òg. Phòs an laoch treubhach an treasamh uair—an turus so Seonaid, nighean do Lachann Mór Dhubhairt—agus leatha so bha dà mhac aige, Torcall Dubh agus Tormoid. A bharrachd air a' chloinn dhlighich, bha cóignear de mhic dhiolain aige—Dòmhnall, Ruairidh Og, Niall, Tormoid Uigeach, agus Murachadh—agus thàinig gach fear dhiubh gu aois agus inbhe duine.

Chaochail Ruairidh aig aois ceithir-fichead bliadhna agus deich, agus, mar bu dùth is mar bu dual, thàinig a mhac Torcall Dubh a stigh 'na àite. Cha b'fhada

shealbhaich esan an oighreachd ; oir, air dha a bhi air tìr-mór a' cath ri Torcall Conanach, chaidh a ghlacadh agus a liubhairt thairis do MhacCoinnich Chinn-tàile, a spàrr gu grad an ceann dheth. An earbsa ri 'leth-bhràthair, Niall, dh'fhàg e triuir mhac òga ; agus, gus an tigeadh an t-aon bu shine dhiubh gu inbhe, bha riaghladh an Eilein ann an làmhan Nèill. B'e Murachadh, bràthair Nèill, a chaidh a ghabhail còmhnuidh ann an Caisteal Leodhais.

So an suidheachadh anns an robh Eilean an Fhraoich 'nuair a rùnaich an Rìgh agus a luchd-comhairle gu'n suidhicheadh iad prasan Ghall am measg an t-sluaigh, mar bheagan de thaois ghoirt a bha gus am meall uile ghoirteachadh. Bha tighearn fear-ainn no dhà ann an Fìofa a bha déigheil air seilbh fhaighinn anns na siorramachdan tuathach, agus de gach àite air an robh iomradh aca, b'e Leodhas an roghainn. Bha e air innseadh dhaibh gu'n robh an t-eilean sin anabarrach tiorach agus saibhir. Chuala iad gu'n toireadh e seachad bàrr math de choirce agus de eòrna ; agus, bha foirbhis aca gu'n robh e pailt ann an spréidh, an caoirich, an gobhair, agus an eich. Bha iad a' creidsinn gu'n robh òr ri 'fhaighinn le cladhach air a shon anns na h-Earradh ; agus, ar leo, nam faigheadh iad còir air a bheag no mhór a dh'fhearann anns na cearnachan ud, gu'n deanadh iad fortan a chur cruinn an ùine glé ghoirid.

Choinnich Pàrlamaid ann an Dùn-éideann san Dùdlachd, 1597, agus rinn i dà Achd a bha 'bualadh glé throm air na Tuathaich. Bha'n ceud fhear a' cur an céill gu'n robh a' Ghàidhealtachd agus na h-Eileanan a nis air an ceangal ris a' Chrùn agus 'n

an cuid de earras an Rìgh. Bha e air ainmeachadh gu'n robh an luchd-àiteachaidh a' deanamh dearmad air màl a phàigheadh, no obair mòrlanachd a deanamh, agus, an lorg sin, gu'n robh an dùthaich gu buileach air bheag buannachd. Air son nan aobharan so, bha e air àithneadh agus air òrduchadh do gach tighearn fearainn, ceann-cinnidh agus neach eile a bha ag agairt còir air fearann, iad fhéin a nochdadh ann an Dùn-éideann roimh 'n ath Bhealltainn, a chum an còirichean a dhearbhadh agus urras a thoirt seachad air son an cuid màil san ùine bha air thoiseach. Mur a tigeadh iad air an aghaidh, bhiodh gach fearann a bhuineadh dhaibh air a ghlacadh leis a' Chrùn. Bha'n dàra Achd a' toirt cumhachd seachad trì bailtean a thogail—aon ann an Ceann-tìre, aon ann an Lochabar agus aon ann an Leodhas. Cha d'ùmhlaich Leodaich Leodhais agus na h-Earradh iad fhéin do luchd-gnothaich an Rìgh aig a' Bhealltainn, agus gu grad chaidh an cuid fearainn a ghairm glacta leis a' Chrùn. Bha so a' toirt cothrom do'n Phàrlamaid, le sàmhladh ceartais, air buintinn ri Leodhas dìreach mar a chitheadh i iomchuidh.

Chaidh Comunn a chur air bonn air son dol do Leodhas agus tuinneachadh a dheanamh ann. B'e Diùc Lennox a bu duine agus a bu dithis air cùl a' ghnòthaich, agus b'iad a chuid chompanach Pàdrùig, aig an robh Lindores *in commendam*; Seumas Learmonth, Balcomi; Sir Seumas Anstruther, oighre Anstruther; Seumas Spens, Uormston; Sir Seumas Sandiland, Slamanno; Caipitín Uilleam Moraidh; Iain Forret, Fionngasc; Uilleam, aig an robh Pittenweem *in commendam*; Dabhaidh Home, Wedderburn, agus

Sir Deorsa Home, Wedderburn. Chaidh cùmhnantan mionaideach a tharruing am mach eadar an Comunn so agus luchd-comhairle a' Chrùin. Bha iad ri seilbh fhaotainn air Leodhas agus air Ròna a bhuineadh do na Leodaich; agus, mar an ceudna, air Tròtairnis (san Eilean Sgitheanach), a bhuineadh do Mhac Dhòmhnuill Shléibhte. Chuir iad iad fhéin fo fhiachaibh ceithir eaglaisean agus baile 'thogail ann an Leodhas agus dà eaglais ann an Ròna. Bha iad gus gach meadhoin a chleachdadh gu sìochaint agus deagha riaghailt a stéidheachadh am measg an t-sluaigh. B'e am màl a bh'aca ri phàigheadh gach bliadhna,—air son Leodhais agus Ròna, seachd fich-ead salldair eòrna, agus air son, Thròtairnis, ceithir cheud mearc. Cha robh màl ri iarraidh orra ré nan ceud sheachd bliadhna, agus bha Diùc Lennocs air a shònrachadh mar fo-uachdaran air Leodhas. Bha an Rìgh ri dol am mach air ceann feachd “air son Ceann-tìre agus ceàrnachan eile de na h-Eileanan, agus de'n Ghàidhealtachd a thoirt gu ùmhlachd,” agus b'ann air an 20mh de'n Lùnasdal, 1598, a bha'n bhuidheann chogaidh ri cruinneachadh aig Dùn-breatunn. Thàinig an làtha, agus, mar an ceudna, an Rìgh; ach bu bheag guth a bh'aige air cath a dheanamh ri neach sam bith. Chuir e dàil anns an iomairt, agus an sin thill e dhachaidh gu sàmhach do Dhùn-éideann. Cha robh dad de thlachd aige-san, gu pearsanta, ann am beartan claon, no ann an aimhreit gun stàth.

Faodar a thuigsinn gu'm b'ole a chòrd gnìomh agus rùn an Rìgh ris na Fiofaich aig an robh an sùil air Leodhas. Thuig iad agus chreid iad nach robh esan ag aontachadh ach air sgàth sgoinne leis a'

cheum a bha mhiann orra ghabhail. Coma co-dhiù, cha robh e dhìth orra an cothrom a fhuair iad a leigeadh seachad gus am faiceadh iad a' chuid a b'fhaide. Se a thachair gu'n do theann iad am mach air an turus dh'ionnsuidh an Eilein Fhada air an 20^{mh} de'n Dàmhar, 1598. Cha robh a' chuid-eachd idir beag no suarach. Bha innte cóig no sia ceud saighdear, àireamh mhór de luchd ceird, agus còmhlan de uaislean òga a dh'fhalbh mar shaighdearan saor-thoileach. B'e an ceud ghnòthach air an d'thug iad ionnsuidh séisd a chur le mór fharum ri Caisteal Leodhais; agus b'e deireadh na cluich gu'm b'fheudar do Mhurachadh agus d'a mhuinntir an ruaig a ghabhail. Shaoil le luchd na Beurla gu'n robh an latha leo. Thòisich iad air togail thaighean, agus bha e 'nam beachd baile beag a chur air bonn. Mu'n d'fhuair iad ro fhada air an aghaidh leis an obair fheumail so, thàinig an geamhradh, agus, 'na lorg, dh'fhuiling na Goill móran deuchainn agus cruadail Dh'fhàs am biadh glé ghann, agus eadar fuachd agus acras, bha'm bàs trang 'nam measg. Thòisich na Leodhasaich aig an àm cheudna air a bhi ladurna agus cònnspaideach. Bha Niall MacLeod agus a bhràthair Murachadh a ghnàth air son fàth a ghabhail orra. Bha Seumas Learmonth, Balcomi, mar a bha e air a shlighe gu Leodhas, air a ghluacadh le Murachadh, agus air a ghleidheadh 'na phrìosanach fad sia mìosan. Bha e'n sin air a leigeadh m'a sgaoil, air dha gealltainn gu'm pàigheadh e éirig iomchuidh. Cha robh e riamh 'na chomas an éirig a dhìoladh, oir shiubhail e ann an Arcamb mar a bha e air a thurus dhachaidh. Cha b'iad na Leodaich a mhàin a bha'n

droch rùn do na Fiofaich, ach mar an ceudna Mac-Dhòmhnuill Shléibhte, MacCoinnich Chinn-tàile, agus móran de thriathan Gàidhealach eile, air an robh iomaguin, nuair a gheibheadh na coigrich taod, gu'n iarradh iad teadhair.

An ath bhliadhna, air do na Goill Leodhas a ruigh-eachd, dhùisg easaontachd eadar na bràithrean, Niall agus Murachadh MacLeoid, agus cha'n fhac iad beart a b'iomchuidh no chùis a bha tighinn eatorra a leige-adh gu ràdh nam biodag. Bha chuid a b'fhearr de'n chaonnaig aig Niall, agus bha Murachadh, maille ri 'dhà dheug d'a luchd-leanmhainn air an deanamh 'nam prìosanaich. Thar an dà fhear dheug so, chaidh na cinn a ghearradh gu grad, ach bha car eile aig Niall san amharc a thaobh a bhràthar. Chaidh e ann an ceann beagain ris na Fiofaich, agus thairg iadsan, nan liubhradh e Murachadh thairis dhaibh-san, gu'm faigh-eadh iad bho'n Rìgh saor mhaitheanas do Niall air son gach cionta a bha ri 'chur às a leth, agus mar an ceudna, còir laghail, chinnteach dha air roinn shòn-ruichte de'n eilean. An còrr cha d'iarr Niall, agus gun dàil bha Murachadh ann an glacaibh teann nan Gall. Chaidh an gaisgeach calma a chur air falbh do Dhùn-éideann ann an iarunn, agus buidheann shaighdearan ri faire thairis air. Ann am broilleach na cuideachd bha Niall, agus cinn an dà-fhear-dheug a rinn cath le 'bhràthair aige ann am poca, los an càramh fa chomhair an Rìgh. Fhuair an còmhlan gabhail riu gu math ann an Dùn-éideann, agus cha deachaidh nì a ghealladh dha a chumail air ais bho Niall. Air son Mhurachaidh bhoichd, chaidh a ghiulan do Chill-rìbhinn, a thoirt m'a choinneamh luchd-breith, 'fhao-

tainn ciontach agus a chur gu bàs. Nuair a bha e 'na laidhe am prìosan a' feitheamh na binne bhi air a cur an cleachdadh, rinn e aidmheil, agus chur e às leth MhicCoinnich Chinn-tàile gu'm b'e a dh'fhùdaraich esan agus a bhràthair an aghaidh nam Fìofach. Air tàilibh na h-aidmheil so, chaidh MacCoinnich a ghlacadh agus a ghlasadh a staigh ann an Caisteal Dhùin-éideann. Ach, bha Iarla Mhontrós 'na charaid air a chùl, agus, le còmhnaidh a' mhoraire sin, fhuair e briseadh am mach agus teicheadh dhachaidh. Cha robh e an dùrachd mòran na b'fheàrr, no bha e roimhe do thuathanaich ùra Leodhais an déigh na sgrìob ud a thoirt, d'a aindeoin, do cheanna-bhaile na rioghachd. Cha'n e chur am prìosan dòigh is fheàrr air duine dheanamh sìtheil agus dileas do'n Chrùn.

Ma bha fiughair aig na Goill gu'n robh mil air gach mèis san Eilean Fhada, bha barail eile aca mu'n robh iad mòran ùine air feadh nan "lochanan bòidheach, nan òban 's nan caol". Cha do thaitinn tuar an fhearainn riu ro mhath; agus, air son na side a dh'amaid orra anns an cheud gheamhradh, thug i bàrr air na dh'fhiosraich iad riamh. Bha sluagh na dùthcha gnù, gruamach, agus a réir coltais, bha iad borb, nàimhdeil, mar an ceudna. B'ànnsa leo an claidheamh na'n ceaba, agus bha e soilleir nach robh uapa ach an cothrom air son a bhi am brusg nan coigreach. Bha gu leoir de mhòintich air gach taobh, ach aon chraobh cha robh ri faicinn. Ma bha òr sna h-Earradh, bha e air a dheagha 'ghleidheadh am falach. Bu choltaiche an t-àite ri tìr an acrais na ri tìr a' phailteis.

Cha robh cabhag sam bith air an fho-uachdaran

Lennoch gu cobhair a dheanamh air a chàirdean. Gu dearbh, cha d'rinn Lennoch nì sam bith a nochdadh gu'n robh sùim idir aige do na h-Eileanan Tuathach, no gu'n robh 'na bheachd an dleasannas a ghabh e os làimh a choimhlionadh d'an taobh. Bha beagan reusain air a shon so. Cha robh e furasda na h-Eileanaich a thoirt fo smèig ach a mhàin leis a' chlaidheamh. Bha so a' dol na bu shoilleire agus na bu shoilleire h-uile latha. Bha e fàs glé dhuilich feachd làidir a thogail a bhiodh cinnteach na Leodhasaich agus na dh'fhaodadh éireadh leo a cheann-sachadh. Bha sluagh na Galldachd a nis aig sith agus suaimhneas 'nam measg fhéin, agus bha iad sgith de bhi air an gairm am mach bho àm gu àm an aghaidh dream ris nach robh cuid no gnothach aca. Bha iad a' cur rompa nach biodh iad, anns an rathad ud, 'nan gilleam-flipidh na b'fhaide aig na h-uachdarain. Làn na beannachd dhaibh! Bha na Goill aig an àm sin móran na bu ghlice agus na bu toinisegeala na bha clanna nan Gàidheal ceud gu leth bliadhna 'na dhéigh sud. Anns an ochdamh linn deug chaidh sluagh na Gàidheal a liodairt, a sgiursadh agus a chreachadh le feachdan Shasuinn, agus m'a dheireadh chaidh an toirt fo chis agus fo smachd. Ciamar a ghiulain iad iad fhéin an déigh na tàmailt so a thàinig orra? Amhuil mar dhroch coin a gheibheadh gu leoir de'n t-slait agus a thionndaidh air ball a dh'imlich nan làmh a bha buintinn cho neo-chaoimhneil riu, ghabh sliochd nan sonn ann an Arm Shasuinn gu grad—eadhoin 'an ath bhliadhna—agus theann iad air falbh a dheanamh cath, às leth Shasuinn, ri rìoghachdan a bha riamh càirdeil, bàigheil ri Albainn. Thòisich iad,

mar shluagh, ri sodal agus miodal a dheanamh ri'n seann nàmhuid, an Sasunnach; agus, chaill iad an spiorad uaibhreach, àrdanach a bhuineadh dhaibh, ionnas nach d'thuirt iad guth mór no droch fhacal nuair a chaidh an cuid fearainn a thoirt uatha, agus am fàrdaichean a losgadh mu'n cluasan,—'nuair a chaidh an òrduchadh air falbh bho dhùthaich an sinnsre agus am “fuadach thar sàile mar bhàrrlach gun fheum.”

(*R'a 'leantainn.*)

A. MACEANRUIG.

MAR A DH'EIRICH CUID DE NA SEAN-FHACAIL

II.

THA mòran de na Sean-fhacail a' leigeil ris gu'n robh na seana Ghàidheil làn de dh'fheala-dhà, agus gu'n robh iad a' meas gu'n gabhadh cuid mhath de eòlas a thoirt seachad eadar feala-dhà is da-rìreadh.

Ma's fìor an sgeul, bha sionnach agus madadh-allaidh a' triall còmhla madainn a bha sin, is faicear iad asail ag ionaltradh air lèanag uaine. Tharruing iad dlùth air an asail, agus ars' an sionnach ris a'

mhadadh-allaidh—"Mur 'eil mo shùilean 'g am mbealladh, tha sgriobhadh neònach air bròg dheiridh chhlith na h-asail : rach an taobh a tha i agus leugh dé th'ann, oir is sgoilear thu. Cha d'fhuair mi fhéin a bheag de'n sgoil riamh." Bha am madadh-allaidh cho pròiseil gu'n d'fhuair e urram na sgoilearachd, gu'n deach e 'n taobh a bha'n asail, a bhuaile breab 'sa chlaigionn air a chuir an t-eanchainn as. Nuair a chunnaic an sionnach mar a thachair, labhair e na briathran a tha nis air an suaineadh am measg nan sean-fhacal—"Cha'n 'eil mi 'm sgoileir : 's cha'n àill leam a bhi', mar thubhairt am madadh-ruadh ris a' mhadadh-allaidh".

Cha'n 'eil an so ach h-aon de na ficheadan naigh-eachd a tha air aithris air seòltachd an t-sionnaich. Latha bha siud, ghlac sionnach geadh glas air sgéith, a thuit a bhi 'na chadal aig taobh an locha. 'Nuair a bha e aige, is greum aig air sgiath air, thòisich an geadh ri gànrach is ri ainstil mhóir. Thubhairt an sionnach is e ri sgailleas, "A nis nan robh mise agadsa 'nad bheul, mar tha thusa agamsa, innis dhomh ciod a dheanadh tu?"

"Ma ta," ars' an geadh, "cha'n 'eil e duilich do cheisd a fhreagairt. Phasgainn mo làmhan, dhùininn mo shùilean, dheanainn altachadh, agus an sin dh'ithinn thu."

"Ro mhath," ars' an sionnach, "sin dìreach a tha mi dol a dheanamh, agus a' pasgadh a làmhan, dhùin e shùilean is le aghaidh stuama stolda, rinn e altachadh cràbhaidh."

Ach fhad 'sa bha sùilean an t-sionnaich dùinte, sgaoil an geadh a sgiathan, is bha e leth an rathaidh

thar an loch mu'n d'fhosgail am fear a bha ris an altachadh a shùilean.

Nuair a chunnaic an sionnach nach robh aige ach “an gad air an robh an t-iasg,” agus gann sin fhéin, thubhairt e—“Ni mi 'na riaghailt e 'na dhéigh so fad uile laithean mo bheatha gun an t-altachadh a ràdh gus am bi am biadh blàth 'nam ghoile”.

Có a nis nach tuig an sean-fhacal—“Is féarr a bhi cinnteach na bhi caillteach”.

“IS FURASDA BUILL' AN TREUN-FHIR AITHNEACHADH.”

Thuit do shionnach gur dhraighinn fhaicinn agus bha leis gu'm biodh iad blasda nan d'fhuair e iad. Dh'fhaodadh aon no dhà dhiubh a shàsachadh, ach bha mhiann anns an draighinn e fhéin agus ochd-mhic-dheug, agus bha iad uile cho coltach r'a chéile nach aithnicheadh e an t-athair o'n chlann.

“Ma mharbhas mi h-aon no dhà de'n teaghlach,” ars' an sionnach, “gabhaidh athair na muirichinn rabhadh agus teichidh e-fhéin is an còrr de'n t-sliochd. B'fheàrr leam gu'n robh fhios agam có an t-athair.”

Thòisich e ri cùisean a chnuasachadh, agus 'se bh'ann gu'm fac e iad uile anns an t-sabhull a' bualadh. Shuidh e tacan a' gabhail iolla riu. Mu dheireadh ars' esan—

“Is furasda buill' an t-seann-laoich aithneachadh.”

“Bha làtha dha sinn—ach cha tuig iadsan, na gar-raich—ach is suarach mise seach mo sheanair,” fhreagair athair na muirichinn gu bòsdail.

So na bha dhith air an t-sionnach. Rug e air an “t-seann-laoch,” is chuir e car 'na amhaich, is na dhéigh sin, cha robh e fada a' glacadh a chòrr.

Is fheudar gu'n do thachair so uile

“'Nuair bha Gàidhlig aig na h-eòin,
'Sa thuigeadh iad ceòl nan dàn,”

agus cha'n 'eil teagamh nach 'eil an sgeul a leanas a dearbhadh na cùise.

Thachair coileach is sionnach latha bha sin, is thòisich iad air conaltradh.

“Cò meud cleas a th'agad?” ars' an sionnach.

“Ma ta, bha làtha 's rachadh agam air a trì, cò meud a th'agad fhéin?” ars' an coileach.

“Théid agam air trì fichead 'sa trì-deug,” ars' an Sionnach.

“Ciod iad an fheadhainn air an eòlaiche thu?” ars' an coileach.

“Ma ta,” ars' an sionnach, “b'abhaist do'm shean-air a leth-shùil a dhùnadh agus glaoth mòr a thoirt as.”

“Rachadh agam fhéin air sin a dheanamh,” ars' an coileach.

“Feuch e ma ta,” ars' an sionnach. Agus dhùin an coileach an t-sùil a b'aisge do'n t-sionnach, agus 'se bh'ann gu'n do rug an sionnach air amhaich air, agus thàr e as leis an deannaibh nam bonn. Ach chunnaic Cailleach-nan-cearc e agus ghlaodh i àird a cinn—“Leig as an coileach, is leam-s' e”.

“Abair thusa,” ars' an coileach ris an t-sionnach, —“'Se mo choileach fhéin a th'ann”.

Dh'fhosgail an sionnach a bheul gus na facail so a ràdh, is ma dh'fhosgail ghabh an coileach an cothrom teicheadh, is thug e air gu mullach tigh-nan-cearc, chaog e shùil ris an t-sionnach is thug e'ghlaodh mór as, is cha tug an sionnach an car as riamh tuille.

“PORT RAOGHAILL UIDHIR.”

Ma's fìor an sgeul 'se piobaire bh'ann an Raoghall. Tha an “Ciaran Mabach” a' toirt iomradh air a' phort so. Tha e coltach gur e cladhair a bh'ann an Raoghall Odhar, agus thuit dha bhi air faiche aon uair nuair is bhuail an t-eagal e, is mar tha fhios againn “Is miosa an t-eagal na'n cogadh”. Leis an eagal, cha b'urrainn dha gaoth a chumail ris a' phìob, agus 'se bh'ann gu'n do phasg e i, agus thòisich e air port tiamhaidh a sheinn. Nuair a chluinnear neach ag caoidh 'sa gearan air bheagan aobhair, their daoine gu'm bheil e seinn “Port Raoghaill Uidhir”. So cuid de na rannan a tha air mhairean de'n phort ainmeil so—

“Se so an an talamh mi-shealbhach,
Tha gun chladach gun gharbhach gun chòs,
Anns an rachainn ga m' fhalach,
Sluagh gun athadh a' teannadh faisg òirnn.

Tha mi tinn leis an eagal.
Tha mi cinnteach gur beag a bhios beò,
Chi mi lasag an fhùdair,
Chluinn mi sgailceadh nan dù-chlach ri òrd !

Fhuair mi gunna nach diùlt mi,
Fhuair mi claidheamh nach lùb ann am dhòrn,
Ach ma ni iad mo mharbhadh
Ciod am feum a ni 'n armachd sin dhòmhs'.

Ged a gheibhinn-sa sealbh,
Air làn a' chaisteil de dh'airgead 's de dhòr,
Oich ! ma ni iad mo mharbhadh
Ciod am feum a ni 'n t-airgead sin dhomh-s' ? ”

Ge math na sean-fhacail, fàsaidh daoine sgith
dhiubh, is mar sin tha 'n t-àm sgur.

FIONN.

THE BOOK OF INVERNESS¹

THIS is an excellent volume of these well-known *Transactions* ; and we have much pleasure in testifying to its merit. The volume consists of eleven papers (all of considerable value and all of great interest), of which, however, two only are in the language of the Gael. The paper by Mr. James MacDiarmid is partly in Gaelic, and might well, and more appropriately, have been entirely composed in the national tongue.

The most interesting of these papers is “Sgeulachd Cois o' Cein,” contributed by Dr. George Henderson, a well-known scholar and an occasional contributor to these pages. It makes fascinating reading, and

¹ *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, vol. xxv., 1901-1903.

Dr. Henderson has laid the whole world of Gaelic letters under a great debt of obligation by reason of his clear and scholarly transcription of this famous *sgèul*. "It is," he says, "one of the most considerable specimens of Gaelic prose"; and we agree with him that it is "well worthy of study, from the point of view as well of language as of theme". For our own parts we can justly say that we have derived as well profit as pleasure from the exhaustive study we have made of it.

"The diction," says Dr. Henderson, "well illustrates the present state of Gaelic prose narrative. Though it shows a few corruptions, easily noticeable and not above explanation, it is a transcript of the living speech." And it is a transcript done in the scholarly fashion we have a right to expect from Dr. Henderson. Some of the expressions in this *sgèul* are of no small historical and antiquarian interest. "Cuairt agus Cathair" occurs frequently. "Bhuail e beum-sgeithe air an fhaiche, agus ghearr e fòid-comhraig" is curious, and the latter part, to us at all events, novel. MacPherson's compositions have rendered us all familiar with the "beum-sgeithe," but the "fòid-comhraig" we were not previously acquainted with. It is a little curious that the advocates of MacPherson never laid hold of their hero's use of the former expression as tending to prove that he at all events must have had oral experience of genuine Ossianic poetry. To the best of our recollection, however, he does not once mention the "fòid-comhraig". Whence, we wonder, came this strange custom? The sentence, "chaidh am prionnsa chrùnadh 'na rìgh an so, agus

chaidh cuirm is fleadh a chur feadh gach àite 's *bha àrd thoilinntinn ac' aig crìnach an rìgh*" would almost seem to point to the existence of some particular constitutional usage amongst the Gaels. It has a decidedly "elective" flavour about it, and arouses visions of the seven "Earls" and their prerogatives, touching which there has been not a little disputation. Readers of ancient Gaelic poetry will be interested in the "*caisteal mòr agus lùchairt àluinn air a tuthadh le clòimh nan eun*". Was this an actual custom, or have we here but a figment of the poetic imagination? The reader will doubtless remember the lines in O'Curry:—

"One hundred feet are in Credé's house

.
Its portico with its thatch

Of the wings of birds, blue and yellow."

"*Cha robh aig an rìgh ach bàs na beatha*," etc., strikes us as fine; but of a different order is the allusion to the "*loth ghlais thapaidh*". Was this the original of our familiar friend the "grey mare"? Certainly, on the occasion of the encounter narrated by the *sgeulaiche* she proved herself much the better horse!

The *sgeul* abounds in picturesque and interesting allusions to, and descriptions of, ancient Gaelic customs, and we much regret that we have not space at our disposal to treat of them at length. We cannot, however, refrain from one or two extracts: "*Chaidh an dinneir air a h-aghaidh 's gach òl 's gach mire, 's gach muirn a b'urrainn an rìgh leigeil fhaicinn do'n luchd-céird. Nuair a dh'fhàs an rìgh cridheil*

le deoch, dh'orduich e 'aon nighean a thoirt a nios a thoirt buidheachais do'n luchd-céird airson mar a rinn iad an gnothach. Thàinig àilleagan an fhuilt-réidh—boinne-fala cho bòidheach sa thig no thàinig. Fhuair i copan òir 'na làimh 's dh'òl i ann am fion a thoirt taing do'n luchd-céird airson a h-athar a thoileachadh cho maith. Thionndaidh i mach agus dh'fhalbh i. Thòisich iad air òl an so, agus an rìgh gu h-àraid le ard-thoil inntinn airson na h-ighinne maith a bh'aige, 's gu'n do fhreagair i e thighinn a lathair choigreach, *rud a bha air a thoirmeasg a leithid a dheanadh.*" One of the characters in the *sgèul* loses his mother, and, we are told, "cha robh againn ach a bhi tuireadh sa bròn an sin fad seachduin". The "three smalls" will be familiar to all readers of Campbell's *Popular Tales*; but here we are told that "chuir e ceangal nan *ceitheir* chaol air". The "three smalls" were the wrists, the ankles and the waist, we believe; doubtless the neck supplied the fourth. We have already had the "beum-sgeithe" and the "fòid-comhraig"; "crathaibh an t-slabhraidh chomhraig" is the advice, or rather command, tendered by a lady to a male acquaintance who was evidently "spoiling" for a fight. We wish we could afford more space for quotation from, and comment on, this fascinating *sgèul*; there is not a page of it which is not full of interest.

The late Rev. John MacRury contributes "*Turas Ruairidh do'n Exhibition,*" in which there is much quiet humour. It is, perhaps, a trifle "light" for a grave collection of this kind, but as a Gaelic "human document" it has its uses. The third Gaelic paper is

by Mr. James MacDiarmid, "Fragments of Braedalbane Folk-Lore," and is interesting, if it does not materially add to our knowledge of the theme. Though we do not say it by way of reproach to the author, yet we think that some of the information he gives has been previously published, and in former volumes of these *Transactions*. It is, no doubt, extremely difficult to avoid "overlapping" when treating of such a theme: folk-lore forms have a well-known tendency to repeat themselves. Of the English papers, that by the Rev. Charles Robertson will doubtless be read with most interest by our readers. The subject is severely technical, "Sutherland Gaelic," and is treated in a highly scholarly fashion. Mr. Robertson is an authority second to none now that Dr. MacBain is, alas! no longer amongst us; and it is a pity that his services and talents cannot be recognised in a national way. Surely, if the late Dr. MacBain's proper field was the University, as Dr. Kuno Meyer justly observed, the same holds good in the case of Mr. Robertson. What is his Church about that it does not provide him with a sphere commensurate with his industry and his great gifts? Mr. Murray Rose's "Notes on the Family of de Moravia" are rather more "suggestive" than absolutely convincing—at all events where he essays to leave the beaten track. It is a pity that he did not state the grounds for his belief that the "illustrious Douglasses . . . were of the same origin as the Morays". It is quite possible, nay, we are inclined to think it probable that their origin was Scottish, but we should like to know why

we should incline to associate them with the great northern family. "Freskin," their—the Moray—mysterious eponymous, is, no doubt, a name to conjure with, especially in view of the uncertainty which pervades that elusive character; but we protest against this system of retrospective procreation, at all events in the absence of all proof. The late Dr. MacBain had, if our memory is not at fault, a theory as to the meaning of the name "Freskin" as well as one relating to his parentage, of which Mr. Rose remarks that all efforts to discover it "have hitherto been unavailing". He might at least have quoted Dr. MacBain. Of the other English papers those by Dr. MacBain, "Place-names of Inverness-shire"—a truly admirable composition, and one which makes us grieve more than ever the untimely loss of that incomparable scholar—the "Parish of Kiltarlity and Conwith," by the Rev. Archibald MacDonald; "Wardlaw Church and Clergy," by the Rev. C. D. Bentinck; "Scraps of Unpublished Poetry and Folklore from Lochness Side," by Mr. Alexander MacDonald; and the "Early Monuments and Archaic Art of Scotland," by Professor Ramsay of Aberdeen, are all well worth reading and inwardly digesting. We notice comparatively few misprints in the Gaelic portion; and type and paper are both good. We cannot help thinking, however, that far too much space is devoted to the festive proceedings of the *Comunn*. Surely speeches (English) as to the state of the English army and navy are out of place in a non-political compilation of this kind? What on earth has a Gaelic Society to do with such topics?

And really it is hardly quite fair to Lord Lovat to transfer into cold type festive balderdash of this kind : "In his (Lord Lovat's) estimation, it was perfectly hopeless for any person to learn the *true meaning of words as they were spelt at the present day*. There was an extraordinary redundancy of consonants (presumably in Gaelic words, though neither the report nor Lord Lovat says so), *they were heaped up one on the top of the other until it took the qualifications of an expert to tell what they meant*. The Irish were more sensible : *they had introduced a system of aspirates* which helped to obviate the extraordinary conglomeration of consonants which obtained in Scottish Gaelic." Not bad for a man who does not know what he is talking about. Much valuable space is lost to the *Comunn* (and the public) by reason of drivel—there is really no other word for it—of this kind. If "figure-heads" of Lord Lovat's description are essential to the *Comunn's* meetings, at all events it would be charity to them, and others, not to admit their foolish observations to these otherwise admirable *Transactions*. There should, too, be more Gaelic. But two Gaelic papers out of a dozen or so—not to mention much wholly unnecessary English "padding"—is not enough.

A' BHAN-RIGH NEO-EIFEACHDACH

III.

A' GHÀIDHEALTACHD IS MAÌRI

THUBHAIRT mi a cheana nach robh eòlas aig Màiri air a' Ghàidhealtachd. Ach a thaobh na puinc so, is éiginn duinn cuimhneachadh nach robh barrachd eòlas aig a sinnsre air a sin na bha aig a' Bhan-Rìgh féin. Ghabh aon no dhà de na Stiubhartaich sgrìob a nall do'n Ghàidhealtachd roimh so, agus thug iad iomadh oidhirp, o àm gu àm, gus a cannsachadh; ach dh'fhairtlich sin orra fad mòran bhliadhnaichean, agus mu dheireadh, nuair a thug iad buaidh oirre, agus a thug iad Mac Dhòmhnuill—Rìgh nan Gàidheal—gu lár, cha robh ach leth shoirbheachadh aca anns a' chùis.

Am bitheantas, cha b'abhaist do na Stiubhartaich a bhi dol fad air falbh o'n daingneach aca an Dùn-eideann, do bhrìgh cor trioblaideach is cunnartach na dùthcha. Am bitheantas, cha robh “barantas an Rìgh”—mar a theirteadh ris—air ruith idir (gun ghuth air son saor bain), air feadh na Gàidhealtachd. Ghabh an IV^mh Rìgh Seumas sgrìob comhla ri feachd is cabhalach mòr do na h-Eileannan—ni anns an robh e air a leantainn le 'mhac—ach ged a bu bhrìgh is cuspair do'n triall ud a' Ghàidhealtachd “a stoladh,” agus rian nan Stiubhartach a thoirt air adhart innte, cha dh'fhàn iad ach car greis anns na ceàrnan ud, agus nuair a theann iad a mach gus an dùthaich féin, cha robh a' chùis mòran na b'fheàrr na bha i roimh. Air ball, thuit na fineachan air aimhreit a

ris, agus thàr na Stiubhartaich féin air falbh o'n Ghàidhealtachd gun a bhi mòran na bu ghlice na bha iad nuair a ràinig iad.

Bu chleachdadh leis na Stiubhartaich, nuair a bha Albainn an sith, agus nach robh mòran cogaidh ann —ni nach do thachair ach ainmic—iad féin a dhol comhla ri'n cuirtearan, do'n Ghàidhealtachd airson seilg. Is iomadh iomradh a th'againn an eachdraidh air a'chleachdadh thaitneach so, agus is dòcha gur i àbhaist a bh'ann a bha dualach do'n dùthaich, agus a bha gnàthaichte l'ar rìghrean o shean—ma dh'fhaoidte o là Fhionn Mac Cumhail fhéin agus a chuid laoich. Coma co-dhiù, rinn na Stiubhartaich mar so cho tric sa b'urrainn iad, agus tha fhios againn gu'n d'rinn an roimh-shealbhadairean a'chrùin is cathair na h-Alba an ni ceudna.

Faodaidh a ràdh, anns an dol seachad, nach robh an cleachdadh so 'na dhòigh anabarrach maith air eòlas buanachdail is seasmhach fhaotainn air Gàidhealtachd na h-Alba. Cha robh gu dearbh, ma ghabhas sinn brath air a' bheag de dh'ùine a chaidh a bhuileachadh leo anns an dòigh so, agus ma chuimhneachas sinn nach robh na rìghrean an sud idir, ach le'n cead-san a thug cuireadh dhoibh dhol innte. Ach co-dhiù, b'e sin uile an t-eòlas a fhuair na Stiubhartaich air a' chuid a's mò de Ghàidhealtachd na h-Alba fad mòran bhliadhnaichean, agus cha robh iad tur mi-fhortanach air son eadhon na h-uiread fhaotainn. Faodaidh sinn a bhi cinnteach nach robh iad gun luchd-innsidh ; agus na chaidh a dhith oirnn le cion eòlais, is dòcha gu'n d'thug iad sud air adhart as an inntinn féin !

Rugadh Màiri an Leandraic, agus cha robh eòlas

sam**’**bith aice air a' Ghàidhealtachd gus an do chuireadh i air falbh, do bhrìgh cor trioblaideach is aimhreiteach na dùthcha, gu Innis-mo-choluim, a bha an “dùthaich nan daoine-fiadhaich,”¹ a réir an Tosgaire Fhrangaich. B’e sin an ceud shealladh a fhuair i riamh dhith, agus, fad mòran bhliadhnaichean b’e sin an t-aon sealladh a mhàin a bh’aice.

Ach, air do Mhàiri tighinn air a h-ais do’n dùthaich so, is iomadh sgriob a thug i a null thun na Gàidhealtachd airson a’ cheart aobhar sa thug a sinn-sirean thuice roimpe—is e sin ri ràdh airson seilg, air an robh a gaol fhad agus bu bheò i.

Gun amharus, thug an leughadair an aire mu trath gu’n d’thubhairt an Tosgair Frangach “dùthaich nan daoine-fiadhaich,” ris a’ Ghàidhealtachd—*le pays des sauvages*—nuair a bha e toirt iomraidh air an sgriob a ghabh Màiri do dhùthaich nan Gàidheal, is i ’na leanabh. Ciod bu chiall do na facail so? Tha an ràdh ceudna aig an Tosgair Spàinteach² nuair a bha e toirt iomraidh air na feartain a bha aig an IVmh Rìgh Seumas. Thubhairt esan gu’n robh an Rìgh sin ’na Phrionnsa anabarrach glic is modhail, agus gu’n do dh’ionnsaich e na bu mhotha na sia cànan a bharrachd air a sin a bh’aige o bheul a mhàthar. Agus am measg nan cànan a chaidh ainmeachadh leis, tha a’ Ghàidhlig, “cainnt nan daoine fiadhaich” mar a theirteadh rithe. Ciod bu chiall do na ràitean so, agus carson a thug iad ainm is sloinneadh cho cumanta agus cho mì-chliùiteach do chainnt nam beann?

¹ “Dans le pays des sauvages,” *Correspondance Politique*, t. 204.

² Ayala.

Fad mòran bhliadhnaichean bhuineadh gach seòrsa de dh'èolas a bha r'a fhaotainn air Tir-mòr na Roinn Eòrpa do na daoine ud ris an canar "na Fir-mhineachaidh". B'ann do'n Eaglais a bhuineadh a' chuid a bu mhò de na daoine ud, agus, mu dheireadh, thàinig ar-a-mach 'nan aghaidh, a chionn nach robh mòran a' còrdadh gu maith leis an dòigh air an robh iad air tighinn air an adhart anns an eòlas. Thilg am fir-cònspaid orra gu'n robh iad a' cumail an fhoghluim air ais, cha b'ann do bhrìgh gu'm b'e am miann sin a dheanamh, ach a chionn nach robh comas aca sin a sheachnadh, do bhrìgh an droch rian féin. Mar so, thàinig atharrachadh mòr ann—atharrachadh ris an abrar gus an là an diugh "An t-Ath-bheothachadh". B'e bonn no stéidh an ath-bheothachaidh iomraitich so ar-a-mach an aghaidh nam Fir-mineachaidh, agus tharruing e a bhrìgh is a spiorad a mach as na h-oibrichean Romhanach, mar a bha Oras, Virgil, Cicero, Plini agus iomadh sgrìobhadair ainmeil eile mar sin. Chuir so air bonn fasan anabarrach mòr is farsaing air sgath nan Romhanach, ionnus nach robh guth no creideas idir ann saor o sin a thàinig a mach o na h-ùghdairean Laideannach. Ruith a h-uile duine aig an robh spéis no suim air eòlas (no a bha toil-each a bhi air a mheas mar sin le feadhainn eile) a dh'ionnsaidh Oras, is Virgil, is Chicero; agus chaidh càch fo di-mheas is dearmad anabarrach mòr. B'e Petrach a thòisich ris an fhasan so; agus b'e Boccacio aon de na daoine a b'ainmeile a thàinig riamh a mach fo'n dòigh fhoghluim so. Faodar a ràdh nach robh cron sam bith ann a bhi leughadh is rannsachadh nan ughdairean Romhanach, agus gun teagamh b'ann

aig na Fir-mhineachaidh a bha a' choire nuair nach robh iad a' toirt an suim is an spéis sin do na Romhanaich a bha ceart is dligheach dhoibh. Coma co dhiù, rinn iad car di-mheas orra, agus, nuair a thàinig an t-Ath-bheothachadh, thug e air ball an saoghal mòr leis cho fad air falbh o'n chrìch sin sa bha e dlùth ris roimh ud, ni a tha tachairt gu tric nuair a tha cuid-eigin no ni-eigin a' cur car eile an cuibhleachan an fhortain.

Tha e furasda thuigsinn nach robh an gluasad cho buileach slàinteil is mar bu chòir. B'e an ràdh a bha aig a' chuid bu mhò a bha cumail taice ris, *Homo sum et nihil humani a me alienum puto*: agus, as a so, dh'fhàs iad gu bhi mòran ni bu chùramaiche mu "Nàdur" na bha ceart agus freagarrach air an son féin, agus as leth cor nan litrichean. Bha an t-Ath-bheothachadh buileach mi-nàdurra o thòiseach gu crìch, ged a tha e fìor gur e caochladh cuspairean a bh'aige san amharc. Ach a chionn gur e am beachd a bh'aige gun a bhi *cruthachadh*, ach a bhi *leantuinn gu dlùth air lorg nan Romhanach*, cha ruig sinn a leas ioghnadh a ghabhail gu'n robh a'chùis mar so. Nuair a tha daoine toirt oidhirp, chan ann gu bhi cur a mach nithean as ùr, air an son féin, ach airson a bhi air am meas mar dheadh fhir-leanmhuinn na feadhach a chaidh rompa, is cinnteach gur iad a tha mi-bhuileachadh nam feartan aca, agus nach maith an rathad air am bheil iad a' triall.

Chi sinn so gu soilleir leis na thachair air Tir-mòr na Roinn Eòrpa air do'n Ath-bheothachadh làmh-an-uachdair fhaotainn ann. Air ball thuit a h-uile eòlas nach d'éirich a mach o chleachdadh nan Romhanach fo dhi-mheas anabarrach mòr. Mheasadh a'

chànain Eadailteach féin mar chainnt mhitheach is car mi-mhodhail. Is gann gu'n robh ùghdair innte aig an àm ud a bha idir miannach no toileach a chànain sin a chleachdadh 'na chuid sgriobhaidhean! Chaidh eadhon Dante eadar-theangachadh gu Laideann! Cha robh e air a mheas mar ni modhail, freagarrach an ùghdair ainmeil sin a leughadh anns a' chànain sin anns an do sgriobh e na leabhraichean aige! Agus na thachair san Eadailt—dachaidh an Ath-bheothachaidh, agus a bha an t-àite as an robh e tighinn gu sgaoileadh a mach air feadh an t-saoghail uile—faodaidh sinn a bhi cinnteach gu'n robh e a' tachairt mar sin anns na dùthchannan eile, agus gur ann mar a's fhaide a bha e dol air falbh o'n dùthaich ud, gur ann a's mò a bha e bogadh a chuid gad.

Ràinig an t-Ath-bheothachadh Albainn mu dheireadh anns a' chuigeamh linn deug, agus cha bu bheag no mi-tharbhach a' bhuil a thàinig 'na chois. Chaidh Oil-Thaih a steidheachadh an Abaireadhainn leis an Rìgh, a fhuaradh cead o'n Phàpa gu sin a dheanamh. Lean iomadh leasachadh eile 'na lorg, ach ged a tha e fìor gu'n robh e an toiseach air a thoirmeasg gu teann do sgoileirean Oil-Thaihe Abaireadhainn cànan sam bith eile, saor o'n Ghàidhlig, an Fhraingis, a' Gbreugaisg, no'n Laideann, a chleachdadh, nuair a bha iad a staigh ann; gidheadh, feumaidh sinn aidheachadh gu'n robh spiorad caol mi-nàdurra an Ath-bheothachaidh air a thoirt a staigh leis, agus nach b'fhada gus an robh e air fàs uile-chumhachdach ann, ceart mar a bha e an dùthchannan eile.¹

¹ Bha e mar fhiachaibh air na sgoilearan na cànainean so a chleachdadh gu ruig a chuid a's lugha meadhon an àth linn.

Thubhairt mi a cheana gu'n robh a' Ghàidhlig aig an Rìgh,¹ agus is dòcha gur ann troimh a chumhachd fhéin a bha e air a dheanamh mar fhiachaibh air na sgoileirean anns an Oil-Thaigh Abaireadhainn a' chànain sin a chleachdadh nuair a bha iad a staigh ann. Ach, b'e chainnt chumanta, steidhichte, cùirt an Rìgh Seumais Beurla na Galldachd;² agus ge b'e cho càirdeil sa dh'fhaodadh an Rìgh a bhi do chànain nam beann cha robh comas aige (no air gin air bith eile) claonadh no seòladh na h-aimsir a chur gu taobh. Chunnaic sinn a cheana na thachair an Eadailt, far an do thuit a' chànain dhùthchasach air di-mheas is air dearmad anabarrach mòr air do'n Ath-bheothachadh làmh-an-uachdair fhaotainn anns an dùthaich ud; agus chi sinn gu soilleir leis na thubhairt an Tosgair Spàinteach mu thimchioll cainnt nam beann, nach robh "Loch Odha" cho fad air falbh o'n Roimhe sa bha e. Feumaidh sinn cuimhneachadh, mar an ceudna, nach robh foghlum 'na ni cumanta anns an linn sin. Chaidh a bhuileachadh ach air glé bheag de dhaoine, agus b'e a' bhrìgh is an spiorad a bh'aige gun a bhi gabhail ri fear-eigin no ni-eigin nach buineadh d'a theaghlach féin. Cha robh e tuigsinn cleachd-ainnean dùthchasach sam bith: ni mò a bha e toileach suim no spéis a thoirt do na daoine sin aig nach robh, ma dh'fhaoidte, toil no comas gabhail ris.

B'ann mu bhliadhna 1550 a chuir Iain Vaus an leabhar sin a mach ris an abrar *Rudimenta*. Chuireadh a staigh do'n leabhar ud *Statuta et leges ludi literarii Grammaticorum Aberdonensium*, agus is ann o'n aobhar so tha fios againn cia mar a chaidh buntainn ris a' Ghàidhlig.

¹ IV. Seumas.

² "An uncouth and degraded dialect," a réir Dhughail Stiùbhairt.

Chaidh a dhealbhadh, is a sgaoileadh a mach anns an aon dreach, agus, anns a' cheart dreach sin—agus is ann mar so a chaidh am focal a mach am measg sgoileirean na Roinn Eòrpa—feumar gabhail ris, no a diùltadh.

Tha ni eile ann bu chòir dhomh a thoirt fainear mar a bha mi tighinn air m'adhart. Agus is e sin, an nàimhdeas a bha eadar Gàidheil na h-Alba agus na Goill—eadar cùirt nan Stiùbhartach is cùirt nan Dòmhnallach. Gun teagamh, mur robh an IVmh Rìgh Seumas e fhéin nàimhdeil, chan urrainn sinn sin a ràdh mu thimchioll a shinnsre, a thug iomadh beum goirt is fìor-chron air sluagh na Gàidhealtachd. Eadhon Seumas fhéin—am Prionnsa bu mhò agus a b'fheàrr a thàinig riamh a mach as an teaghlach sin—eadhon Seumas fhéin, tha mi ag ràdh, rinn eadhon esan iomadh ni, nuair a bha e toirt ionnsuidhean air na Gàidheil, nach urrainn a dhion, agus nach b'urrainn a bhi air chòir air bith air a mhathadh dha. Ach, a thaobh chàich, bha a' chuid bu mhò dhiubh so 'nan sàr-nàimhdean do na Gàidheil, agus faodaidh sinn a bhi cinnteach nach do leig iad air falbh, le'n deòin, fàth no cothrom sam bith a fhuair iad, agus leis am b'urrainn iad tàir a dheanamh air na Gàidheil, agus air gach ni a bhuineadh dhoibh. An déigh a h-uile ni a bh'ann, nach b'e buannachd nan Stiùbhartach na Gàidheil a chur fo dhi-mheas agus a thoirt gu làr, gu h-araidh am beachd choigreach, cho mòr sa b'urrainn iad? Cha robh e buileach cordaidh ri'm pròis, no freagarrach d'an cuid agartasan, nach robh na Gàidheil idir ùmhal dhoibh. Bha a' chuid a bu mhò de'n dùthaich glan as an làmhan féin, agus, ann a bhi

faighinn leithsgeoil gu sin a mhineachadh, cha ruig sinn a leas ioghnadh a ghabhail nach robh comas aca am brosnachadh a chaidh thairgse dhoibh airson cùl-chainidh is labhairt an aghaidh nan Gàidheal a dhiùltadh agus a chur gu taobh. Chan 'eil mi creidsinn gu'n rachadh duine tuigseach sam bith a dh'ionnsaidh nan Stiùbhartach a bhuineadh do'n linn ud air son fìor dhealbh fhaotainn aona chuid air na Gàidheil no air a' Ghàidhealtachd.

Is ann air a Ghalldachd a thòisich an t-“Ath-leasachadh,” agus a sgaoil e a mach air feadh taobh an ear na h-Alba. Cha robh na Gàidheil aig an àm ud a' gabhail ris idir; agus am measg nan daoine a bha air a cheann, is gann gu'n robh Gàidheal air bith r'a fhaotainn. Bha Iain Knox agus a chàirdean am feadh na Galldachd a' sealltuinn air na Gàidheal ceart mar a bha na Stiùbhartach agus na h-uaislean a' deanamh. A réir nan daoine so, cuideachd, b'ann mar shluagh borb, tur aineolach, a bha na Gàidheil, agus dùthaich nam fineachan, is cha robh e idir sàbhailte do Ghall air bith eadhon cas a chur innte. Air son so, agus a chionn gu'n d'thug na “Fir-leasachaidh” am beachdan féin o Shasunn, cha mhòr gu'n robh iad a' sealltuinn air na Gàidheil, agus air gach ni a bhuineadh dhoibh, ach air dòigh a bha glé dhùr is buileach gruamach. Feumaidh sinn cuimhneachadh, mar an ceudna, gu'n robh na Gàidheil uile 'nan Caitlicich aig an àm ud; agus ged nach robh iad a' toirt ionnsuidh air na Prostanach, do bhrìgh mì-chòrdadh 'nam measg féin, agus cion giulian is seòltachd air taobh na feadhnach a bha air an ceann; gidheadh is cinnteach gur e sin an dearbh ni a thach-

radh dhoibh, nan robh rìgh tuigseach is faicilleach, is gun bhi lag-chridheach, aig Albainn aig an àm ud. Agus a thaobh an Ath-bheothachaidh, cha robh na Prostanach Albannach a' dol 'na aghaidh a muigh agus a mach, ged a bha fhios aca gu'n d'fhàinig e gus an dùthaich so bho'n Eadailt—dùthaich a' Phàpa. Ghabh iad ris, cha b'ann gu sunndach, toilichte, ach mar ni a bhiodh car feumail dhoibh féin ann a bhi tilgeadh “cuing a' Phàpa” bharr an guailleann-ne : na bh'ann a bha fuaighte ris na Pàganaich, bha sin tur neo-thaitneach leo, agus cha sheasadh iad riamh ris, oir b'ann air a' Bhiobull a mhàin, a réir am beachdan féin, a bha iad a' seasamh a mach. Chaidh, mar sin, a' Phàganachd a bha fuaighte ris an Ath-bheothachadh a dhiùltadh leo ; ach an spiorad caol, neo-fhialaidh, is druidhteach a bha ga chomharradh a mach, bha sin tur taitneach leo : ghabh iad ris gu toilichte agus thug iad air aghaidh 'nan creideamh féin cho maith sa dh'fhaodadh iad.

Mar sin, agus eadar a h-uile rud a bh'ann, cha mhòr nach robh na Gàidheil air am meas gu mòr aona chuid leis na Stiùbhartach no leis na Prostanach, a bha 'nan nàimhdean dhoibh. Thuir an dàra fear gu'n robh iad 'nan daoine borba aineolach, fiadhaich ; agus thuir a' bhuidheann eile an ni ceudna, agus se so an sgeul a dh'innis an dithis cho tric sa bhiodh cothrom aca. Ach, air an àth phaipeir a bhitheas agam, ni mi oidhirp fìor chor na Gàidhealtachd aig an àm ud a chur an cèill, agus, le toil Dé, innsidh mi rud-eigin no dhà mu thimchioll staid chreidmheach is pholiticheach nan Gàidheal fo riaghladh Bain-Rìgh Màiri.

RUAIRIDH MAC UILLEIM ARASCAIN IS MHAIR.

GAIDHEIL IS COMUNNAIREAN

CHAN 'eil Gàidheal sam bith nach cuir a làn aonta ri mòran a tha aig bonn creideamh nan Comunnairan. Thubhairt duine ainmeil a chaochail a chionn bliadhna no dhà, “Tha sinn uile nar Comunnairan aig an là an diugh”; agus le'n gabhail an seadh coitcheann, chan 'eil dà dhòigh ann nach 'eil na briathran so anabarrach ceart agus firinneach. Rach a staigh do na bailtean mòra air feadh an t-saoghail gu léir, agus gabh beachd mar a tha luchd nam bailtean ud gan riaghladh féin, agus seall mar a tha iad a' trusadh gach cumhachd is inneal baile do'n làmhan féin. Is e sluagh Ghlaschu Comunnairan a's mò a th'againn an Albainn. An Glaschu, buinidh a' mhòr-chuid de na goireasan do'n bhaile—an t-uisge, an solus, an rathad iarunn sraidean, taighean-còmhnuidh do'n luchd-oibre, agus mòran nithean eile. Tha gach ni dhiubh air an cur an seirbhis an t-sluaigh aig prìsean mòran na's isle na gheibhear iad am bailtean eile, agus tha'm baile, a bharrachd air sin, a' deanamh prothaid orra. Anns a' mhór chuid de na dùthchannan a's adhartaiche a th'air an t-saoghal, tha an riaghladh gu ìre bhig an làmhan an t-sluaigh; ach, gu ruig so, tha an sluagh an tomhas mòr dearmadach mu'n dleasdanas a thaobh cùisean riaghlaidh. Air an aobhar sin, chan 'eil iad a' mealtainn gach sochair a dh'fhaodadh iad. Tha fhathast am beagan a' deanamh greim air goireasan nan uile, agus gan daorachadh air son am buannachd féin. Tha muinntir Ghlaschu an deigh sin a thoirt fainear mar nach d'thug muinntir baile no dùthaich sam bith eile.

Tha so uile ceart gu leòir, agus chan 'eil an teagamh a's luatha againn nach biodh e chum maith is leasachadh an t-sluaigh uile nan rachadh am barrachd cumhachd a bhuileachadh air an Stàid na tha aice an iomadh dòigh aig a' cheart àm so. Chaidh oighreachd an Earraghaidheal a cheannach o chionn greis leis an Stàid airson i bhi air a cur le coille. Is e seòrsa de Chomunnaireachd a th'againn an so, agus uidh air uidh tha sluagh na h-Alba tighinn a dh'ionnsaidh na barail gu'm bheil e iomchuidh is feumail gu'n rachadh buntainn aig làimh na Stàide ris a leithid sin a dh'obair, cho tric agus cho mòr sa ruigeas an cothrom aice.

Is e sin, mar an ceudna, ar beachd féin, a chionn gu'm bheil sàr fhios againn gu'n robh a' chùis car mar so nuair a bha sinn—Gàidheil na h-Alba—air ar casan féin. Aig an àm ud, bhuineadh gach dreachd is ofig a bh'ann, a réir beachd co-dhiù, do'n Fhine, no do'n t-sluaigh, agus thug iad le chéile iomadh oidhirp airson a bhi meudachadh sonais agus soirbheas an t-sluaigh gu léir, ged nach robh an Stàid, mar a tha sinn féin a' tuigsinn an fhocail ud, fathast ann.

Ach, tha doimhne mhòr air a suidheachadh eadar Rian nan Gàidheal agus Rian nan Comunnairean, agus dé an doimhne a bh'ann tha sinn dol ga cur an céill.

Annas a' chiad àite, ciod iad na beachdan a tha aig na Comunnairean? A réir an cuid sgriobhaidhean féin, tha iad mar so. An tòisich, éisd ris na tha'n *Justice*, a tha 'na ghuth seachduineal aig a'bhuidhinn so an Sasunn, ag ràdh. Is iad so na "h-ath-leasachaidhean" a tha e ga spàrradh air an t-sluaigh.

“The abolition of the Monarchy and of the House of Lords ; the repudiation of the National Debt ; compulsory free, secular, and industrial education for all classes under the age of sixteen ; the nationalisation of land, railways, docks, canals, gas, electric light, and water supplies, of tramways, omnibus, and other locomotive services ; the public ownership and control of the food supply and of the coal supply, together with that of the drink traffic, banks and restaurants ; a legal maximum eight hours day, with imprisonment for all employers infringing this limit ; a minimum wage of 36s. per week for both sexes ; free justice ; the disestablishment and disendowment of all State churches ; and the abolition of standing armies.”

A nis, faodaidh sinn a ràdh, san dol seachad, gu'm bheil ni no dhà air a' chlàr so ris am bheil sinn a' cur ar làn aonta. Tha sinn féin coma do Thaigh nam Morairean, agus a thaobh na Rioghachd, tha facal againn a tha ag ràdh, “Is coma léis an rìgh Eoghann agus is coma le Eoghan an rìgh co-dhiù”. Co-dhiù, cha ruig sinn a leas mòran churaim a ghabhail mu'n chùis ud. Chaidh an Rioghachd air a stéidheachadh an Sasunn air dhà ni nach 'eil a' còrdadh ruinn idir, aona chuid mar Chaitlicich no mar Ghàidheil. Is iad so Prostanachd agus Sasunnachd. Ach, a thaobh a' chuid a's mò de'n chlàr ud, tha sinn a' cur nan aghaidh a muigh agus a mach. The e soilleir ma ghabh an clàr so cothrom, nach bi e fada gus am bi sinn uile mar thràilleann truagha aig an Stàid.

Ach tha aobhar eile ann air son nach biodh a bheag no mhòr de ghnothuch aig na Gàidheil ris a' chreideamh chunnartach so ; agus is e sin do bhrìgh

gu'm bheil na Comunnairean a' diùltadh Dhé. Eisd ris na tha Venisier, aon de'n dream ud, ag ràdh mu'n chùis so. Deir esan, "*Is còir dhuinn a bhi diùltadh Dhé, Teaghlaich, agus Dùthcha, gu soilleir agus gu dàna*". Sgriobh Tusati, Comunnair Eadailteach, paipear a dh'ionnsaidh miosachain ris an abrar *The Social Critic*, agus is ann mar so a tha e labhairt, "Socialism ought to be atheist in form, as well as in substance". Their duine eile de'n ghné so, "the establishment of society on a Socialistic basis would imply the definite abandonment of all theological cults, since the notion of a transcendent god or semi-divine prophet is but the counterpart and analogue of the transcendent governing class".¹ So mar an ceudna, mar a labhair Mr. Bernard Shaw o chionn greis. "God was once the most sacred of our conceptions; and he had to be denied. Then reason became the Infallible Pope, only to be deposed in turn. Is Duty more sacred than God or Reason?"² Labhair na daoine so toibheum: ciod an tuille feum a th'againn air fianaisibh?

Is "ainmhidh crabhach a th'ann mac an duine"; agus mar a thuirt an t-Easbuig Anglicanach Crighton nach maireann, chan 'eil creideamh idir 'na shòghalachd ach 'na éiginn. Agus de gach cinneadh a th'ann, is iad na Ceiltich, a réir coltais, an dream d'am bheil an creideamh na's luachmhoir, agus aig am bheil a's mò déidh air am pearsachan-eaglais a tha r'am faotainn air aghaidh an t-saoghail gu léir. Is i cainnt fìor chreidmheach, a' Ghàidhlig, mar an ceudna. Buidh-

¹ Bax, *Religion of Socialism*, t. 81.

² *Quintessence of Ibsenism*, t. 18.

eachas do Dhia, chan 'eil litreachas ain-diadhaidh, toibheumach, againn-ne, mar tha aig cainnt nan Sasunnach. Gu'm b'e toil Dhé 'Eaglais Chaitliceach a bhrosnachadh chum a dhion agus a chumail suas!

Ach tha aobhar eile ann a tha gar brosnachadh suas gu bhi diùltadh creideamh nan Comunnairean; agus is e sin do bhrìgh gu'm bheil iad a' cur as do Theaghlach, agus Pòsadh a mhilleadh is a thoirt gu làr. Their Robert Owen,¹ "the irrational names of husband and wife, parent and child, will be heard no more". Agus a thaobh Pòsaidh fhuaras na briathran a leanas air an clo-bhualadh an leabhar beag a chaidh a sgrìobhadh le Edward agus Eleanor Marx Aveling, agus ris an abrar *Accepted Gospel*. "We—and with us, in this at all events, most Socialists—contend that chastity is unhealthy and unholy. . . . The contract between man and woman will be of a purely private nature, without the intervention of any public functionary. . . . If the coming society . . . regards it as right for man to have mistresses, as well as wife, we may be certain that the like freedom will be extended to women." Tha so uile anabarrach oillteil, déisinneach; ach am feàirde sinn idir leis na tha ùghdairean an "Leabhair-Cheistean Uir," air am bheil iomradh againn mu thrath, ag ràdh mu'n chùis so. "When private property ceases to be the fulcrum around which the relations between the sexes turn, any attempt at coercion, moral or material, in these relations (such as is implied in laws . . .), must necessarily become repugnant to the moral sense of the community" (t. 35). Ach,

¹ *The New Moral World*.

foghnaidh sin aig an àm. Cha taitneach idir leinn a bhi buntainn ris a leithid sin de stuth.

A nis, ma is urrainn sinn a bhi cinnteach mu ni sam bith, se so e gu'n d'thug na seana Ghàidheil suim is spéis anabarrach mòr do na dearbh nithean ud air am bheil na Comunnairean an tòir a nis chum an cur as gu buileach. Am measg nan Gàidheal, b'e an Teaghlach a b'àbhaist a bhi mar shàmhladh is mar reuson do'n Stàid ; agus is ann as a so a tharruing iad a mach gach beachd is smuain a bh'aca chum riaghladh na dùthcha. Faodaidh sinn aràdh gu dearbh gu'n deachaidh an Rian a bh'aca air a stéidheachadh air an Teaghlach fhéin, agus nach robh anns an "Stàid" idir, ach fìor cho-chruinneachadh mòr de theaghlach. B'e an Stàid a chaidh a dheanamh air son an Teaghlaich : cha b'e an Teaghlach a chaidh a chur ri chéile air sgath na Stàide. Mar sin tha na Comunnairean a' smuaineachadh. Tha e tighinn as a so, ceart mar a tha'n sruth beag a' tighinn as an amhuinn mhòir, gu'n d'thug iad mòr spéis do Phòsadh, a chleachd iad mar luchd-leanmhuinn Chriosda, "air son glòir Dhé, agus chum buannachd a' chinne-daoine". Mar a thubhairt am Pàp¹ air a' Chuairt-Litir a thug e seachad mu'n chùis so air sgàth nan Caitliceach uile, "thàinig an Teaghlach air thòiseach air an Stàid : leis a sin, tha coirichean aig an dàra fear nach buin idir do'n fhear eile".² Agus an àite eile tha e ag ràdh, "agus air son a' cheart aobhair gur ann do'n àthair a bhuineas a chuid chloinne, uime sin is còir do'n mhac, mar a tha Nh. Tòmas à Aquin ag ràdh, 'a bhi fo

¹ XIII. Leo.

² *Rerum Novarum*, An Céitein, 15 là 1891.

ùghdaras aig a phàrantan gus am tig e gu aois is eòlas'. Air a' cheann so, tha na Comunnairean a' dol fada am mearachd nuair a tha iad a' toirt oidhirp gus na pàrantan a chur gu taobh, agus an Stàid a stéidheachadh 'nan àite. Tha iad a' dol glan an aghaidh *ceartais nàdurra* le bhi deanamh mar so. Ma gheibh iad cothrom air an cuid miannan a thoirt gu buil, sgriosaidh iad an Teaghlach gu buileach."

Ach, mar a thuirt fear-eigin aig a' cho-chruinneachadh mhòr a thachair am Preston¹ o chionn ghoirid, "cha leidir dhuinn air ar son féin a bhi eur an aghaidh bheachdan meallta cunnartach nan Comunnairean. Bu chòir gu'n rachadh leinn, mar an ceudna, ni-eiginn feumail is freagarrach a chur 'nan àite."

A nis air son ar cuid féin dheth, faodaidh sinn a ràdh gun teagamh gur e ar beachd nach ruig ar muinntir féin a leas dhol fad air falbh no thaobh gus am bi sin an làn ghreim aca. Is e ar beachd gur h-ann an "Rian nan Gàidheal" a gheibheadh sinn gach ni a tha uainn aig an àm, agus a bhitheadh feumeil chum maith is leasachadh ar dùthcha. Coma co-dhiù, biodh sin tur dualach is nàdurra nam biodh e air àth-bheothachadh. B'e stéidh an Rian ud cèud shuidheachadh a thoirt seachad do'n Fhine, is e sin ri ràdh do'n t-sluagh. Is ann o'n t-sluagh a bha gach cumhachd is beus Stáideil tighinn a mach; agus fo'n Rian so bhuineadh a chuid a's mò de'n fhearann do'n mhuinntir cheudna. Gidheadh, cha robh e riamh a' toirt ionnsuidh air coirichean chàich. Bha rùm no suidheachadh aige air son rìgh is uaislean, ged nach robh e leigeil leo-san—co-dhiù cho fad sa bha na

¹ Fo sgàth Chomunn nan Caitliceach an Sasunn.

Gàidheil air am bonn fhéin—an sluagh chur a mach is an spùinneadh, nì mò bha e ciontach air Dia-àicheadh air beulaobh Dhé, no feuchainn ri cur as do'n Teaghlaich. Car son, mata, nach deanamaid stri chum a' chùis àth-bheothachadh? Is còir dhuinn a bhi glaothaich "Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig!" ach ùni tha mòran na's cudthromaiche na sin, se so e, "Suas leis a' mhuinntir d'am buin i!"

SEANN SGEUL¹

UAIR d'an robh an saoghal gu sòghal is an sluagh ag àiteachadh nan gleann, ri linn mo shean-sheanair, bha'n céilidh aig an àm sin cho cleachdail agus cho cinnteach sa luidheadh a' ghrian. Aig a' chéilidh, bhiodh luinneagan binne gan aithris, is naigheachdan gan luaidh a bheireadh buaidh air gach tùirse, agus, mar a theireadh cuid, gàire air a' chat.

Tha aon sgeul fathast air mhaireann 'nar measg a bha cleachdail aig a' chéilidh, a tha rùn orm aithris dhuibh an teirce bhriathran, mu thimchioll dithis ùraisgean a bha chòmhnuidh anns a' choimhearsnachd againn féin.

An taobh a steach de dhà mhile do Pholl-iù, tha

¹ Dh'innseadh an sgeul so le Coinneach Mac Illeathain, sgoile Phòll-iù, aig a' Mhòd an Glaschu.

leum uisge bagarach, fiadhaich, d'an ainm "Eas a' Phollachair". Anns an eas so, bha dà ùraisg a' chòmh-nuidh, fear dhiubh mòr, dùmhail, duaichnidh, d'am b'ainm an "Crotachan Liobasta": am fear eile, caol, àrd agus caog-shùileach, o'n d'fhuair e mar ainm an "Ciuthach Caogach". Dlùth do'n eas, bha taigh tuathanaich, aig an robhbean bheag agus teaghlach mhòr. Bha a' bhean so cho còir, fiadhlaidh, ri luchd-turuis is gu'n d'fhuair i mar ainm "Caoimhneag". Ach, g'e b'e air bith àm aig am biodh an tuathanach o'n a' bhaile, bha'n Ciuthach Caogach cinnteach tighinn am fianuis.

Bha Caoimhneag deònach gu leòir air a bhrù a' lionadh, agus cuibhrionn mhaith lòn a thoirt dha, gu bhi 'na chois aig àm falbhaidh, ionnus fa-dheoidh gu'n do dh'fhàs e buileach draghail do'n mhnaoi-uasail.

Oidhche de na bh'ann, agus e air tighinn, thuirt e rithe, "Bu mhaith leam féin t'ainm a chluinntinn". Fhreagair i, "Se m'ainm-se 'Mi-Féin—'s Mi-Féin—Gun-Dad-Sam-Bith-Ach-Mi-Féin'". "A Ghraidh!" thuirt esan, "nach laghach an t-ainm a th'ort. Cha chreid mi féin gu'm falbh mi'nochd." Bha poit mhòr de lite aig a' bhean air an teine do'n chloinn. Bha'n ùraisg leith-ruisgte, agus cas aige air gach taobh de'n ghealban. Am prioba na sùla, dhoirt i a' phoit leis na bha innte mu ghluinean an ùraisge. Leum e mach san raoiceil, ag eigheach gu cruaidh, "Foit! Foit! A bhoglaich theith,

Lite luaisgte, luaidhte theith."

Tha e san aithris gu'n robh luirg a chas ri'm faicinn anns na clachan a' dol gus an eas. Chaidh a' bhean

gu mullach a' chnuic a bu dlùithe a dh'fheuchainn ciod a chluinneadh i. Bha i faicinn an teine bha'n Crotachan a' toirt as na clachan le 'chasan. Bha e sior-eigheachd, "Cò rinn sin ort?" "Rinn Mi-Féin-'s-Mi-Féin-Gun-Dad-Sam - Bith - Ach - Mi-Féin," fhreagair an Ciuthach. "Nam bu neach eile gu'n deanadh, 's mise so gun dioladh." Troimh thoradh na thachair, cha do chuir na h-uraisgean tuille dragha air Caoimhneag.

An diugh, tha taigh snasail, eireachdail, togta air an làraich so ; agus ged is iomadh caochladh a thàinig air an t-saoghal o'n àm a tha 'nam sgeul, tha'n t-eas cho fonnmhor, smuidreach, farumach sa bha e riamh ; agus tha mise glé dheònach a shealltuinn do neach air bith agaibh a thaghas rathad Phòll-iù.

AT THE BACK OF THE WIND

By the time these lines shall have appeared in print Father Campbell, S.J., will have concluded his mission to the Gaelic-speaking Catholics of Canada, and will be on his way home to Scotland. We rejoice to hear that that mission has been an unqualified success, primarily, of course, from the religious point of view, and, secondarily, from that of the Gaelic language and nationality. We have received a number of

letters from Canada bearing on Father Campbell's mission, and all accord their testimony as well to the abundant spiritual fruits of his journey as to its good effects upon the relations between Gaelic Scotland and Gaelic Canada. Everywhere the Sagart Mòr and the Tosgair of the Gael has been received with that respect and esteem which the momentous occasion of his journey, joined to his own sterling qualities of heart and head, were eminently calculated to call forth. He has truly laboured, and laboured abundantly. The number of missions that he has given, as of confessions that he has heard, constitute a truly surprising record; and one of which the Catholic Gaels on both sides the great ocean have every reason to be proud. We understand that a right royal reception is to be accorded to Father Campbell on his return home; but highly though he will regard that welcome, and cherish its memory, the gift of the Canadian clergy will, we imagine, appeal to him yet more strongly and enduringly. It is to take the form of a chalice, ciborium, and cruets, to be used by him when giving missions in the Gàidhealtachd. Those who know Father Campbell—and their name, is it not Legion?—will know that this is a gift entirely after his own heart.

We recently observed some interesting remarks on "style" in *An Claidheamh Soluis*, our ever entertaining and instructive Irish contemporary. The writer in reviewing a recent work, took occasion to remark that his author—the Rev. Father O'Leary—"is the most Irish of our living writers, and also the simplest". "You always know what he is driving at," continued

the critic. "A master of the language, he is at the opposite poll from those who try to convey the impression that they are masters by overwhelming you with thunderous words and elaborate *cora cainnte*. There is never a seeking after effect. The obvious natural spontaneous word or phrase which would be used in ordinary conversation by a good Irish speaker is the one invariably chosen—even though the word may be plainly a borrowed one, or the idiom may translate directly into king's English. *An t-Athair Peadar* has not the squeamishness about *Bearlachas* which some younger writers have, or affect." Sound sense, surely, characterises these observations. Style may be described as a kind of *lingua franca*, so far as the best writers are concerned; and it is surprising how readily the great models of antiquity, as well as of later times, translate from one language to another. The inexperienced writer, or the author whose genius is not of the best, commonly makes the mistake of imagining that "idiom" is everything—hence provincialism in style, and a certain vulgarity of utterance, which is the ruin of good literature. One of the most accomplished literary craftsmen which not only the Gael but, we have no hesitation in saying, the world itself has ever produced (and we are quite sensible of the gravity of such a statement), was the author of *Caraid nan Gàidheal*—had he never written line other than that wonderful essay on *Bròn air son bàs chàirdean*, he would still be entitled to be regarded as a great genius—and it is surprising how easily he translates into other languages. That great master hardly, if ever, condescended to provincialisms;

and his Gaelic will remain a model and an example of literary force, nervousness, and dignity to all posterity. Our advice to literary aspirants would be, "Read all you can; but be careful to correct what you read by Norman MacLeod". As a writer of Gaelic prose, that author is *facile princeps*. His study is a never-ending source of admiration and delight.

Inexorable death has again been busy in the comparatively thin ranks of Celtic scholarship. The death of Dr. Strachan is the more to be regretted inasmuch as it has followed that of Dr. MacBain with truly unseasonable rapidity. Both men were ripe scholars, and both have passed away in the very prime of life. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say, "a few more such premature losses and we are undone". We extract the following from an obituary notice of the deceased scholar which appeared in the *Athenæum* of 5th October last:—

Strachan's publications on Keltic were numerous and important, many of them appearing in the *Transactions* of the Philological Society. Of these may be mentioned "The Compensatory Lengthening of Vowels in Irish" (1893), "The Deponent Verb in Irish" (1894), "The Particle 'ro' in Irish" (1896), "The Subjunctive in Irish" (1897), "The Sigmatic Future and Subjunctive in Irish," and "Action and Time in the Irish Verb" (both in 1900). Shorter papers appeared in the *Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie*, *Erin*, and other journals at home and abroad. His greatest undertaking was the *Thesaurus Palæo-hibernicus*, begun in conjunction with Dr. Whitley Stokes, for whom the younger man had the deepest reverence and admiration. Of this important work two volumes, containing the texts, were published by the Cambridge University Press in 1901 and 1903. It was Strachan's intention to proceed with the arduous work of compiling the dictionary to these sources, after the book he had in hand was published. Two little books for

students arose out of the *Thesaurus—Selections from the Old Irish Glosses, with Notes and Vocabulary* (1904), and *Old Irish Paradigms* (1905). For several years he taught Old Irish during the Long Vacation in the School of Irish Learning started by his friend Professor Kuno Meyer in Dublin. In recent years Manchester University had also created an unpaid lectureship in Keltic and appointed him to fill it, at the same time granting him an additional assistant in Greek to take some of the burden of lecturing from his shoulders. During last year he had been engaged on a grammar of mediæval Welsh, with chrestomathy and glossary, for his Manchester students. In this field, untrodden by scientific research from the comparative point of view, he was reaping a rich harvest. Never satisfied with second-hand information, he went to Wales for a few days on 14th September, in order to verify with the MSS. the readings of some of the passages selected for his book. From Wales he returned on the 17th with a chill which developed into pneumonia; and he passed away after eight days' illness, at the age of forty-five.

Probably no scholar of his time worked harder—none in this country certainly produced more good work. To the general public he was entirely unknown, for he hated public appearances of all kinds. Business meetings and administrative work he found irksome, and avoided, when he thought it was no dereliction of duty so to do. Engaged in a study where controversy often runs high, Strachan took little part in dispute. He was the gentlest of men, and always willing to think the best of an opponent. He was pleased when the University of Aberdeen in 1900 honoured him with the degree of LL.D.; but he craved for no distinctions, and his sole ambition was to advance the cause of learning. It may be hoped that some of the younger men whom he filled with his own enthusiasm will complete his last book (of which the glossary only is unfinished), and that his Keltic library may be kept together, either in the University, or in the Rylands Library, in which he took the greatest interest.

Meanwhile we do not observe that any national effort has yet been set on foot to commemorate, in some suitable and enduring form, the eminent services rendered to Gaelic scholarship and letters by the late Dr. MacBain. It is invidious to speak ill of the dead,

and we have no wish to do so ; but the existence in our midst of a monument to the late General Sir Hector MacDonald supplies melancholy testimony to the fact that, as a race, we have as yet many things to learn, and not a few to unlearn. Life is full of paradoxes and what the Spanish call *disgustos* ; but the greatest of these is, surely, when a people, or at all events no inconsiderable section of it, proves itself so far blind to real merit and insensible to the dictates of good taste as deliberately to honour that which, tried and tested by every moral and patriotic consideration appertaining to itself, should encounter, not its applause, but its severest condemnation.

A correspondent whose communication we regret we have not space to insert writes to us for information respecting titles in Gaelic. The matter is certainly one of interest, and not a little historical and social importance. Every one knows that there were ranks and degrees of nobility amongst the ancient Gaels ; but it should not be forgotten that under the Gaelic system, such were by no means the exclusive possession of a *caste*. Amongst the Gaels, as amongst other Aryan peoples, it was, broadly speaking, the land that conferred rank ; and under that system there was nothing to prevent an untitled unit of the clan from acquiring nobility by means of the acquisition of land. The highest title was that of Ard-Righ or High King, then came the Tanist or heir to the Ard-Righ ; the simple *Righrean* or provincial kings (the Mormaer in Scotland equating with the more important of the Irish *Righrean*) ; the Toiseach ; and the lesser nobility. Later, in Scotland, the Mormaer

became merged in the earl, and the feudal system further introduced us to a number of other subsidiary titles which in a measure—and in course of time—became acclimatised, and assumed a Gaelic or semi-Gaelic form. With regard to modern titles now common to these Isles, it may be said that the title “Morair” should, in its application, strictly follow the lines of the old Mormaerships, “Iarla” being reserved for later creations. Thus, whilst it would be correct to refer to, say, the Earl of Aberdeen as “Iarla Abaireadhainn,” it would not be so to style him “Morair Abaireadhainn”. A baron should never be styled *Morair* but Baran, which is good Gaelic. A baronet is Baranan, a knight *Ridire*, and so on. The Gaels favoured brevity and simplicity in their titular distinctions, thus MacDonald of the Isles was simply “MacDhòmnuaill”; and the verbose and pompous circumlocutions of the English usages and customs in these respects should be, as far as possible, avoided. Attempts to translate, literally, such titles as those of “Honourable,” etc., into Gaelic are rarely successful, and generally look awkward in *deise Ghàidhealach*.

There was certainly something rather whimsical in the selection of Edinburgh as the meeting place of the third Pan-Celtic Congress. The capital of the Lothians, the home of the Stuarts, the Scottish residence of the “Auld Alliance” with France, the museum where all that remains of the Scottish Parliament is preserved for the casual gaze of legal and other mobs; the site of John Knox’s alleged house and that of the printing offices of that boulder-

ful production which by some freak of nomenclature is styled the *Scotsman*—Edinburgh is not at all events prominently associated in the minds of the Gaels of Scotland with things Celtic. A Celtic “demonstration” in the stronghold sacred to these dusty causes was, as we have hinted, no bad idea; the pity is that the demonstration, though no doubt useful in itself, was not upon a scale calculated to produce, possibly the desired, and certainly the required, impression. As it happened, we imagine that our readers will agree with us in saying that Glasgow, or failing Glasgow, Perth or Inverness would have proved a more fitting, and in every respect a more popular, site. We cannot conscientiously congratulate Lord Castletown upon his public attempt to button-hole Lord Rosebery. His lordship retired—somewhat precipitately the papers allege—under the suddenness of that unexpected attack; and Edinburgh and the Pan-Celtic Association must now join Dundee and the Comunn Gàidhealach in lamenting the entire absence of all gift of “Celtic” speech on the part of the dyspeptic Recluse of Lonely-Furrow.

We have read many inept attacks upon the Irish Gaelic League, but the most feeble and unconvincing of these which has appeared for a long time was that which recently adorned the congenial columns of the *Scotsman*. Dr. MacHenry took the trouble to reply to this singularly un-damaging onslaught—a quite unnecessary piece of condescension on his part, we should have thought. The charge brought against the League was, of course, the now venerable and threadbare one of that Society’s being a political

body. It has been refuted times without number, of course; but Iain Buidhe is nothing if not plucky, and the way he sticks to a lie, however stale and discredited, commands our reluctant admiration. The League is not, and has never been, a political organisation. Its aim and object are to make Ireland a Gaelic-speaking country once more; and, for our parts, though we are no believers in wanton cruelty to dumb brutes, yet if the cow of Anglicisation *will* stray upon the line with the idea of opposing its clumsy bulk to the irresistible progress of the League locomotive, then all we can prophesy is prompt funeral obsequies for that foolish and short-sighted "coo"! At the same time, we cannot help thinking these constant protests of "non-political objects" on the part of prominent members of the Irish Gaelic League somewhat undignified. They do not convince a single opponent and they "bore," if they do not discourage patriots. After all, the privilege of doing what we can for ourselves and our race is ours by Divine and inalienable right; and that right stands in no need of justification or excuse in respect of those who, whilst claiming a similar right for themselves, are mean and illiberal enough to seek to refuse it to others. No doubt, in the case before us, Dr. MacHenry was misled by the noise daily emitted by the *Scotsman* into imagining that that organ carries weight as well as clamour. But a glance at the complexion of the political representation of Edinburgh would speedily have convinced him that that cock is not even master of its own dunghill.

It is, apparently, exceeding difficult to instil even the most elementary notions of what constitutes true impartiality into some minds; and the confusion resulting from such attempts, however skilfully conducted and heroically persisted in, is normally prodigious. Not long ago *An Deo Gréine*, the official publication of An Comunn Gàidhealach, appeared with a Gaelic article on St. Columba, obviously written from the Anglican point of view; and it is not so very long since the same publication displayed its partiality, and covered itself with ridicule, by reason of a highly polemical utterance in reference to the Gaelic League and the "British" Empire. Apart altogether from the absurdity of *An Deo Gréine*, which, we presume, is largely run by Presbyterian money, and is certainly conducted by two Presbyterian clergymen, being made the vehicle of an Anglican Church propaganda, the fitness of things is grievously outraged, to say nothing of the constitution of An Comunn Gàidhealach, when that organ swerves, though it be by but a hair's breadth, from the line of strict religious and political neutrality very properly marked out for it. As an example of the confusion spoken of above, we may instance the remark of a critic in the *Inverness Chronicle*, who, referring to the letter which appeared in our last impression respecting the Gaelic Society of Inverness, observed that it ill became us to find fault with that body on the ground of religious bias. As a matter of fact the complaint in question was our correspondent's, not our own; but even had it not been so, it should not be necessary to point out that this Periodical makes

no pretence to neutrality. It is a Catholic and a Nationalist organ : such it has ever been, and so it will remain ; but for our parts we should consider it highly dishonourable to show political or religious feelings, or to depart in the least degree from strict and conscientious impartiality, had we given any undertaking to that effect, or invited support from the public upon those grounds.

The Gaelic oration delivered at the Glasgow Mòd is not to be compared, in point of literary merit and interest, with the fine speech delivered last year on a similar occasion by the Rev. Neil Ross, though it is only fair to remember that the Rev. William MacPhail, who delivered the Glasgow oration, himself modestly expressed his sense of its imperfections and its unworthiness to rank beside Mr. Ross's fine performance. We extract the following from Mr. MacPhail's speech, as it is reported in the October number of *An Deo Gréine*.

“ Cha'n eil muinntir ann is ciontaiche de'n fhuachd 's de'n t-suaraidhe a tha air a leigeadh ris do thaobh aobhar na Gàidhlig na'n luchd-dreuchd de'm bheil mi-féin. Tha e fìor gu bheil moran de mhinistirean ann a tha air dúsgadh o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan agus a tha deanamh-obair mhaith ; ach tha chuid mhòr dhiubh fathast air an taladh gu suain le sliogadh Sasunnach agus le cleachdaidhean Gallda. 'S ann le fiamh a thig e dhomh a' radh gur h-ìomadh uair a mhortadh a' Ghaidhlig anns an Eaglais le foghlum-aichean a bha na b'fhileanta ann an cainnt choimhich na bha iad an canain an athraichean ; ach o'n tha e fìor abram e, 's maith dh'fhaoidte gu'n gabh iad aith-

reachas. Aig an àm so tha Urramach ionnsaichte 'n ar measg a tha mach a' meadhon 'nan Gall a deanamh air son ar cànan 's ar litreachas na bu choir rughadh a thoirt 'n ar gruaidh. Tha Donnachadh Bàn 'na bhroilleach gach taobh an cid e, agus 'se a tha measail air a chànan air am bheil mòran de'n chòta cheudna a deanamh tàir, 's iad deas a reir cleachdaidh gu a moladh aig là a bàis. Ach cha'n fhaic iad an làtha, 's ma bhios sinne dileas cha'n fhaic."

We cannot justly say that the Catholic record is altogether "clean" in this respect. It is not so very long since the national language was forbidden to be spoken in the national college for the Scottish priesthood at Blairs. Fortunately, a saner, as well as a healthier, view now prevails; but who shall say that there is not yet vast room for improvement, as well among clergy as laity? We note with satisfaction the increased number of entries for the Glasgow Mòd, and the greatly improved quality of the work done. The purely literary competitions, however, still stand much in need of strengthening.

The admirable Gaelic Dictionary now being published in parts by Messrs. MacDonald & Co. of the Gaelic Press, Herne Bay, Kent, continues to make excellent progress. This is a work which every lover of his country and her letters should support; and we have no hesitation in saying that he who is not a subscriber to this most useful and efficiently conducted undertaking is not doing his duty to either the one or the other. Practical works such as this are worth loads of mere theoretical sympathy. We should like to see this truly national enterprise more

generously patronised by the public, and made much more widely known. If any reader of these pages is not yet a subscriber to the MacDonald Dictionary, we most earnestly counsel him, as well for his own edification as for the advancement of a good cause, not to remain any longer in that parlous condition.

A critic of this Magazine recently observed that we constitute an "outlying buttress of the Sinn Féin Movement". There is much in that movement which claims, and has, our heartiest approval and support; but we do not know that we are as yet prepared to say *ditto* to its every proposition. For instance, we have not yet made up our minds as to the Free Trade *versus* Protection Controversy, our very ably conducted contemporary, *Sinn Féin*, being, as most people are aware, a firm supporter of the latter policy. We are not concerned with either of the two great English political parties; and the Manchester school of economics possesses no particular attraction for us. We approach the subject, consequently, from a quite independent point of view; and our feeling is, that it has yet to be proved that what are called the "working-classes" are better off under Protection than they are so under Free Trade. If it could be proved that Protection enhances their material well-being, we would unhesitatingly plump for it, for we hold that the "struggle for existence"—or rather for those amenities which render existence worth the having—is better conducted upon a full than an empty stomach. We imagine, too, that what prejudices Protection, as a creed, in the eyes of the working-classes generally is the fact that so many of

those who are banded together to support it belong to that class which largely subsists by exploiting the "toiling masses". This is certainly a highly suspicious circumstance; and we hold that, in the meantime at all events, the waiting attitude is abundantly justified. Another point. We are quite at one with our contemporaries in deprecating the retention of the Irish Members at Westminster; and we agree that purely Parliamentary agitation has entirely outgrown its original usefulness; but is it correct to say that no good has ever accrued to Ireland, or, for that matter to Scotland, through the presence of Scottish and Irish Parliamentary representatives at Westminster? After all, here is a simple case of cause and effect: the cause is the popular desire for reform, and the M.P. is merely the visible effect of the expression of that desire. We agree that all great reforms are the work of the people themselves; but the M.P. is the popularly elected representative who is sent to the seat of Government under pledges to see that the wishes and aspirations of the people are adequately voiced, and to supervise and superintend the making of legislation introduced for the purpose of meeting the popular demands. We regard the *Sinn Féin* standpoint, namely, that it is better to have nothing to do with Westminster, as by far the wisest, most dignified and most consistent attitude for all Nationalists, Irish or Scottish, to adopt, especially in the circumstances in which the two leading Celtic countries are now placed; but having regard to what has been done—little enough in all conscience, we admit—at Westminster in the direction of meeting Irish and Scottish

popular demands, we hold that it is incorrect to say that no good has ever come out of that Nazareth. Our own feeling is that the fight on the "floor of the House" is now being uselessly and injuriously prolonged in the interests of an outworn and discredited system of political tactics. Like Mons Meg at Edinburgh Castle, Parliamentaryism was a notable weapon in its time; but a good deal of water has passed under not a few bridges since those days; and this is a fact which Mr. Redmond and his friends would do well to bear in mind. Another point on which we are unable to see eye to eye with our contemporary, *Sinn Féin*, is the prominence accorded in that journal, week after week, to the English language. Bi-lingualism by all means; but, in the name of consistency and *Sinn Féin*, why should the native product and the national tongue be treated as though it hardly exists? Beyond a brief leading article—sometimes omitted—and an occasional paper in Gaelic, our contemporary consistently ignores the national speech. If foreign products are to be vigorously tabooed, and a system of Protection inaugurated in order to preserve and foster native industries, surely this excellent form of charity should straightway begin at home by encouraging and protecting what is, after all, Ireland's most valuable and characteristic home product, namely, her national tongue.

The subject of the £10 Government grant to Gaelic school teachers is a highly important one, and we would urge on all the supreme importance of getting this vexed question definitely, and satisfactorily, settled *at the very earliest opportunity*. Owing to the

minute of the Department being somewhat vaguely worded, at present some teachers receive the grant in question, whilst others do not. School teachers in the Gàidhealtachd—a most deserving and patriotic body of men as a class—are none too handsomely remunerated—indeed, to say that they are consistently starved would be nearer the mark—and it is little short of a crying scandal that even this beggarly pittance should be withheld in a number of deserving cases, and meanly appropriated to the “relief” of the ordinary rates in a quantity of others. The money should go to the man, or woman, who teaches the language. If this is not the intention of the “Department,” then all we can say is the sooner pressure is brought to bear on them to make them change their minds the better. Meantime, the Comunn Gàidhealach should take up the question, and drive it forward for all they are worth. Inspectors, too, who fail to do their duty by the language should be publicly pilloried. For our parts, we should be delighted to make it as hot for them as possible. We are getting not a little tired of “Departmental” shilly-shallyings and beatings about the bush in regard to the position of the national language in our national schools; and we recommend a policy of taking the bull by the horns (or the ass by the tail), in preference to the cringing and crawling and fawning which have hitherto characterised the native “agitation” of this important question.

We have already, in these pages, directed the attention of Mr. Coats of the Books to the impropriety—to say the least of it—of his employing a gentle-

man to tour the Gàidhealtachd in the interests of Messrs. Shakespeare & Co., a foreign publishing house of Elizabethan aroma; and we regret to observe that the same game has again been set on foot in spite of our courteous protest of last year. We repeat we have no objection to lectures on Shakespeare, or any other light, scientific or literary, of the Anglo-Saxon race; but what we most strongly object to is (1) the employment of an individual who is only an English speaker for that purpose, and (2) the complete ignoring of native literature which such an appointment necessarily involves. Mr. Coats has been a good and tried friend to the people of the Gàidhealtachd in many ways, and we should be loth to suspect him of the now familiar design of seeking to kill Gaelic by means of apparently innocent devices, and under cover of plausible pretexts; but we take this occasion again to publicly warn him that his action is, here, highly reprehensible (however kindly conceived and honestly meant), and that, by consequence, it exposes him to serious misconstruction. Fortunately, we shall soon have a friend in the field whose duty, as whose pleasure, it will be to take up and vigorously ventilate all such questions. We allude to the weekly all-Gaelic journal *Alba*, the publication of whose opening number is now announced for 8th February next.

A scientific discovery of, possibly, some interest to our readers. It is called the “ ‘British’ language”. The *Fiery Cross* has given birth to it, and parent and child are doing as well as can—in the circumstances—be expected. Later on, it will be extensively

spoken by Mr. Theodore Napier. We wish the Young Adventurer well; but it seems a pity that he has delayed his coming until the field has been so largely occupied by such popular favourites as Esperanto and Volapuk—to say nothing of the monkey lingo discovered in Africa some years ago. Still, if the worse comes to the worse, we recommend its use as a secret or cypher language by the agents of the “Legitimist Jacobite League of Great Britain and Ireland” in their dealings and negotiations with the “Queen over the Water”. The “British” Government would hardly object, for history teaches us that Jacobite “problems” of this kind were ever made to be unravelled by that preternaturally curious Undertaking.

LITRICHEAN

CO-CHRUINNEACHADH MOR NAN UILE- CELTICH AN DUNEIDEANN.

LE'R CEAD,

O'n a thàinig co-chruinneachadh mòr nan
Ceilteach a bha air a chumail an Dunéideann r'e thri
làithean air an t-seachduin so chaidh seachad gu

crioch, thàinig e nam inntinn cunntas beag a thoirt do *Ghuth na Bliadhna* mu thimchioll nan nithean sònruichte a thachair aig a' Chruinneachadh so, a bhios, gun teagamh, aimmeil r'e iomadh linn na dhéigh so an Eachdraidh ar dùthcha. Tha e duilich, gun teagamh, min chunntas a thoirt am beagan briathran air gach ni a thachair aig a' Choinneamh mhòir so; ach feuchaidh mi ris na cùisean sònruichte a bha làthair na coinnimh innseadh cho athghearr agus a's urrain mi. Is e cheud ni, mata, a chaidh a' dheanamh suidheachadh agus Clachaireachd a' chùirn ris an abairear anns a' Ghàidhlig Eirinnach "*Lia Cinn-eal*" ach "*Clach nan Ginealan*," anns a' Ghàidhlig Albannaich" a bha air a thogail air Ailean a' Chaisteil; ach roimh so chruinneach an comunn Riaghlaidh is na bàird anns an Tùr-Fhàire, a tha mu thimchioll da cheud slàt a dh'astar o'n Ailean, chum iad féin a' sgeadachadh an trusgan nam Bàrd, a bha air a dheanamh de iomadh dàth a réir inbhe gach bàrd anns a' choisir; agus air dhoibh iad féin a dheanamh deasail beagan roimh dheich uairean sa mhaduinn, dh'imich iad an sin gu stàtail le piobairean air an ceann a' cluich "*Cabarfeidh*," a' giulain Bratach agus Claidheamh na "*Gorsedd*" a dh'ionnsaidh Ailean a' chaisteil, far an robh an "*Lia Cinneil*" gu bhi air a togail. Bha 'n sealladh so glé thlachmhor, agus tharruing e aire an t-sluaigh mhòir a bha nis air cruinneachadh as gach ceàrna a dh'fhaicinn an deasghnàth aosmhor so. Bha Bhratach glé bhriadha, agus neònach, i air a fighe le dealabh na ghréine "*mar shùil an t-soluis*," agus suaicheantas Chimridh, "*An fhirinn an aghaidh an t-saoghail*," fighite innte. Cha

bu lugha an t-iongantais Claidheamh maiseach na sìthe, agus an Adharc mhòr ailleanta (Corughbhlad “Hirleas”) no cupan a’ ghraidh a bha air a cuirteachadh le h-òr.

Bha’n adharc so cho mòr is a réir coslais cho uamhasach tròm is gu’m feumadh i ceathrar dhaoine treuna g’a giùlain. Nuair a ràinig an Comunn an ceann-tìdhe, thug an Coibhi, no an Ard-Dhrùidh, sgal as an Adhairc, ni a bha oiallachadh gu’n robh na Bàird a nis air cruinneachadh; agus air dha urnuigh a dheanamh anns a’ chainnt Chimrich, glaoth e, “Am bheil sith ann” tri uairean agus aig a’ cheart àm a’ tarruing a chladheamh, a bha air a chumail suas le dithis dhaoine maille ris fhéin, as a thrùail, agus air dha ’m freagairt fhaotainn gu’n robh “sith ann,” chuir e an claidheamh a rithist air ais do’n tràill. An deigh sin, bha òrain Chimrich air an séinn gu taitneach le h-òigh agus òganach Cimirich a’ cluich na clàrsaich.

Aig an àm so, ghairm Tighearna Bhaile Chaisteil (Ard-fear-riaghlaidh agus Ceannsuidhe a’ Chomuinn Cheiltich) air Mr. Dòmhnall Shàdh, an Rùn-chléir-each “an Cuireadh” a bha gairm nan Celtich uile cruinneachadh maille ri chéile an Dunéideann a’ léughadh anns a’ Ghàidhlig Albannaich, ni a rinn e an dòigh glé chiatach. Léugh Mr. Fournier i anns a’ Gàidhlig Eirionnach; agus, an déigh sin, chuir an coibhi an t-urram air Marcus Bhòid, ball urramach de na Gorsedd a dheanamh dheth, a’ cur riobain uaine sìoda air a làimh, mar shuaicheantas gu’n robh e nis ’na bhall do dh’ Oilthaigh nam Bàrd.

An sin, chaidh na sè clachan a tha deanamh suas na “Lia Ceinneil” le mòr adìbhneas a chur suas air

mùin a chéile anns an òrduigh a leanas : A' Clach Eirionnach le Tighearna Bhaile-chaisteil ; Chimrich le Mr. G. Thomas ; Albannach le Marcus Bhòid ; Bhreatonaidh le Marcus de l'Estourbeillon ; an Eilein Mhananaich le Mr. Mòr, Fear-labhairt Tighe nan Iuchraichean ; Chornbhaill le Mr. Eanruig Jenner.

Thug Tighearna Bhaile-chaisteil taing do mhaith-ean a' Bhaile airson cead a thoirt dhoibh an "Lia Cinneil" a thogail air àite cho briadha sa th'ann an Roinn Eòrpa, a' co-dhunadh léis na briathran, is làimh thairis air a' chàrn, gu'n robh a' Choinneamh a nis fosgailte.

Chuir Mr. Innes mòran cliù air Marcus Bhòid is air 'athair air son na rinn iad air sgath cumail suas is brosnachadh cainnt nan Cimrich agus am meas a bha na lorg sin air an teaghlach uasal sin an Cimreadh. Shéinneadh an sin "Dùthaich mo Shinnsearan," le oigh Chimrich ; agus thill an comunn air ais a dh'ionnsuidh an Tùr-fhàire, agus, as a sin, sgaoil iad as a chéile aig an àm.

An déigh tim lòin, tràth-nòin, choinnich an comunn an Talla an t-Sheannaidh an àrd chairtealan, anns an robh mòran de ghnathaichean féumail air an cur an òrdugh ; agus òraidean ionnsuichte air an liubhairt le Sgoilearain ainmeil air Ceòl, sèinn, Arsantach, nòsan is cleachdannan nan Ceiltich, nan Ghàidheil, anns an àm o shean. Thug an t-Urr : Seorais Calder oraid air "Sheann chleachdannan is nòsan Strath-fheolain," agus is maith a rinn a e sin.

Air feasgar an làtha, thug àrd Bhaillidh a' Bhaile aoidheachd fhialaidh do'n chomuinn is do mòran de uaislean a' Bhaile aig an robh mòran greadhnais is

caomhneas air a nochdadh. Thàinig an fheasgar ailleanta gu crìoch le séinn òrain Ghàidhlig.

Air an dara làtha, Di-ciadoin, bha mòran de thim air a thoirt suas le bhi beachd smuaineachadh air an àite a bha cainnt nan Ceiltich a nis faotainn anns na h-uile dhùthaich anns an robh i air a labhairt. B'e an t-Urramach an t-Ollamh Raibeart Blàrach, Ceann-suidhe na coinnimh so, aig an robh mòran a làthair. Thug fear-ionaid o "na sé cinnich" cunntas mar a tha Ghàidhlig 'na dùthaich féin a' buadhachadh. Thubhairt fear na cathrach gu'n robh a' Ghàidhlig air a labhairt le mu thimchioll ceithir muillion sluaigh gun guth 'radh mu thimchioll an àirimh mhòir a labhrais a' chainnt an Canada is Stàidean America. Léugh an leigh Seòras Mac Caoidh pàipeir air tréubhan de shliochd nan Ceilteach a tha tùinneachadh ann am Moroco ris an deachaidh éisdeachd le mór thoil-inutinn agus a thog moran comhraidh na dhéigh sin. Leigh Mr Earnest Rhice is òigh Alice Milligan pàipeirean glé thaitneach air nòsan 's ùr-sgeulan an t-sluaigh, agus labhair iad air a'bhuidh bh'aig beul aithris nan Ceilteach air na h-ùr-sgeulan Frangach 's air an obair a rinn cuid de luchd tional nan òrain Eirionnach anns an ochdamh linn deug.

Air feasgar an làtha so, bha Coisir-chiùil air a cumail an Talla an t-Sheannaidh aig an robh ceòl is seinn is dannsa de na h-uile seòrsa, agus sin cho briadha is cho ciatach sa chunnacas riamh an Dùneid-eann.

Air an treas làtha, Di-ciadoin, bha òraidean mar an ceudna air an toirt seachad, gu sònruichte air gnothaichean a bhuineas do'n Ghàidhealtachd. Dh'innis

Bean Mhr. Friseal mu thimchioll a tùrais do na h-Earradh; agus na fhuair i de dh'òrain nach deachaidh riamh riomhe clo-bhualadh. Fhuair i mu dhà cheud diùbh so. Thug an Léigh Frisealach òraid ionnsuichte air eachdraidh na Pìòba, is dhearbh e gu soillear gu'n robh i ann o thoiseach an t-saoghail. Thug Mr. A. P. Graves òraid phongail mu òrain nan ceithir dùthchannan, Breataidh, Eirin, Albainn, agus an t-Eilean Mannanach, agus dh'aslaich e air na h-Albannaich, mar sluagh a bha sealbhachadh ciùil 's òrain bhriada, gun fois a ghabhail ach an oighreachd so a dheanamh na bu shaoibhire eadhon na tha i nis. Thug an t-Urr. Mr. M. N. Munro beachd mhaith air an obair a tha an Comunn Gàidhealach a deanamh airson brosnachadh 's sabhaladh ciùil nan Ghaidheal. Choinnich Cuideachd nan Seann Sgéalachdan air a cheart mheadhon là agus b'e Ard-fear-foghlum Geddes bu Ceann Suidhe na Coinnimh. Chuir e coimeas iomchuidh eadar na Sasunnaich 's na Ceilteach. Thubhairt e gun robh na Ceilteach saoi bhir sna h-uile ni ach airgiod a mhain agus na Sasunnaich bochd sna h-uile ni ach sin. Lean Ban-Chount Pluncet le òraid thaitneach air innleachdan nan Ceilteach air am mìneachadh le spéilearan lochrain; agus an deigh sin thug Marcus de l'Estourbeillon beachd ghoirid air trusgain nam Breatainach.

Air an fheasgair so bha coisir-chiùil mar an ceudna an Talla an t-Sheannaidh aig an robh luchd Ciùil, is dannsa, is òrain cho ciatach sa bha riamh anns na s'e cinnich o'n d'thainig iad. B'e Marcus de l'Estourbeillion bu Cheann-suidhe na coinnimh so, agus sheall e sa h-uile dòigh gu'n robh e làn àiridh air an' onair a chaidh a chur air. Aig crìoch nan cuirmean so,

thug Tighearna Bhaile-chaisteil cliù mòr do Mr. Dòmhnall Shàdh, an Runcléireach air son cho ciatach sa rinn e na h-uile ni a chur an làn òrduigh mu thimchioll a' chomh-chruinneachaidh mhòir so.

Air an lá mu dheireadh, Di-h-aoine, chruinneach an Comunn aig deich uairean sa mhaduinn air son "Lia Cinneil" a sgaoileadh. Bha là fliuch is cèdach, agus thubhairt Tighearna Baile-chaisteil an Ceann-suidh gu'n robh e iomchaidh gu'm biodh Dùneideann fo cheò, do bhrìgh gu'n robh a' chruinneachadh so bho linntibh dorcha o chéin. Bha Albainn a' caoidh an trial aisde, agus bha "Lia Cinneil" fliuch le a déuraibh !

An sin, bha "Lia Cinneil" air a thoirt nuas lion caob is caob, léis na daoine uaisle a leanas: A' chlach Chornbhaill, le Mr. Dòmhnall Shàdh an Rùncleireach; a' Chlach Mhannanich, le Mr. Mac Hardie; Chlach Breatonaidh le Francis Vallé; Albannach, le Mr. Shand; Clach Chimrich, le Mr. Davis; agus an té Eirionnach le Tighearna Bhaile-chaisteil. Ris gach aon ann an sin thubhairt an Drùaidh "Triall an Sith". Thug-Tighearna Bhaile-chaisteil taing do Mhaithean a' Bhaile is do gach aon a thug cuideachadh air son an aobhair.

Shéinneadh ann sin "Dùthaich mo Shinnsirean" òran duthcha nan Cimiridh; agus air do Mhr. Eideard ùrnuigh a ràdh anns a' chainnt Chéiltich, shéinn òigh Cheannadaidh "An Tim bh'ann-Chéin," is thug sin gu crìoch Cruinneachadh cho briagha is cho ciatach sa a bha riàmh a réir mo bharail-sa an Albainn.

Is mise, le mòr mheas,

EILEANACH.

DUNEIDEANN, 26 là de'n Damhair, 1907.

OISEAN SAN FHRAING

LE'R CEAD,

Chuireadh am mach o chionn greis leabhar air an robh mar ainm *A Literary History of France*, agus a chaidh sgrìobhadh le Emile Faguet, fear-sgrìobhaidh litreachais Fhrangaich, a tha car ainmeil an dùthaich 'araich is a bhreith. Anns an leabhar thaitneach fhiosrachail so, tha ri fhaotainn cunntas fada is air a dheadh sgrìobhadh mu dhrùdhadh a chaidh a rinneadh air litreachas nam Frangach le "Oisean," agus a luchd-leanmhuinn anns an dùthaich againn féin. Arsa M. Faguet, is e sgrìobhadh sa Bheurla, "It is clear that whatever elements of melancholy, grief, and desolation and despair are to be found in the French Romantic Literature can be traced back to Young, and to the popularity of Young for its impetus; just as the legendary and mediæval element is attributable to Ossian and the popularity of Ossian".

Chaidh an leabhar so a gheur-rannsachadh anns an *Athenæum* bho chionn ghoirid, agus b'e beachd an fhir-rannsachaidh so a sgrìobh am paipear ud nach robh ann an "Osein" ach bladaire faoin, no mar a thuirt esan ris, "a hollow cloud". "Macpherson was not only fraudulent in intention, but also chaotic in mind (ars ar fear-rannsachaidh); he had no real imagination, and 'blotted and blurred' whatever he touched. But he had the journalist's instinct, and caught the sound of the 'Celtic note' in the air before others had heard it. . . . The influence of Ossian went through the world, but Ossian remains a hollow cloud."

A nis, chan 'eil mi dol as mo rathad chum "Oisein" a dhion "a dh'aindeoin có a theireadh e"; agus tha mi cur m'aonta ris na tha mòran ag ràdh mu thim-chioll an rathaid san deachaidh a chuid dân a chuir ri chéile; ach, air an làimh eile, se mo bheachd fhéin nach bu choir a bhi sealltuinn air ughdair "Oisein" mar dhuine gun tuigse gun sàr-inntinn, mar tha an Sasunnach so gabhail ris. Tha doimhne mhòr air a stéidheachadh eadar am beachd so agus am fear eile a dh'fhaodainn, le'r cead, ainmeachadh; agus is e sin nan robh Mac a' Phearsain 'na mhealltair, gidheadh chan fhaodar aicheadh nach e duine tur inntinneach is anabarrach sgileil is ealanta a thaobh litreachais a bh'ann. Gabhaibh beachd, tha mi guidh oirbh, air an dà dhàn ainmeil ud ris an abrar *Cumha Oisein do'n Ghréin dol fodha*, agus *Faillte Oisein d'on Ghréin an àm éiridh*. Gu dearbh, is tearc iad-san a thug bàrr le'n cuid bàrdachd air an da dhàn iomraideach ud; agus ged a tha e fìor gu'n robh Mac a' Phearsain 'na mhealltair gun chogais, agus gu'n do chuir e ri chéile iomadh dân is rann nach 'eil airidh gu bhi air am measadh mar dheadh bhàrdachd, gidheadh cha dean e feum dhuinn a bhi cur ar cùil gu buileach ris, agus a' bhi sealltuinn air ach mar fhear-sgrìobhaidh tapaidh do na paipearan a mhàin. Tha, a réir mo bheachd fhéin, dà dhòigh ann, a thaobh an nì so, agus slighe a' cheartais eatorra, mar a's àbhaist di bhi dol. A' chiad dòigh, se sin am fear a chaidh a ghabhail leis an fheadhainn a bha seasamh cùis Mhic a' Phearsain "a dh'aindeoin có a theireadh e," anns na làithean a dh'aom. An dòigh eile, si sin a thug an Sasunnach ud air adhart nuair a bha e toirt iomraidh air "Oisein"

mar a dh'ainmich mi mu thrath. Ach, se taobh a' cheartais agus na firinn am fear sin a tha dol troimh theismeadhon an dà bheachd so, air am bheil mi fhéin làn thoileach a' bhi triall, agus, mur 'eil mi air mo mhealladh, a chuid a's mo de mo luchd-dùthcha comhla rium. Air son mo chuid fhéin dheth, cùl mo làimh ris an dream ud a tha daonnan a' cagnadh air claignn Mhic a' Phearsain.

Mise le meas,

IAIN MAC DHÒMHNUILL.

RICHMOND, SASUNN.

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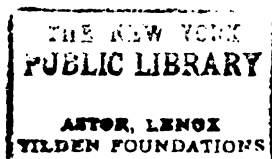
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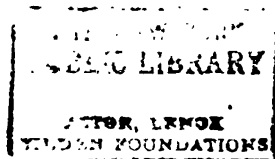
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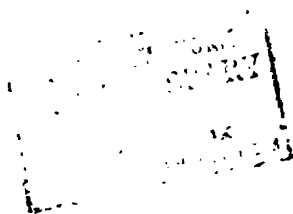
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